Mar. 2, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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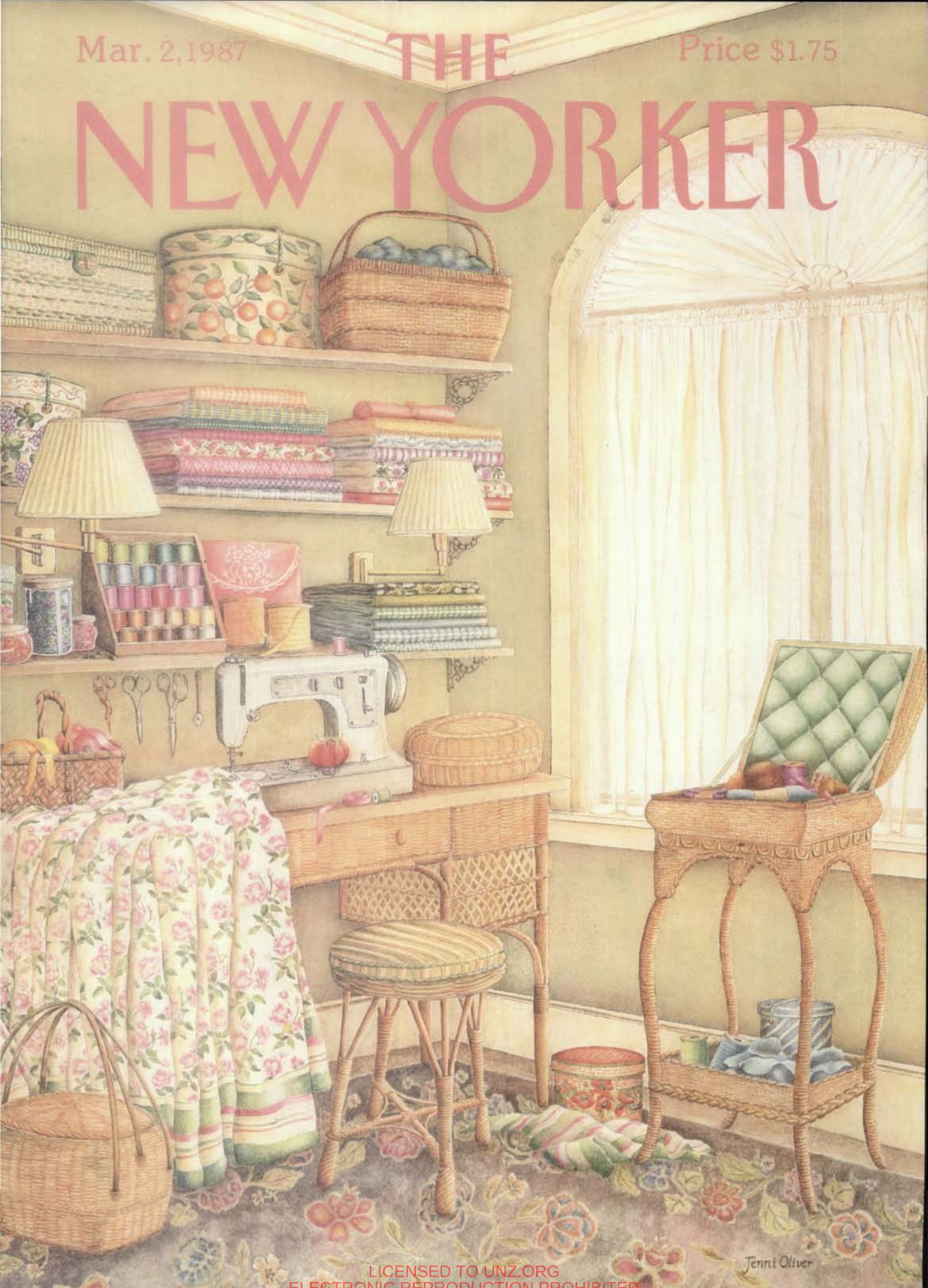
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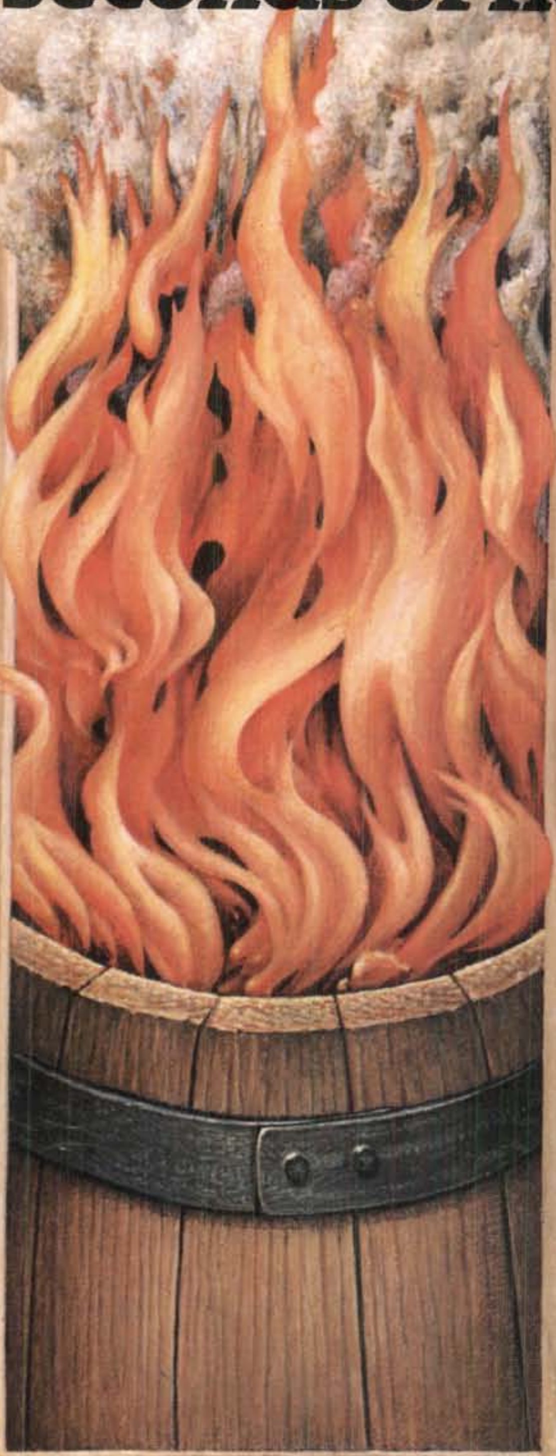

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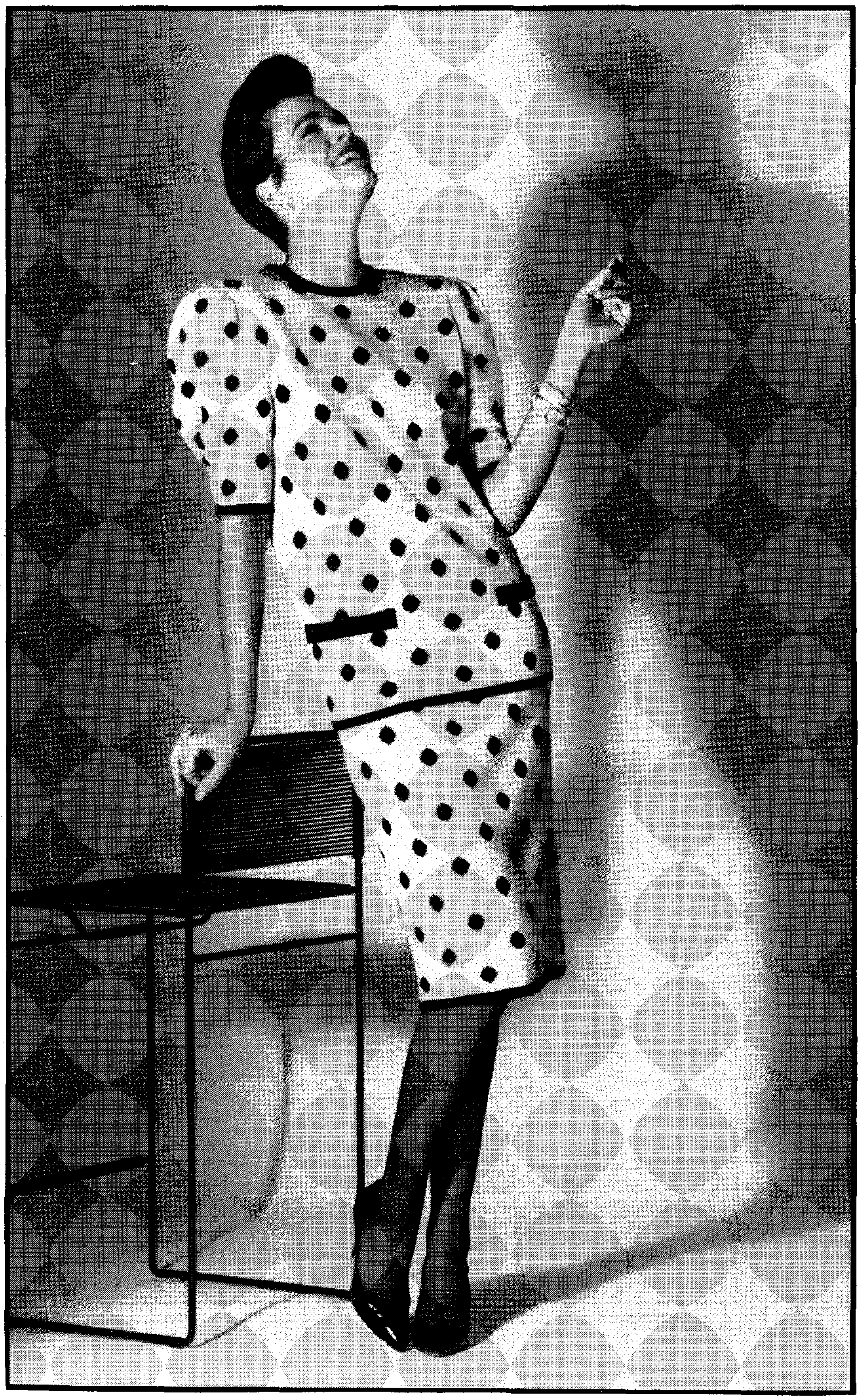

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boogie Woogie and Booker T—A play by Wesley Brown. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

Broadway Bound—In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Linda Lavin heads the excellent cast, which has been directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, **THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940**, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cleveland and Halfway Back—A comedy by Leslie Lyles, with Keith Reddin and Cynthia Nixon. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, March 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Wednesday, March 4, at 7.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Danger: Memory!—A pair of dim one-acters by Arthur Miller, but with good performances by Geraldine Fitzgerald and Mason Adams ("I Can't Remember Anything") and by Kenneth McMillan and James Tolkan ("Clara"). (2/23/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

Death and the King's Horseman—A play written and directed by Wole Soyinka. Earle Hyman heads a cast of thirty-two actors, singers, dancers, and drummers. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Sunday, March 1, and will run through Sunday, April 5. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—The fifth in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of Lillian Hellman's **THE LITTLE FOXES**. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fragments of a Greek Trilogy—A revival of an Andrei Serban–Elizabeth Swados collaboration—distillations of "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women"—directed by Mr. Serban, with music by Miss Swados. The three works are performed in ancient Greek and Latin. "Medea": Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6. . . . ¶ Double-bill performances of "Electra" and "The Trojan Women": Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Sunday, March 15.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hunger Artist—A new work in the Martha Clarke genre, this one based on Franz Kafka's life and works. Conceived and directed by Miss Clarke. Richard Greenberg devised the text by way of Herr Kafka, and Richard Peaslee composed the score. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 25. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 26, and will run through Saturday, April 4. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"

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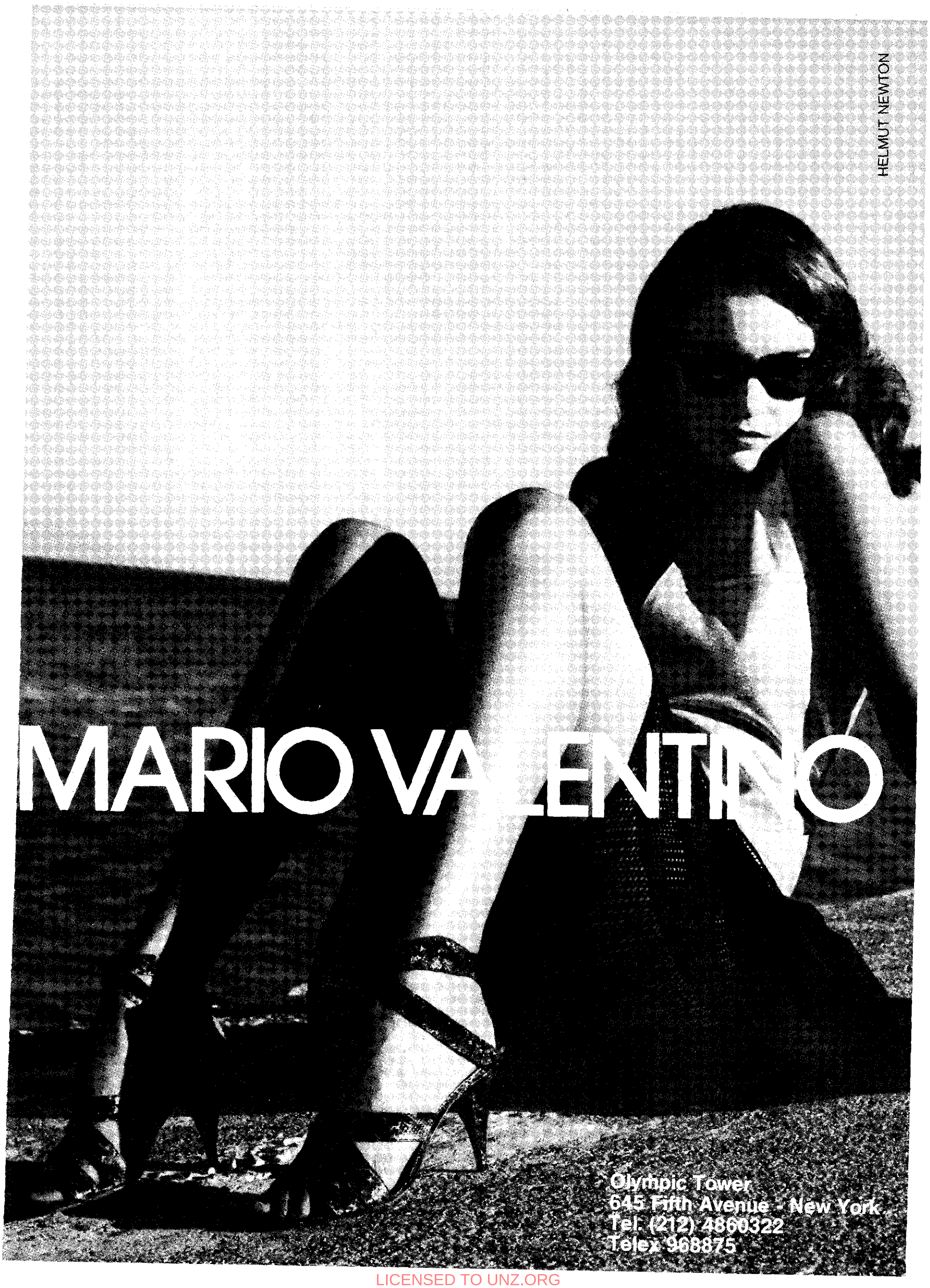
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Kvetch—A comedy written and directed by Steven Berkoff. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Maderati—Richard Greenberg's satiric farce about the literary life in this city is often funniest when it is most chaotic. As directed by Michael Engler, the performance suits it to a T. With Anna Levine, Paul Collins, and Philip Cocciolettì, among other good actors. Witty setting and costumes, by Philipp Jung and Candice Donnelly, respectively. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Moms—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated, with shrewdness and wit, by Clarice Taylor, in a play by Alice Childress. Songs by Nathan Woodard and Miss Childress. (2/23/87) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

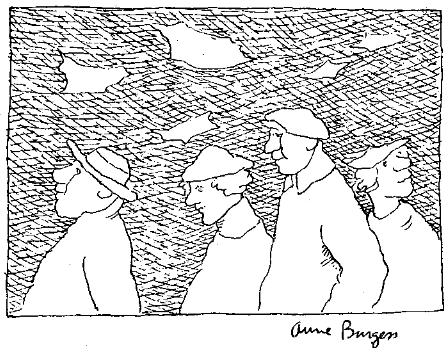
My Gene—Colleen Dewhurst in a one-woman show about Carlotta Monterey, Eugene O'Neill's third wife. Written by Barbara Gelb, and directed by André Ernotte. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

South Pacific—A revival by the New York City Opera of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. The director is Gerald Freedman. Previews Friday evening and Saturday matinée, Feb. 27-28. Opens officially on Saturday evening, Feb. 28, and will run through Sunday, April 26. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A new production of a current London musical, with a score by Andrew Lloyd Webber and lyrics by Richard Stilgoe. Trevor Nunn is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 4. Opens officially on Thursday, March 5. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Stepping Out—An agreeable little play by Richard Harris, about a group of lonelyhearts in North London who find happiness through learning to tap-dance. A big and skillful cast is well directed by Tommy Tune. (1/26/87) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—A curiosity of a play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a middle-aged divorced woman and a college undergraduate who, not very plausibly, fall in love. Each character is played by two people, which makes matters still more implausible. The cast consists of Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux, and they are played to perfection by Hallie Foote and Matthew Broderick. On Tuesday, March 3, Eric Stoltz will replace Mr. Broderick. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

York Theatre Company—A revival of John Gray's **billy bishop goes to war,** a two-man musical entertainment, first presented in 1980. With Robin Haynes and T. O. Sterrett. (Murphy Center Theatre, 555 E. 90th St. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1. For information about tickets, call 534-5366.)

Long Runs—**big river:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **drood:** Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,168 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the house of blue leaves:** A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **social security:** With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **sweet charity:** A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, and sets by Robert Randolph. Ann Reinking is the star. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Barnard-Columbia Greek Drama Group—Presenting Sophocles' "Antigone," in ancient Greek. (Minor Latham Playhouse, Barnard College, Broadway at 119th St., entrance at 117th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-6890.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—Liza Minnelli, Carol Channing, Marvin Hamlisch, Peter Nero, and others in a tribute to Jule Styne. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, March 2, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 534-5974.)

DANCE

TWYLA THARP DANCE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Baker's Dozen," with Miles Fusco, jazz piano; and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Ballare," with Mr. Fusco and Jeananne Albee, duo piano; "Fugue;" and "Nine Sinatra Songs." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 2: "Nine Sinatra Songs" and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: "The Catherine Wheel III" and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "As Time Goes By," with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble; and "In the Upper Room." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 15—Tuesday, March 3, at 7:30: "Duets," "Fabrications" (New York première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 8: "Arcade," "Shards" (première), and "Grange Eve." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8: "Duets," "Channels/Inserts," and "Fabrications." . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8: "Doubles," "Septet," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 2: "Doubles," "Septet," and "Fabrications." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: "Duets," "Quartet," "Signals," and "Grange Eve." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

FELD BALLET—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 15—Tuesday, March 3, at 8, and Wednesday, March 4, at 7: "Tzaddik," "Tarantella" (company première), "Adieu," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," an unnamed work (première), and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," the new work, and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: "Tzaddik," "Tarantella," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

ROSALIND NEWMAN AND DANCERS—In "The Technology of Tears" and "4: Stories." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 25-28, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 2 and 7:30.)

STEPHEN PETRONIO COMPANY—"Simulacrum Reels" and "Walk-In." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, March 8.)

LAKSHMI—In a program of classical dances of India. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

DANCELLINGTON—A tap-dance company, in a benefit performance hosted by Bobby Short. With guest artists Judith Jamison, Harold Nicholas, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Tuesday, March 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4098.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFÉ, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A white-brick-faced bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. Blues is the specialty of the house. Guitarist Chicago Bob Nelson ministers to the faithful on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28. Music after nine.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MICHAEL FEINSTEIN**, the thirty-year-old singer, pianist, and show-music scholar whom George Shearing calls "a very hip lad," is performing in the Oak Room. The lad's current program includes "Makin' Whoopee," "A Fine Romance," "Rhode Island Is Famous for You," several Irving Berlin songs, and a little Gershwin (including the "dummy," or practice, lyrics to "I Got Rhythm"). Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow bar, restaurant, and jazz nook gussied up with nautical stuff. Pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** accompany singer **MAURA ELLYN** on Saturday, Feb. 28, and on Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, tenor saxophonist **RALPH LALAMA'S** trio will be aboard. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing funny Dave Frishberg songs, delicately pitched love songs by Jack Segal and herself, and Rodgers and Hart's acid "Ev'rything I've Got." The Peruvian singer **YMA SUMAC** has a five-octave range, and you can listen to her run up and down it at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in the breeze. A mini-festival of Brazilian jazz is under way. The vocal-and-percussion team of **FLORA PURIM & AIRTO** and the New York Samba Band will be onstage through Sunday, March 1. Starting Tuesday, March 3, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and his ensemble trade sets with guitarist **BADEN POWELL**. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 26-27, drummer **MAX ROACH'S** quartet; Saturday, Feb. 28, the annual Fast Folk Music Show, with **DAVID MASSENGILL**, John Gorka, and others; Tuesday, March 3, **SUN RA & HIS ARKESTRA**, which will play some outer-space music; and Saturday, March 7, John Hiatt. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. The duos: **JACK WILSON** and **BOOTS MALESON** through Saturday, Feb. 28; **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** on Sunday, March 1; and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** starting Monday, March 2. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Two former big-band singers are on the bill: **CHRIS CONNOR**, who sang with the Thornhill and Kenton orchestras in the forties and fifties, has the mike through Sunday, March 1, and **FRAN WARREN**, who sang with Thornhill and Charlie Barnet in the forties, will have it starting Tuesday, March 3. Mondays are reserved for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a Gypsy violinist; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the music (through Saturday, Feb. 28) is by pianist and singer **GEORGE SHEARING** and bassist **DON THOMPSON**. On Tuesday, March 3, Buddy Greco's quintet begins a four-week residence. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. Guitarist **PAT MARTINO**, bassist **STEVE LA SPINA**, and drummer **JOEY BARON** hold forth Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 26-March 1, and on Tuesday, March 3, soul-gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON** (Whitney's mom) takes charge. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

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slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: through Saturday, Feb. 28, **DOM SALVADOR**; Tuesday through Thursday, March 3-5, Keith MacDonald; and Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, **CHARLES EUBANKS**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to singer Kitt Moran, pianist Mike Moran, and bassist Andy Eulau; Sundays and Mondays are claimed by pianist-singer Howard Barry and bassist Bill Moring; and Tuesdays are set aside for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHIASSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING**. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **RON CARTER**, a rangy and magical bassist, will be right next to pianist **BILL MAYS** through Saturday, Feb. 28, and next to **KENNY BARRON** starting Tuesday, March 3. Music from nine-thirty.

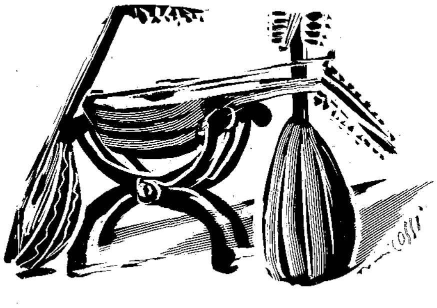
LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and others in search of *les bons temps*. Wednesday, Feb. 25, the funk bands **KELVYNATOR** and **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO** and Mississippi-born folk-rocker **STEVE FORBERT'S** band; Monday, March 2, Texas singer, guitarist, and fiddler **DOUG SAHM**; and Wednesday, March 4, Badfinger. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and Johnny Mercer's lyrics in the air. Nancy LaMott, Ellen Foley, and Sara Krieger are singing them. Pianist **KENNY WERNER'S** trio provides accompaniment. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Dominican pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** will be here with his trio through Saturday, Feb. 28, and on Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, Ray Chew, a keyboardist who has worked behind such singers as Roberta Flack and Diana Ross, heads up a band. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. The repertoire of the Santa Cruz band **CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN**—country waltzes; a song about thugs and their cars ("Joe Stalin's Cadillac"); Greek taverna music; a song about skinheads ("Take the Skinheads Bowling"); psychedelic rock; a song about middle-class kids who want to live in a crummy neighborhood, look like Lou Reed, and read a lot of William Burroughs ("Down and Out")—is designed to keep you off stride; failing that, it will keep you grinning. The band performs on Saturday, Feb. 28, along with the Mighty Lemon Drops and Chameleons U.K. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 25-26, light-voiced Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO**; Friday, Feb. 27, Dominican saxophonist **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Saturday, Feb. 28, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA**; Tuesday, March 3, jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER'S** band; and Thursday, March 5, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE'S** reggae-and-funk outfit, **JUMP UP**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



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SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A crowded and convivial jazz room. **HAROLD LAND**, a West Coast tenor saxophonist who hasn't been heard in this city since the late sixties, leads a hard-boppish sextet called the Timeless All-Stars through Sunday, March 1. On Tuesday, March 3, saxophonist, flutist, and humorist **JAMES MOODY** moves in with his quartet. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**, with its white-haired leader conducting serenely from the piano, delivers shimmering sound-pictures of pieces by Parker, Mingus, Hancock, and others. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, Feb. 25, Joe Henry and the Wayfarers; Thursday, Feb. 26, Plan Nine; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, **BUSTER (BEAUREGARD) POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Sunday, March 1, Ramsey McLean & the Lifers; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 3-4, New Orleans singer **LIL QUEENIE**; and Friday, March 6, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO**. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are once again reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On March 2, **TITO PUENTE** and his Latin-Jazz Ensemble, **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band, and **ART BLAKEY**, the guest soloist, will all be on hand. Music after nine. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **BROOKS KERR** and **AL HALL** through Sunday, March 1, and to **HILTON RUIZ** and a bassist starting Tuesday, March 3. On Tuesday, Mr. Ruiz and his sidekick trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. The sextet called Collaboration, which will be here through Sunday, March 1, is composed of the wiry pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY**; **JIM PEPPER**, an American Indian who plays tenor saxophone; the tuba player **BOB STEWART**; the pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY**; the wonderfully limber New Orleans drummer **ED BLACKWELL**; and **JABBO SMITH**, the seventy-eight-year-old trumpeter, singer, and songwriter. On Tuesday, March 3, a quartet led by former Mingus-ites **GEORGE ADAMS** (tenor sax) and **DON PULLEN** (piano) swings into action. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. The veteran blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** leads a combo through Sunday, March 1, and on Wednesday, March 4, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** brings in his group. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **JANE JARVIS**, a pianist who for many years played jazz disguised as ballpark music on the Shea Stadium organ, works with bassist **MILT HINTON** through Saturday, Feb. 28, and on Monday, March 2, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** begin a two-week stint. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** play their own beautiful and swinging brand of chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA—With Benny Carter, in a program of his music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 529-5694.)

FREDDIE JACKSON—With Ray, Goodman, and Brown. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 7:30 and midnight.)

NEW YORK COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Thursdays and Fridays, Feb. 26-27 and March 5-6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.

MASQUALERO—A Norwegian jazz quintet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

PAUL WINTER CONSORT AND PÉ-DE-BOI—In a carnival celebration, with the On the Lam Street Band, dancers, clowns, puppets, and stilt walkers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2 and 8.)

VERNEL FOURNIER TRIO—With Masaki (Papi) Sato. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

PATRICK STREET—Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.

ANDREW CYRILLE, HENRY THREADGILL, AND FRED HOPKINS—Greenwich House. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

PAQUITO D'RIVERA AND NEW YORK STRINGS—Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second in a series of five programs entitled "Broadway Songs of the Fifties, Part I," this one featuring songs from "The King and I," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," and "The Pajama Game." With Jim Lowe as narrator. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, March 1, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, March 2, at 8.)

LINDA HUDES & POWER & GLORY—The first two of four performances. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, March 2-3, at 8.)

MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH—Great Hall, Cooper Union. Friday, March 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BENNY ANDREWS—Works on paper, dating from 1983 to the present. Through Friday, March

6. (Lubin House Gallery, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Peter Booth—New paintings and works on paper by an Australian artist who has been included in international-survey shows at the Modern and at the Guggenheim. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford—Totemic bronzes eight and nine feet tall, plus a few smaller works. Through March 10. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Susan Crile—Recent abstract paintings and pastels. Through March 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Marianne Engberg / Marion Kenyon Jones—Pinhole photographs of China. / Abstractions on paper mounted on canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Fourteen pictographic paintings. Through Thursday, March 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jan Green / Gary Hall—Impressionist paintings of birds in flight. / Paintings of scullers moving down a river—tributes to Eakins. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Kevin Moss—Paintings of a city street with the glow of dusk screening the grime of old snow and of huge refuse trucks exulting in their grime. Through March 21. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Odd Nerdrum—New realist paintings. Through March 28. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Stephen Pace—Loosely painted scenes of Indiana farm life as the artist remembers it from his childhood. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—Paintings, mostly from the fifties. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Bill Spira—Abstract wood-and-stoneware sculptures. Through Saturday, March 7. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Paul Wonner—Still-life paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Americas Society** (formerly known as the Center for Inter-American Relations), Park Ave. at 68th St.: Modern Latin-American art from the Nancy Sayles Day Collection, owned by the Rhode Island School of Design. Through April 5. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **Hunter College Gallery,** Lexington Ave. at 68th St.: "Race and Representation" addresses the issues of racism and political oppression in a show of paintings, videos, and works in other mediums by Pat Ward Williams, Roy DeCarava, Jenny Holzer, and others. Through Friday, March 6. (Opens at 1.) . . . **Kouros,** 23 E. 73rd St.: John Bernard Myers has chosen an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, mostly by abstract works, by eleven contemporary artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **Schlesinger-Boisanté,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Abstract paintings from the thirties and forties by Byron Browne, Fritz Bultman, Harry Holtzman, Charles Seliger, and Robert Jay Wolff. Through March 12.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Leslie Bohnenkamp / Judith Rothschild—An installation of horn-shaped paper sculptures. Through Saturday, March 7. / Abstract relief paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alan Cote—Recent abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Evett—Realist paintings of still-lifes with nature scenes in the backgrounds. Through Saturday, March 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Janet Fish—New paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Fredenthal (1914-58)—Densely organized paintings of city scenes and landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Raymond Han—Still-life paintings. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stanley William Hayter / Daniel Bennett Schwartz—New paintings and works on paper. / Small landscapes of Provence. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Hennessey—Imaginary interiors and inscrutable figures rendered naïvely in thin oil paint. Through Saturday, March 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Roni Horn—Recent abstract drawings combining pastels, powdered pigments, and varnish. Through March 21. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jacklin / Hugh O'Donnell—Paintings and works on paper of New York by a British artist who moved to a studio in the meat-packing district here a year ago. / Irregularly shaped canvas and wood paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Characteristically morbid drawings and watercolors by an Austrian Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 7. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

John McLaughlin (1898-1976) / **John Graham** (1881-1961)—Paintings of rectangular shapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. / Drawings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James B. Moore—Representational still-lifes painted in muted colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ed Paschke—A two-gallery exhibit of new works. Through Saturday, March 7. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St., and Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Giuseppe Penone—A crumbling deciduous tree in bronze (with a few vestiges of bronze foliage), among other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter / David Hannah—Monotypes. / Abstract oil paintings. Through March 28. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jane Rosen—Painted gypsum-cement sculptures with subjects from nature (herons, for instance) reduced to their basic forms. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Works on paper by Jean Arp are in the front gallery.)

Lucas Samaras—Chairs composed of a variety of materials, including found objects, wire, and cloth; also, portrait drawings in ink on paper. Through March 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

José María Sicilia—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

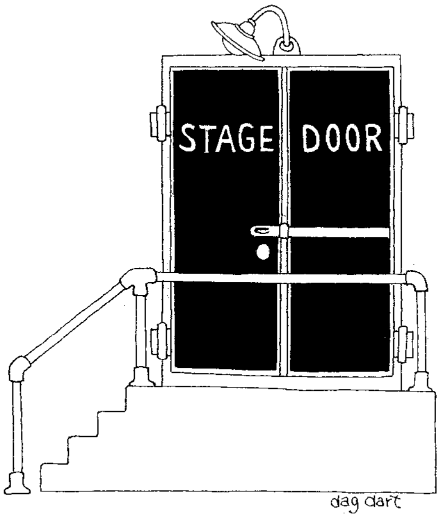
Carl Nicholas Titolo—Small works in mixed mediums reflecting his travels in Italy. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Small works on paper, mostly from the early sixties, plus a single glass sculpture. Through March 10. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robin Utterback—Collage paintings, painted-wood constructions, and works on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Folk Art of This Century—Paintings from the United States, France, Haiti, and Yugoslavia. The artists include John Kane, Henri Rousseau, Hector Hyppolite, Dragan Gazi, and Minnie Evans. Through March 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Associated American Artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: Prints by artists in the Woodstock community in the first half of this century, among them Minna Citron, Adolf Dehn, George Bellows, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **Holly Solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A single narrative landscape painting apiece by John Bowman, Brad Davis, Neil Jenney, Edward Ruscha, William Wegman, and Robert Yarber. Through March 21. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Geometric abstractions by Carolus Enckell; large, almost monochromatic landscapes by Joellen Hall, with birds and other animals painted in white contour over dark backgrounds; and small pattern drawings by Ruth Vollmer from late in her life. Through Saturday, Feb. 28.



GALLERIES—SoHo

William Anastasi / Matthew McCaslin—Oils depicting components of Joyce's hundred-and-nineteen-letter word describing a thunderclap in "Finnegans Wake." / Wall sculptures utilizing Formica made to look like stone, metal, or wood. Through March 11. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Recent pastel drawings. Through March 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Andrea Belag—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—New paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—A show that ranges from early conceptual works to recent big geometric paintings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Gregory Botts—Black-and-white paintings of landscapes and figures, overlaid with colored geometric forms. Through March 28. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Carol Brown—Small colored-pencil drawings of Southwest landscapes, accompanied by titles indicating the precise time and location the works were executed. Through March 28. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Vivian E. Browne / Carol Galligan—Paintings of sequoia forests. / Painted-paper sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Howard Buchwald—Abstract paintings that have small geometric shapes cut out of the canvas. Through March 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Pierre Clerk—Painted-aluminum sculptures of interlocking geometric shapes, and trompe-l'oeil wall reliefs with the same shapes. Through March 28. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Peter Dean—Landscapes and works from a series called "Personal Events" by this Expressionist painter. Through Saturday, March 7. (Semaphore, 137 Greene St.)

Peter Drake—Paintings and drawings. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Vernon Fisher—New works, including a large sheet of slate on which the artist has sketched (in chalk) anatomical views of muscles and painted (in oil) a parachute dropping into the sea. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Judith Godwin—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Willy Heeks—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Robert Helm—Paintings depicting birds, dogs, human figures, and wood, the last echoed in intricate inlaid-wood frames. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Jasper Johns—Four paintings from a series entitled "The Seasons," and related drawings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Mel Kendrick—Geometric sculptures: six in such woods as osage, padauk, and purpleheart, and four in bronze, each of the latter with a different patina. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Ronnie Landfield—Abstract acrylic paintings.

Through March 14. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

George McNeil—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Mock—New abstractions. Through Wednesday, March 4. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Maud Morgan—Handmade-paper works whose multicolored abstract patterns were created in the papermaking process. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Peter Nadin / Rudy Burckhardt—Seven abstract paintings. / Photographs and photocollages. Through Saturday, March 7. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Sharron Quasius / Howard Monath—Tiepolo might get a kick out of these soft-sculpture tableaux of some of his masterpieces. / Portraits of New York doormen in situ. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Milo Reice—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 7. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Elaine Reichek / Patsy Norvell—An installation. / A new sculpture, plus models, drawings, and photographs for three public commissions. Through Saturday, March 7. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St. Miss Reichek is also showing large-scale photographs of South American Indians and knitted versions of the figures—also large scale—at the Lamagna Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Feb. 28.)

Todd Siler—Works demonstrating the possible connections between the brain and creative expression; e.g., a group of fourteen paintings with the artist's E.E.G. recordings spanning their length. Through March 14. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Steven Singer—Figurative sculptures made with scrap metal from the repair work being done on the Manhattan Bridge, which happens to be near the artist's studio. Through Saturday, March 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: Leo Castelli is marking his thirtieth year in the art business with some of the paintings and sculptures—by Cy Twombly, Lee Bontecou, Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Artschwager, and others—he put on exhibit in his first fifteen years. Through Saturday, March 7. . . . **49TH PARALLEL,** 420 West Broadway: A show entitled "The Idea of North," consisting of paintings, sculptures, and photographs based on ideas from a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation documentary produced by the late pianist Glenn Gould. All of the artists, among them Robert Frank, Agnes Martin, and Jackie Winsor, live in or have lived in Canada. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **GIBSON,** 568 Broadway: Abstract paintings by Alan Uglow, Susan Smith, Stephen Rosenthal, and Nancy Haynes. Through March 14. . . . **GREEN,** 152 Wooster St.: Drawings by sculptors Heide Fasnacht, Alain Kirili, Michael Gitlin, Carol Hepper, and Erik Levine. Through Saturday, Feb. 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

Hanno Ahrens—Geometric wood-and-plaster sculptures. Through March 15. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Arch Connelly / Thomas Woodruff—Large collages composed of jewels, fabrics, and erotica cut out of magazines. / Twelve paintings on paper, each with a nude and an object representing a different month. Through March 14. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery. Mr. Woodruff is also showing sixty paintings at the Wood Gallery, 127 Spring St.)

Kim Keever—Semi-abstract landscape paintings incorporating some symbols of measure—clocks, rulers. Through Sunday, March 1. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Susan Rothenberg—Some of the horse paintings (1974-80) that attracted so much attention when they were first introduced. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Randal Rupert—New York cityscapes with catercorner pre-Columbian borders and magical elements—one painting has a placid-looking deer in the middle of Times Square, for instance. Through March 8. (Casas Toledo Oosterom, 235 E. 4th St. Opens at 1:30 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

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Therese Schwartz—Grid-patterned collage paintings. Through March 29. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Paul Smith—Painted wall constructions with ultra-wide-angle urban views, and similarly distorted photographs made with a pinhole camera. Through Sunday, March 1. (Greathouse, 157 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **ARTISTS SPACE,** 223 West Broadway: Film, slide, and video installations by Anne Bray, Kendall Buster, John Knecht, Charles Long, and Carolee Schneeman. Through March 14. . . . **BURGIN,** 270 Lafayette St.: Recent paintings and photographic works by Fariba Hajamadi, Gerhard Merz, and James Welling. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **GALLERY INTERNATIONAL 52,** 150 E. 52nd St.: Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures by artists who have shown in the Hamptons. Among those represented are Valerie Jaudon, Paul Brach, and Claus and Helen Hoie. Through March 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: The eleventh annual "Small Works" exhibition, selected by Barbara Toll. Through Friday, Feb. 27. . . . **MASTER EAGLE GALLERY,** sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St.: "Cartoon '87," drawings by approximately forty artists, including Liza Donnelly, Tim Haggerty, Ed Arno, Sam Gross, and Lou Myers. Through March 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jimmy de Sana—Dada-inspired photographs. Through March 8. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David A. Hanson / Allan Janus—Salt prints of the entire length of the Hudson River and its environs, all but a few of which look as though they were from a hundred years ago rather than the present. / Photographs of statuary and animals. Through March 12. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Lotte Jacobi—Vintage prints by a ninety-one-year-old photographer known for her portraits. Through March 21. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue (1894-1986)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show devoted to this photographer, entitled "Panoramas of the Twenties." See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Duane Michals—New works, primarily silver prints, some with text, some painted. Through Saturday, March 7. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gordon Parks—A retrospective of more than two hundred prints by this photojournalist. Through March 28. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Fifty prints made for the Farm Security Administration. Through March 28. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Group Show—Bruce Davidson, Robert Cumming, Garry Winogrand, and Mary Ellen Mark are among the artists represented in a show of photographs that were taken in 1974 and reflect the events of that year. Through April 4. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through May 5. . . . ¶ A small show of sculptures by Joel Otterson. Through Tuesday, March 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Through March 24. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. Mr. Alechinsky has taken this border motif one step further by painting a rising sun around the museum's elevator entrances. Starts Friday, Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle, spanning the past eight years. Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, an early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century clothing worn by Russian women, including *kokoshniks*—headdresses elaborately decorated with pearls and gold thread and used to signify a wearer's marital status. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 11 to 6. Note: Beginning Sunday, March 1, the museum will be adding hours; that day and thereafter the schedule will be daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The accomplishments of the architect Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926), seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit, which has architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. . . . ¶ A display of folding fans (pleated and *brisé*) which documents their design and function at the height of their popularity (late seventeenth century to early twentieth). Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains

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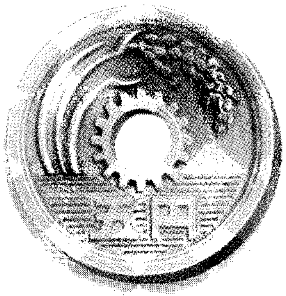

JAPAN

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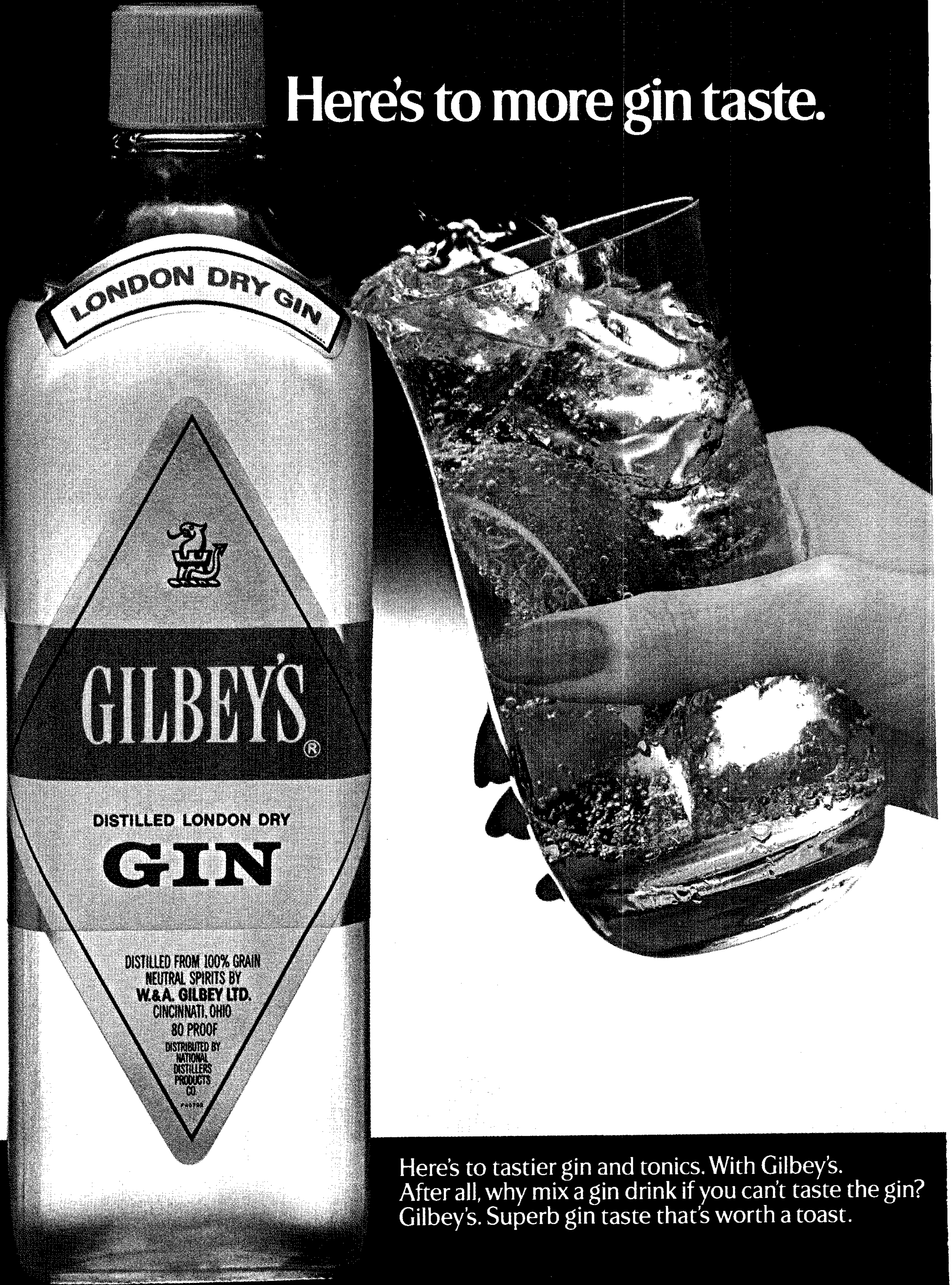
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with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Jakob Steinhardt (1887-1968), a German Expressionist whose themes included Jewish religious life. Through April 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) and whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An installation by Pat Steir for which she has painted directly on the walls large-scale studies of human features—eyes, lips, noses. Starts Friday, Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. . . . ¶ A good complement to this exhibit is at the Baruch College Gallery, 135 E. 22nd St., which has on display works from the twenties and thirties by black artists. These are on loan from the Schomburg Center. Through Monday, March 2. The hours at the college are Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—David Cale in a music-performance work called "Smooch Music," Wednesdays through Sundays, Feb. 25-March 1 and March 4-8, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Yvonne Meier (dance), Friday through Sunday, Feb. 27-March 1, at 9.

Note—Ping Chong will present slides and videos and discuss them, at Asian CineVision, 32 East Broadway, on Thursday, March 5, at 8. (Tickets at the door.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Stefka Mineva, Vladimir Popov, Robert Nagy, and Paul Plishka; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 1:30: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Leona Mitchell, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 2, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Stefka Mineva, Vladimir Popov, Robert Nagy, Martti Talvela, and Paul Plishka; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, Erich Parce, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Ileana Cotrubas, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Stefka Mineva, Misha Raitzin, Robert Nagy, Martti Talvela, and Paul Plishka; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 12:30: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Hofmann, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, Erich Parce, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

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Opera Ensemble of New York—Jonathan Tunick conducting the first three of six performances of "Christopher Columbus," a comic opera by Don White, who compiled the score from music by Jacques Offenbach. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, March 4, and Friday, March 6, at 8, and Sunday, March 8, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Madame Butterfly." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays and Friday, Feb. 27, at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, *Leonard Slatkin conducting*—Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8; Friday, Feb. 27, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 28, and Tuesday, March 3, at 8: Mahler's arrangement of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture, and works by Gordon Jacob and by Shostakovich, with Philip Myers, horn. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8; Friday, March 6, at 2; Saturday, March 7, at 8; and Tuesday, March 10, at 7:30: A Berlioz–Rubinstein–John Adams program, with Shura Cherkassky, piano.

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Zdenek Macal conducting, with Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 2, at 8.)

Polish Chamber Orchestra—Wojciech Rajski conducting, with Alexander Peskanov, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Wednesday, March 4, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting two varied programs, both with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 4-5, at 8.)

Vienna Philharmonic—The first two in a week-long series of six concerts presenting the complete Beethoven symphonies and piano concertos, with Claudio Abbado conducting and Maurizio Pollini as soloist. Friday, March 6: Concerto No. 4 and Symphony No. 3, plus the "Egmont" Overture. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7: Symphonies No. 1 and 5 and Concerto No. 2. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—Frederick Renz conducting and acting as harpsichord soloist for a program of baroque music. Also with Julianne Baird, soprano; David Hart, transverse flute; and the Boyquire. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Marya Martin, flute; Cecile Licad, piano; and Todd Phillips, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

New York Youth Symphony—David Alan Miller conducting, with Pamela Frank, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Sunday, March 1, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—*Lukas Foss conducting* a Villa-Lobos–Falla–Tchaikovsky program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4120. Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, March 8, at 2.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing Handel's oratorio "Esther," with Julianne Baird, soprano; Doreen Walker, alto; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" and Paul Alan Levi's "Mark Twain Suite." With an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Augustana Choir—Donald Morrison directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, March 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Zoltán Kocsis—A program of piano music by Liszt and Schubert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—A Schubert-Mozart-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—A Debussy-Schoenberg-Bartók program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Nabu Wakabayashi—Violin. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 5:30.)

David Taylor—Bass trombone, with Pamela Mia Paul, piano; Emily Mitchell, harp; and an assisting ensemble. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—A Shostakovich-Beethoven-Smetana program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.) . . . ¶ A Haydn-Schubert-Dvořák program, with Steven Tenenbom, viola, and Jules Eskin, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 7, at 8.)

Andras Schiff—Piano, performing Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier," Book I. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of American music. With Jean Kopperud as soloist for "Jean's Dream," a clarinet concerto by William Thomas McKinley. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting a concert by the quintet London Baroque. (Corpus Christi

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, March 1, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Kathleen Battle—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 7:30.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord. (Ansche Chesed Temple, 251 W. 100th St. Sunday, March 1, at 7:30. A benefit concert; for information about tickets, call 865-0600.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—A tenth-anniversary concert, with Robert Black and Louis Karchin conducting chamber works by Milton Babbitt, Brian Fennelly, György Kurtag, Todd Brief, and Mr. Karchin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 8.)

Christina Kiss—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 2, at 8.)

Raija Roivainen—Mezzo-soprano. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, March 2, at 8.)

Shanghai Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, March 2, at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The fourth in a series of six chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 2, at 8.)

Composers Concordance—With the Soldier String Quartet. (Middle Collegiate Church, Second Ave. at 7th St. Monday, March 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bowery Ensemble—With Isabelle Ganz, mezzo-soprano, and Susan Radcliffe, trumpet. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, March 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 945-2696.)

Arioso Trio—With Paul Reiser, violin, and Richard Simon, viola. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Monday, March 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jeffrey Siegel—A program of Schumann piano études performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 3, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—The final three in a six-concert series presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, March 3-5, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting an ensemble, with Carmen Pelton, soprano, and the Jubal Trio. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 4, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Villa-Lobos Centennial Concerts—Three programs of music by the Brazilian composer—Alfred Heller, piano; Suzanne Briar, soprano; and the Villa-Lobos String Quartet. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Wednesday, March 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Sine Nomine Singers, Harry Saltzman directing, and the Quintet of the Americas in the first of two joint concerts, this one with Beatriz Roman, piano, and Marshall Coid, violin. Works performed will include several for a-cappella chorus. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ The North Country Chamber Players; Benjamin Verdery, guitar; Christopher Lewis, piano; Chris Finckel, cello; Ida Levine, violin; and Lucy Shelton, soprano. The program will include the première of a solo-guitar work by Roberto Sierra dedicated to Villa-Lobos. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Indiana Pacers, Friday, Feb. 27, at 7:30; Chicago Bulls, Sunday, March 1, at 1; and Atlanta Hawks, Friday, March 6, at 7:30. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Utah Jazz, Tuesday, March 3, at 7:30, and Los Angeles Clippers, Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.

Hockey—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 7:35, and Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 7, at 5:05. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:05; St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 7:05; and Boston Bruins, Tuesday, March 3, at 8:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 4, at 7:35.

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Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championship Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 27, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 7:30; through Sunday, March 15. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Nicanor Parra reading from his own poetry in Spanish, with English translations read by Ronald Christ. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, March 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . ¶ Joyce Carol Oates, Josef Skvorecky, Terry McMillan, and Mark Richard reading from their own short stories. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ Gerald Stern and Garrett Kaoru Hongo reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 2, at 8:15.) . . . ¶ George Bradley and Nathaniel Mackey reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. Wednesday, March 4, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Hattie Winston, Charles Keating, and Avi Hoffman reading from the short stories of Andrea Lee, Heinrich Böll, Jamaica Kincaid, and E. L. Doctorow. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, March 4, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Galway Kinnell and Ai reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the readings.)

Lecture—Frederick Buechner speaking on the topic of religious faith and fiction writing. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday, March 4, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Spring Armory Antiques Show—An international antiques and fine-arts exhibition, and sale, assembled by some seventy-five dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7, from noon to 10; Sunday, March 8, from 11 to 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, April 7 and 9 (both day games). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland Indians, April 13 (day) and 14-15 (both night games).

Gallery
GALLERY

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 9-12.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 18. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ James Galway, March 15. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, March 18. . . . ¶ Orchestre National de France, March 22. . . . ¶ Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, March 29. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug, April 5. . . . ¶ Chamber Orchestra of Europe, April 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Hallé Orchestra, March 8. . . . ¶ Orpheus, March 14. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 15. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, March 19. . . . ¶ Orchestre National de France, March 20. . . . ¶ Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal, March 21-22. . . . ¶ José Carreras, March 24. . . . ¶ Janet Baker, March 25. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, March 26. . . . ¶ New York Pops, March 27-28 and April 10-11. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, March 28. . . . ¶ Rafail Sobolevsky, March 29. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, March 30. . . . ¶ Benita Valente, April 1. . . . ¶ Chamber Orchestra of Europe, April 2. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, April 3. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, April 5. . . . ¶ Indianapolis Symphony, April 6. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 7. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, April 8. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, April 9. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Maurice André, March 8. . . . ¶ I Fiamminghi, March 8. . . . ¶ Composers' Showcase, March 9. . . . ¶ Carlos Prieto, March 13. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 15 and 18. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 16 and April 6. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 20, 22, and 29-31, and April 10 and 12. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, March 23. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, March 28. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Katia and Marielle Labèque, April 5. . . . **92ND STREET Y** (427-4410): Henryk Szeryng, March 14. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y, March 21 and April 4-5. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 24-25. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Simon Estes, March 9. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 12 and April 2. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, March 19. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, March 20-21. . . . ¶ Heinz Holliger and Andras Schiff, March 26 and 29. . . . ¶ Tokyo String Quartet, March 27. . . . ¶ Arnold Steinhardt and Lydia Artymiw, March 28. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, March 28. . . . ¶ Kim Kashkashian, April 9. . . . ¶ Lockenhaus Festival, April 10. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, March 17.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: The long-awaited "Les Misérables," a musical based on the novel by Victor Hugo. It comes to us in an English adaptation—by Trevor Nunn and John Caird—of the original French version, by composer Claude-Michel Schonberg and librettist Alain Boublil. Herbert Kretzmer translated the lyrics. . . . ¶ A revival of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," with Richard Chamberlain, Blythe Danner, Judith Ivey, and Geraldine Page. . . . ¶ Concert performances of George Gershwin's musicals "Of Thee I Sing" and "Let 'Em Eat Cake." . . . ¶ "The Nerd," a comedy by Larry Shue. Mark Hamill, Robert Joy, and Peter Riegert head the cast. . . . ¶ James Earl Jones in "Fences," a play by August Wilson. . . . ¶ The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado," recently seen in a brief engagement at City Center. . . . ¶ Harvey Fierstein's "Safe Sex," a trilogy of one-acters. Mr. Fierstein will appear in two of the plays. . . . ¶ Jason Robards in "A Month of Sundays," a play by Bob Larbey.

Other Dates—The first day of spring is March 21. . . . ¶ Daylight Saving Time starts April 5. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 7-May 17. . . . ¶ The 1987 biennial exhibition at the Whitney Museum will start April 10. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1986 and estimates for 1987 are due Wednesday, April 15.

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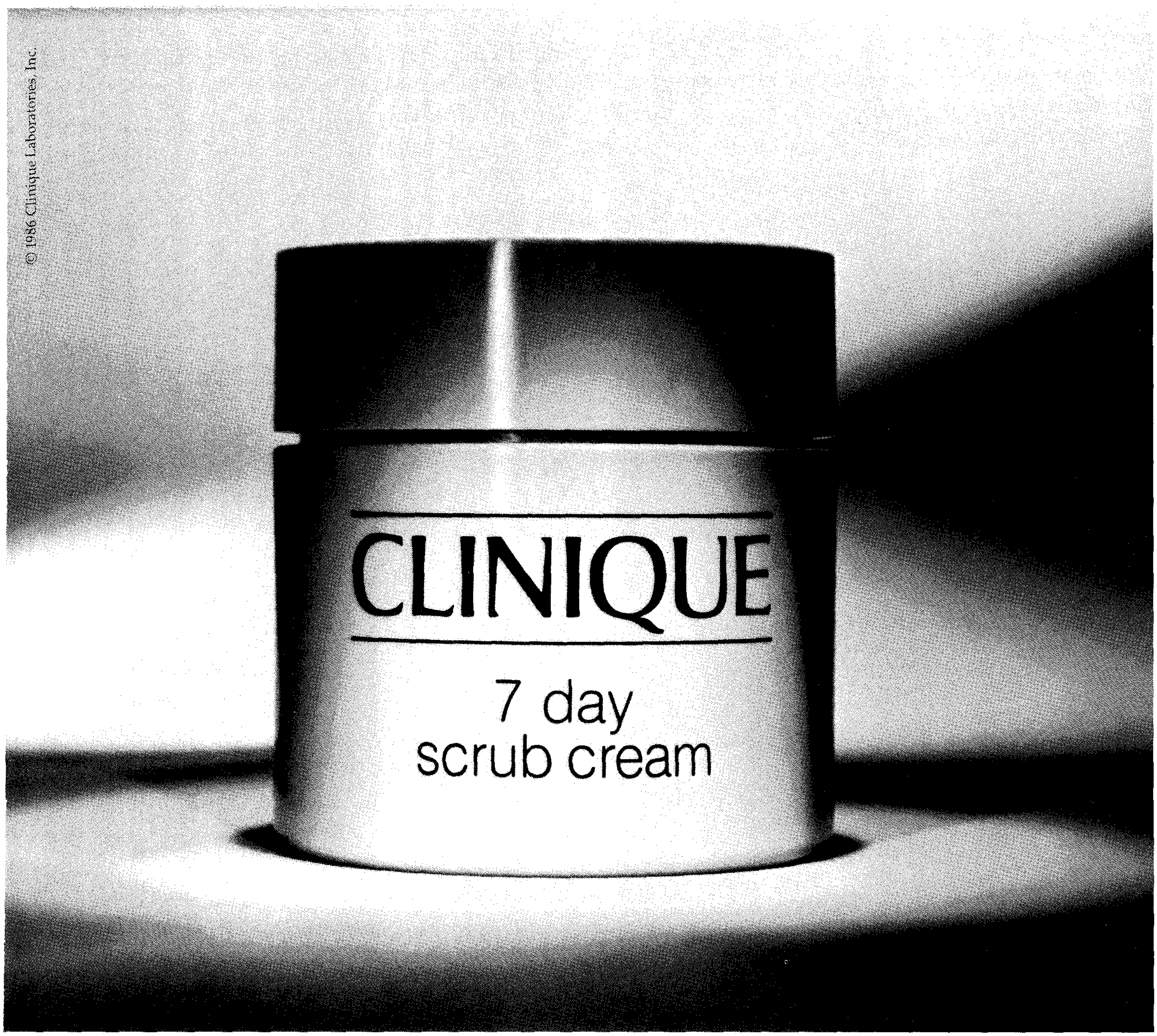

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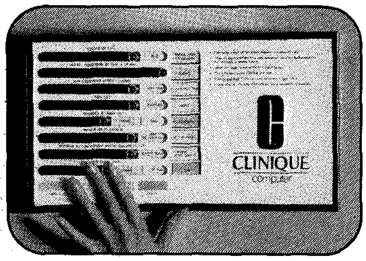

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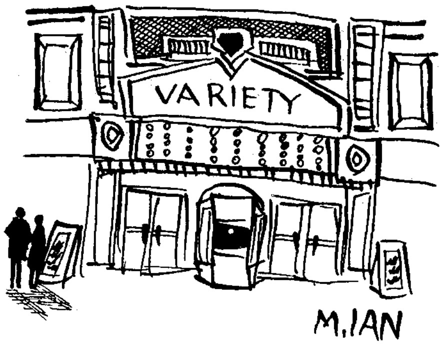

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 26: At 6, "Emitai" (1973; directed by Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in Wolof); at 8:15, "Barravento" (1962; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in *Portuguese); and, at 10, "Tent of Miracles"* (1977; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Feb. 27: At 6, "The Sun's Burial" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); at 8, "Class Relations" (1983; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in German); and, at 10:15, "The American Friend" (1977; Wim Wenders), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz.
Feb. 28-March 1: At 4, "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); at 6, "The Sun's Burial;" at 8, "Class Relations;" and, at 10:15, "The American Friend."
March 3-5: At 6, "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (†); at 8, "Class Relations;" and, at 10:15, "The American Soldier" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta.
From March 6: At 6, "A Free Woman" (†); at 8:15, "No End" (1984; Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish); and, at 10, "City of Women" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 26: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett. From Feb. 27: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins. From Feb. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Black Widow" (1987 †).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 26: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
From Feb. 27: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Black Widow" (1987 †).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Square Dance" (Dan Petrie), with Jane Alexander, Rob Lowe, Jason Robards, and Winona Ryder.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone. From Feb. 27: "True Stories" (David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Duet for One" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Julie Andrews, Alan Bates, and Max von Sydow.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett. From Feb. 27: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert. From Feb. 27: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Feb. 26: "My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).
From Feb. 27: "The Good Father" (Mike Newell), with Anthony Hopkins.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 26: "Dead of Winter" (Arthur Penn), with Mary Steenburgen, Roddy McDowall, and Jan Rubeš.
From Feb. 27: To be announced.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 26: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert.
From Feb. 27: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett. From Feb. 27: "Death Before Dishonor" (Terry Leonard), with Fred Dryer.
Theatre 2: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "Death Before Dishonor" (Terry Leonard), with Fred Dryer. From Feb. 27: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins. From Feb. 27: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 26: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
From Feb. 27: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 3: "The Legend of Suram Fortress" (1985; directed by Sergei Paradjanov and Dodo Abashidze; in Georgian). From March 4: "Broken Mirrors" (1984; Marleen Gorris; in Dutch).
Theatre 2: Feb. 25: "Viridiana" (†); and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina. Feb. 26: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish). Feb. 27-March 3: "The Color of Pomegranates" (1969; Sergei Paradjanov; in Georgian). From March 4: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Come and See" (Elem Klimov; in Russian); and "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Men . . ." (†); and "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Eat and Run" (Christopher Ward). From Feb. 27: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 26: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.
From Feb. 27: "Round Midnight" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), wtih Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb; and "The Hour of the Star" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 26: "The Good Wife" (Ken Cameron), with Rachel Ward, Bryan Brown, and Sam Neill. From Feb. 27: "My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 26: "Billy Galvin" (John Gray), with Karl Malden. From Feb. 27: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through the afternoon of Feb. 26: (Matinées only) "Lady and the Tramp" (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman, Tom Cruise, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Helen Shaver.
From Feb. 27: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Outrageous Fortune" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 26: "The Good Father" (Mike Newell), *with Anthony Hopkins.*
From Feb. 27: "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"One Woman or Two" (Daniel Vigne; in English and French), with Gérard Depardieu, Sigourney Weaver, and Ruth Westheimer.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 26: "Dead of Winter" (Arthur Penn), with Mary Steenburgen, Roddy McDowall, and Jan Rubeš.
From Feb. 27: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 2: "Thérèse" (†).
Theatre 3: "Faces of Women" (Désiré Ecaré; in French).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Alpine Fire" (Fredi M. Murer; in Swiss-German).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Ménage" (†). From Feb. 27: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. From Feb. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 26: "The Good Wife" (Ken Cameron), with Rachel Ward, Bryan Brown, and Sam Neill. From Feb. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 26: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone. From Feb. 27: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†). From Feb. 27: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "Death Before Dishonor" (Terry Leonard), with Fred Dryer. From Feb. 27: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. From Feb. 27: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
Theatre 3: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 4: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: "Wanted: Dead or Alive" (directed by Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 4: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 5: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 6: "The Color Purple" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Death Before Dishonor" (Terry Leonard), with Fred Dryer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From Feb. 27: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 26: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. From Feb. 27: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 26: "The Golden Child" (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy. From Feb. 27: "Crocodile Dundee."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
Through Feb. 26: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
From Feb. 27: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. (No performances Tuesday, March 3.)

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 26: "The Good Wife" (Ken Cameron), with Rachel Ward, Bryan Brown, and Sam Neill. From Feb. 27: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "The Bedroom Window" (Curtis Hanson), with Steve Guttenberg, Elizabeth McGovern, and Isabelle Huppert. From Feb. 27: "Rage of Honor."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 26: "Eléna et les Hommes" (1956; directed by Jean Renoir; in French), with Ingrid Bergman, Jean Marais, Mel Ferrer, and Juliette Greco; and "French Cancan" (1954; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf.
Feb. 27-28: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
March 1: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson), with Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison.
March 2: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.
March 3: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" and "Smash Palace."
March 4-5: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "The Hustler."
March 6-7: "The Night Porter" (†); and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 25: To be announced.
Feb. 26: "A Child Is Waiting" (1963; John Cassavetes), with Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland; and "I Could Go On Singing" (1963; Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon.
Feb. 27-28: "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly; and musical excerpts from four films featuring Judy Garland.
March 1-2: "Pigskin Parade" (†); and "That's Dancing!" (1985; Jack Haley, Jr.).
March 3: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970; Otto Preminger), with Liza Minnelli, Ken Howard, and Robert Moore.
March 4-7: "Broadway Melody of 1938" (†); and "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 25: To be announced.
Feb. 26: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.
Feb. 27-28: A program of erotic films.
March 1: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Viridiana" (†).
March 2: "Mother's Meat and Freud's Flesh" (1984; Demetrious Estdelacropolis); and "Next of Kin" (1984; Atom Egoyan).
March 3: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.
March 4: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lewis Stone.
March 5: "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Tony Roberts, and Mary Steenburgen.
March 6-7: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 25: To be announced.
Feb. 26: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Enter Laughing" (1967; Carl Reiner), with José Ferrer, Shelley Winters, and Elaine May.
Feb. 27-28: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
March 1: "Three Fables of Love" (1963; Alessandro Blasetti, Herve Bromberger, and René Clair; in Italian and French); and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
March 2: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).
March 3: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood.
March 4: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.
March 5: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
March 6-7: "Lost in America" (1985; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty;

and "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.

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Feb. 25: To be announced.

Feb. 26: "Made for Each Other" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard, James Stewart, and Charles Coburn; and "Swing High, Swing Low" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth.

Feb. 27-28: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

March 1-2: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

March 3: "Affair in Trinidad" (1952; Vincent Sherman), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.

March 4: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John W. Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

March 5: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi.

March 6-7: "The Trial" (1962; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Black Mic Mac" (1986; directed by Thomas Gilou; in French, with English subtitles), with Jacques Villeret, Isaach de Bankolé, and Félicité Wouassi. Mr. Gilou will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6: "Partir Revenir" (1985; Claude Lelouch; in French, with English subtitles), with Annie Girardot, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Evelyne Bouix, Michel Piccoli, and Françoise Fabian. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8:30 and Feb. 27 at 2:30: "Maine Océan" (1986; Jacques Rozier; in French, with English subtitles), with Bernard Menez, Luis Rego, Lydia Feld, and Rosa-Maria Gomes. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 6:30 and Feb. 28 at 2: "Désordre" (1986; Olivier Assayas; in French, with English subtitles), with Wadeck Stanczak, Ann-Gisel Glass, and Lucas Belvaux. Mr. Assayas and Mr. Stanczak will be present on Feb. 27 at 6:30. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 5: "Abel Gance et Son Napoléon" (1984; Nelly Kaplan), a documentary. Miss Kaplan will be present. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2: "Black Mic Mac." . . . ¶ March 1 at 5: "Rosa la Rose" (1986; Paul Vecchiali; in French, with English subtitles), with Marianne Basler, Jean Sorel, and Pierre Cosso. . . . ¶ March 2 at 2:30: "High Speed" (1986; Monique Dartonne and Michel Kaptur; in French, with English subtitles), with Mireille Perrier and Bruce Thurman. . . . ¶ March 2 at 6: "Abel Gance et Son Napoléon." . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30 and 6:30: "Marche à l'Ombre" (1985; Michel Blanc; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Lanvin, Michel Blanc, and Sophie Duez. Mr. Blanc will be present. . . . ¶ The first two showings in a program of the five films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film—March 5 at 3 and 6:30: "The Assault" (1985; Fons Rademakers; in Dutch, with English subtitles). . . . March 6 at 3 and 6:30: "Betty Blue" (1986; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Cary Grant and Mae West. . . . ¶ March 7 at 5: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, and Randolph Scott.

Theatre 2: A program of the five films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Documentary Feature—Feb. 26 at 6:30: "Witness to Apartheid" (1986; Sharon I. Sopher). . . . Feb. 27 at 6:30: "Chile: Hasta Cuendo?" (1986; David Bradbury). . . . Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Isaac in America: A Journey with Isaac Bashevis Singer" (1986; Amram Nowak). . . . Feb. 28 at 5:30: "Down and Out in America" (1986; Joseph Feury). . . . March 1 at 12:15: "Artie Shaw: Time Is All You've Got" (1986; Brigitte Berman). . . . March 1 at 2:30: "Down and Out in America" and "Witness to Apartheid." . . . March 1 at 5:30: "Chile: Hasta Cuendo?" and "Isaac in America: A Journey with Isaac Bashevis Singer." . . . March 3 at 6:30: "Artie Shaw: Time Is All You've Got." . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30: A program of the five films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Documentary Short Subject. . . . ¶ March 7 at 5:30: A program of the three films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Animated Short Film and the three films nominated for the 1986 Academy Award for Best Live Action Short Film.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Feb. 28: "Before Hollywood: Turn-of-the-Century Film from American Archives," a program of sixty-nine pristine 35-mm. prints, from 1894 to 1915, arranged in six programs. Program V, "The Frontier Spirit," contains three films from 1912 to 1915, with showings Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30, and Program VI, "Love and Misadventure," contains three films from 1915, with showings Wednesday through Saturday at 2:30. . . . ¶ From March 3: "Social Engagement: Women's Video in the '80's," a program of thirteen experimental narrative and documentary videotapes. *The schedule of performances is complicated:* our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—"Japan at War," films made in Japan between 1938 and 1947, shown in Japanese, with English subtitles. Feb. 25 at 7:30: "There Was a Father" (1942; Yasujiro Ozu), with Chishu Ryu and Shuji Sano. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 7:30: "The Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family" (1941; Yasujiro Ozu), with Mieko Takamine, Shin Saburi, and Tatsuo Saito. . . . ¶ March 6 at 7:30: "The Suicide Troops of the Watchtower" (1942; Tadashi Imai), with Minoru Takada, Setsuko Hara, and Hideo Saito.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Black Widow—Theresa Russell plays a slinky, cat-eyed dame who is somehow driven to marry a series of the richest millionaires in the country and murder them; Debra Winger plays an investigator at the Justice Department who notices the pattern in the sudden deaths and gets on the widow's trail. This may sound irresistibly succulent and trashy, but the director, Bob Rafelson, can't seem to give trash its due; he intellectualizes it. You expect the women to share identities or the picture to go lesbian, or *something*. But you're wrong. This is postmodernist film noir. Rafelson and the writer, Ronald Bass, disdain motivation and they don't develop the characters. The picture doesn't bother with suspense, either, but it has a high-tech swank, and though *you* may want to giggle at the fanciness, there are a few moments when the near-pornographic texture is actually amusing. Dennis Hopper and Nicol Williamson liven up their brief scenes as two of the widow's husbands; also with James Hong as a drugged-out private investigator, Terry O'Quinn as Winger's boss, and Sami Frey, Diane Ladd, Lois Smith, Leo Rossi, and David Mamet as a poker player. Cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/23/87.) (34th St. East, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and Criterion Center.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Waverly, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Center.)

Broadway Melody of 1938 (1937)—The script is something dim about backstage troubles before the opening of a giant musical, and this follow-up to the hit "Broadway Melody of 1936"—which had also featured Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen, and been directed by Roy Del Ruth—seems routine. But something startling and joyful happens when the fifteen-year-old Judy Garland, in bobby socks, lets out her huge voice on the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable" (to the tune of "You Made Me Love You"). With George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, Binnie Barnes, Charley Grapewin, Sid Silvers, and Robert Benchley. (Regency; March 4-7.)

The Color Purple (1985)—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. The women are generous, hardworking, artistically gifted, and understanding; the men are lazy, lecherous oppressors. Probably the book gets by with its rampant female chauvinism because the story is put in the mouth of the battered fourteen-year-old heroine Celie; it's written in a raw, cadenced dialect and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might—the picture seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover as Celie's brute of a husband, Willard Pugh as her stepson, Margaret Avery as the woman she falls in love with, and Oprah Winfrey as the powerhouse Sofia. The gooey score is by Quincy Jones. (12/30/85) (Criterion Center.)

Crimes of the Heart—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper, David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Olympia Quad.)

The Decline of the American Empire—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love in this adaptation of the same early Dostoyevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color, and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with this sort of facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdity. With Isabelle Weingarten, Guillaume Des Forets, and Jean-Maurice Monnoyer. In French. (Public Theatre; March 3-5, at 6.)

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless," this film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (Public Theatre; starting March 6, showings at 6.)

Hannah and Her Sisters (1986)—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen, a new canto in his ongoing poem to love and New York City which includes "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan." It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away. The picture is all tasteful touches, and there's an element of cultural self-approval in its tone, and a trace of smugness in its narrow concern for family and friends. He uses style to blot out the rest of New York City. It's a form of repression, and, from the look of the movie, repression is what's romantic to him. With Max von Sydow as a gloomy, rigid intellectual, and Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, New Carnegie, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

The Hour of the Star (1985)—A lot of the scenes don't quite work, but something numinous happens when you watch this first feature by the Brazilian Suzana Amaral, the mother of nine, who, at the age of fifty-two, shot it in four weeks, in 1985, for $150,000. It's as if the characters' souls became magically visible. Working from a script adapted from the novella by Clarice Lispector, Amaral tells the

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story of Macabéa (Marcelia Cartaxo), a nineteen-year-old orphan from the northeast, a girl without skills or education or even training in keeping herself clean, who comes south to São Paulo, a city of fourteen million. This mass woman smiles serenely as she celebrates her Sunday by taking a ride on the subway, and her terrible aloneness gets to you. Like De Sica's "Umberto D.," this film has moments of uncanny humor and painful intuition, but it goes from neorealism to magic realism. The hallucinatory effect seems somewhat alien to Amaral's temperament; she's better at the plain, level scenes—they have a truer magic. Still, this Latin-American mash of dreams and reality and American advertising art and images from the movies has an awkward, mystic sanctity. It's contrived, yet affecting. With José Dumont as Olimpico and Fernanda Montenegro as the *macumbeira;* the cinematography is by Edgar Moura. In Portuguese. (2/23/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Jivey, senseless fun. This musical is taken from the Off Broadway show that was based on Roger Corman's 1960 quickie—a junky travesty of sci-fi genetic-mutation pictures. Rick Moranis plays Seymour, the assistant in a skid-row flower shop, circa 1960, who tends the ravenous little flowering cactus that he names after the sexpot clerk Audrey (Ellen Greene). Her steady date is a sadistic biker-dentist (Steve Martin), and Bill Murray plays this brute's pain-freak patient. The Martin-Murray sequence is a classic encounter: a piece of transcendent slapstick. The movie is nothing but blown-up cartoon-style friskiness, but it makes you feel as inexplicably sappy and contented as a kid used to feel on Sunday morning lying on his stomach reading the funnies. The script and the lyrics are by Howard Ashman; the music is by Alan Menken. Directed by Frank Oz. (1/12/87) (Beekman, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Movieland.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Ménage—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu is the burglar who, one night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc, because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries, waiting for his chance to bed the man. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 26.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an S & M Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by Liliana Cavani. With Philippe Leroy and Gabriele Ferzetti. (Cinema Village; March 6-7.)

Outrageous Fortune—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. With a director who had an appetite for elemental belly-laugh farce, maybe even the claptrap plot about spies and terrorists would have something like the self-mocking giddiness of the plot of "Romancing the Stone." But with Arthur Hiller in charge much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. (Pregnant when the picture was shot, she sticks out her chest and charges into her scenes; she's playing the Three Stooges—all three.) Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

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Pigskin Parade (1936)—It's beyond belief—atrocious and yet funny and enjoyable. A Twentieth Century-Fox musical (that's not a recommendation, as anyone who went to musicals knows), featuring the young, pudgy, budding talent Judy Garland (three years before "The Wizard of Oz"), Patsy Kelly, Betty Grable, Stuart Erwin, Dixie Dunbar, Jack Haley, and the Yacht Club Boys. David Butler directed. (Regency; March 1-2.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

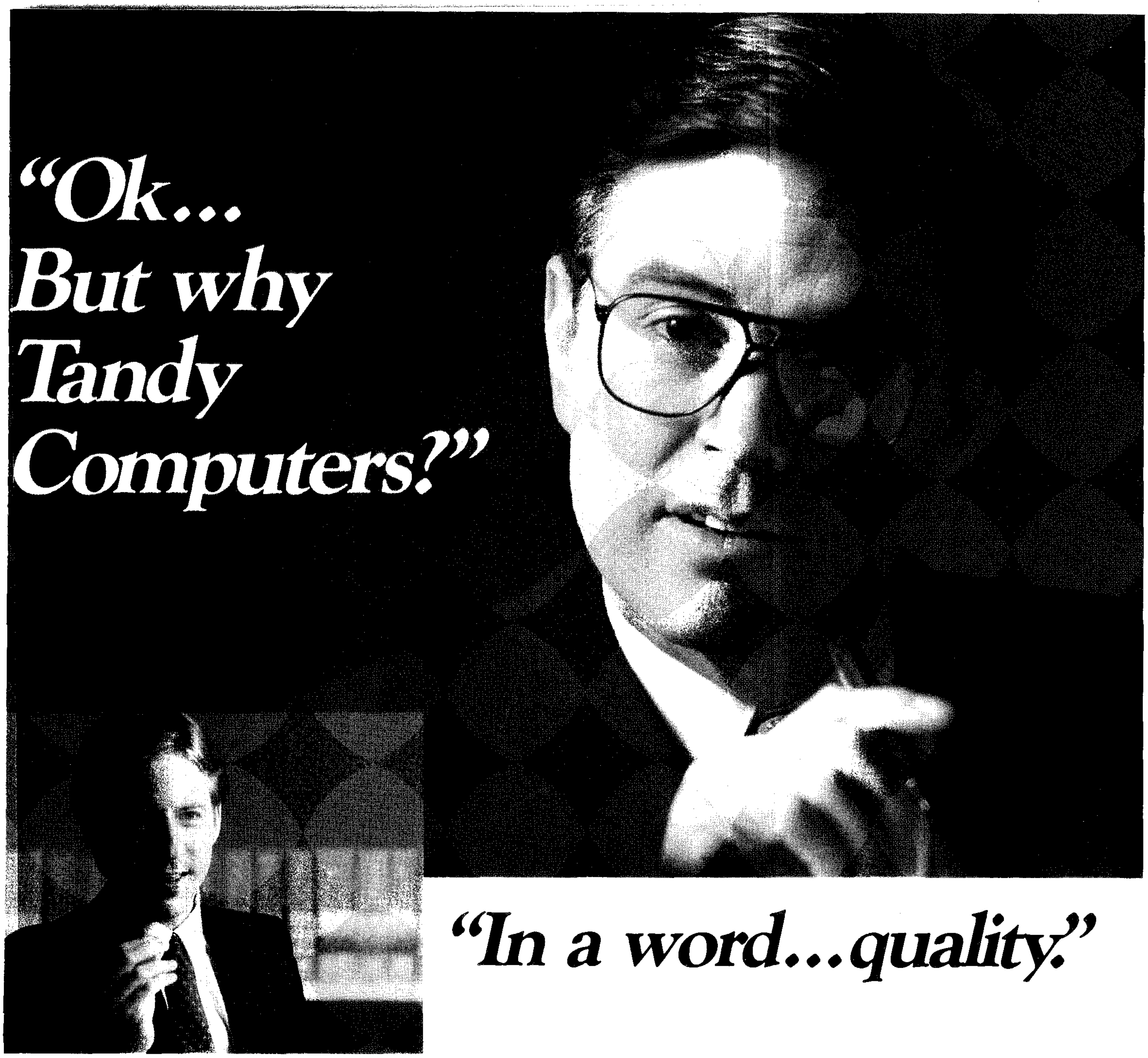
A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 27.)

Something Wild—Terrific. Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie; there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed on-screen. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta, Dana Preu, and Margaret Colin. (11/17/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Thérèse—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is so measured that after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 1.)



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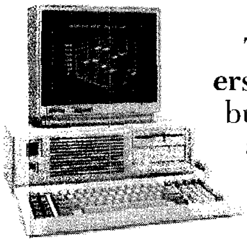

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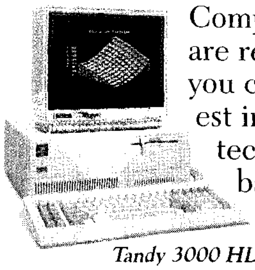
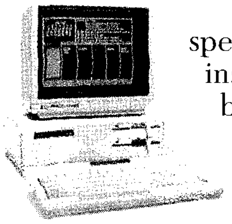
Quality-built in the USA. Our MS-DOS® personal computer line is made in America in our own manufacturing plants. We control quality, from initial assembly to completed and tested product.

Nationwide Support. Over 1200 Radio Shack Computer Centers are ready to help you choose the latest in computer technology, backed by quality support. Training and specialized software instruction is available at your place of business or ours, in 60 major market areas.



Tandy 3000 HL



Tandy 1000 SX

We've got what it takes. Like commercial leasing plans. And service performed by technicians who work for the company that made and sold you your computer.

You expect quality . . . and you get it from Radio Shack.

TANDY COMPUTERS: In Business . . . for Business™

MS-DOS/Reg. TM Microsoft Corp.

Radio Shack®
COMPUTER CENTERS
A DIVISION OF TANDY CORPORATION

A family entrusts its wealth to Morgan for good reason.

Morgan performance

Morgan officer Helen Degener specializes in developing investment strategies for wealthy families and individuals.

Many families with substantial assets trust The Morgan Bank to protect and increase their wealth—frequently from generation to generation—because of our performance.

How do these investors define Morgan performance? They know it starts with good investment results, which they demand and get as a matter of course.

But Morgan performance means something more. It means service that is at once truly personal and directly responsive to each client's specific portfolio goals and requirements. For example:

1. Morgan develops a strategy suited to your objectives. Drawing as necessary on Morgan's resources in the U.S. and worldwide, we tailor an investment program to your specific goals—a program that is actively managed by investment officers who average 17 years of experience. Helen Degener, the investment officer pictured above, developed a growth-oriented investment strategy for, and now manages, one family's assets of $15 million derived from the sale of a closely held company.

2. Morgan offers opportunities available only to our clients, in addition to the entire range of traditional equity and fixed income investments. For instance, we develop privately placed investments that offer higher tax-exempt yields than are generally available in the public markets.

3. Morgan is also expert in planning and administering estates. Most of our trust officers have law degrees. All apply sound, impartial judgment to complicated issues, such as advance planning to help minimize your tax exposures, or supervising the appraisal and sale of a special asset like an art collection or a privately held firm.

Write or call for details. To explore how our Private Banking services can benefit you requires a meeting, since your family's situation is unique. If you'd like superior management of family assets of $5 million or more, we'd like to show you how well Morgan performs in every aspect of investment and trust management.

Contact John C. Grund, Vice President, Private Banking, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, 9 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. Telephone (212) 826-7586. Member FDIC

The Morgan Bank

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN these past weeks, scores of news stories, feature articles, and editorials about *The New Yorker* have appeared in the press, and, more important, a flood of letters has reached us here—letters that have made one thing clear: *The New Yorker* matters to its readers in a special and very personal way. Nothing else could explain why, at this public moment in our history, so many people have written to us with the most thoughtful expressions of anxiety, encouragement, and concern. This close bond between our readers and the magazine is the foundation on which we hope and plan to build our future.

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A FRIEND writes:

The night before the first of two recent snowstorms, I looked out of an acquaintance's office window at the winter twilight around the grandly lit RCA Building and I saw what looked like the intrusion of black into the deep-blue cup of the sky, suggesting some kind of beautiful invasion by cold, black space. Then, when I went outside, the dark in the streets had a genuinely wintry blackness, and it did seem that the darkness of uninhabitable space was settling down on us in ticklingly cold, harshly rigid folds. It was clearly pre-snowstorm. The next morning, I woke to miles of busy air outside the windows of my fourteenth-floor apartment—an endless cataract in slow motion of gray, wind-driven shredded fluff. Sleet pecked in silly gusts at my windows, like a man knocking at a door in a fairy tale. That lasted all day and all night. The next morning, I looked out and saw on the midtown buildings, in the polar light, glimmers that were the colors of birthday-cake icing: shiny white and pale yellow and pale rose and that dim blue no one likes to eat. The dawn air had almost a plywood cast to it, it looked so stiff.

When I went out into the cold, the air did seem to be stiff—locked. The visible apartment houses looked shut down or frozen up—as if the snowstorm had sealed them. On the street, it was your average shabby Atlantic-seacoast midwinter storm, with a pushy, grunting wind, an icy snuffling roar of a flu wind, a hacking ripper wind. A shoving wind. It didn't have a single moment (that I noticed) of a silencing fall of clumped, soft flakes—that white reward.

We had a good blizzard three years ago in New York—a beauty. The city entered a parenthesis and was so white and mute as to suggest that it and the air, the buildings, and the streets were like Japanese actors in heavy white makeup, motionless, performing a traditional pantomime of grave meaning against the whiteness and silence of a simplified city. And the day after the blizzard was bright with sun and truly cold, and the streets and parks were full of red-nosed people and kids, smiling, on sleds and skis. I went cross-country skiing in Riverside Park.

Both of this year's snowstorms were dimly lit. The first one was cold, gray, nearly lightless. Its unsympathetic nature was compounded by freezing, stinging rain and sleet. People were plunging and stomping and hopping, and yanking their feet from mucky suction in the gutters at intersections. Taxis slid in a clogged-tread way through red lights. No one was smiling. People moved collapsibly and warily. But obstinately. Making your way was complicated and uncomfortable. High-stepping it along an almost unwalkably broken-surfaced sidewalk, heeling and yawing in the sad passages of the streets—sad, poor, awkward streets—I got depressed: everything looked jerry-built, underarchitectured, temporary, disposable.

The night before the storm, as I said, was dramatically dark and seriously cold. Have you ever noticed when you're walking on a cold night that windows look tightly lit—without an ounce of extra light to spare? Does cold diminish the spread of light? Slow its speed? Do molecules and photons have an Arctic shyness? Maybe the tiny-fingered and practical part of science can tell us. The tightly lit windows on a cold night are also paler—not marigold-colored, as they are on autumn nights. You notice, too, how cold fits itself tightly to your face.

The morning after the storm, I saw footprints on the roofs of brownstones and some of the fewer-storied apartment buildings. I bet they were, most of them, those of young people new to

New York and fascinated by the melodramatic way we have weather. Some, though, were assuredly those of superintendents checking for damage or blocked drains. Some were those of people who wanted to breathe the fresh air—city air is at its purest after a snowstorm.

Television tried to make a folk ceremony out of the snowstorm, informing people on Long Island, "Your loved ones will be three to four hours late tonight, so you don't have to worry," and interviewing countless people who were astounded to be interviewed—people stranded at the airport, and people standing in ticket lines for Broadway shows, and just barely civil drivers stuck at the entrance to the Holland Tunnel for a number of hours, and snow-removal drivers, and children, whose delight at facing the camera quickly faded as they came to suspect that they looked uninitiated or tongue-tied—feebly unlike stars-to-be.

One of the advantages of bad weather in New York is that it makes people peaceful toward each other. I can't imagine anyone stopping to fight with anyone in the cold, or anyone mugging anyone. A nipped, pinched, hurrying pacifism is what we get. That may be enough.

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People Meters

"SOME people might argue that we're premature," Richard Kostyra, the executive vice-president of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, was saying a few nights ago at a symposium sponsored by the International Radio and Television Society. "I don't think we're premature. I think we're five years too late. The technology has been around for a long time. Germany and England have had it for several years. They look at the United States and they think we're archaic."

"This is the biggest issue in ten years in this industry, and we have to keep it non-confrontational," said Jerry Dominus, a vice-president of CBS. "We have to avoid a posturing battle, a public-relations battle, a trade-press battle, because if the rhetoric gets polarized we and our advertising agencies and their clients are going to get in a lot of trouble. People meters are here. They are going to be a fact of life. We have to find a way to deal with their existence as responsibly as we can. I would say that the word that applies to my attitude is 'apprehensive.' "

The word that applied to *our* attitude, through much of the symposium, was "bewildered." Eventually, we made out that Mr. Kostyra and Mr. Dominus were talking about a small electronic appliance that automatically monitors a household's television viewing and breaks it down by minutes, channels, and—provided that every family member remembers to punch a button that announces his presence at the set—who's watching. Such a system, we learned, has been adopted by the two major audience-ratings firms, A. C. Nielsen and AGB, and will be functioning in earnest in something like two thousand Nielsen homes and two thousand AGB homes by the start of the 1987-1988 television season. It will be the first significant deviation from the paper-diary method of audience measurement which went into use more than thirty years ago.

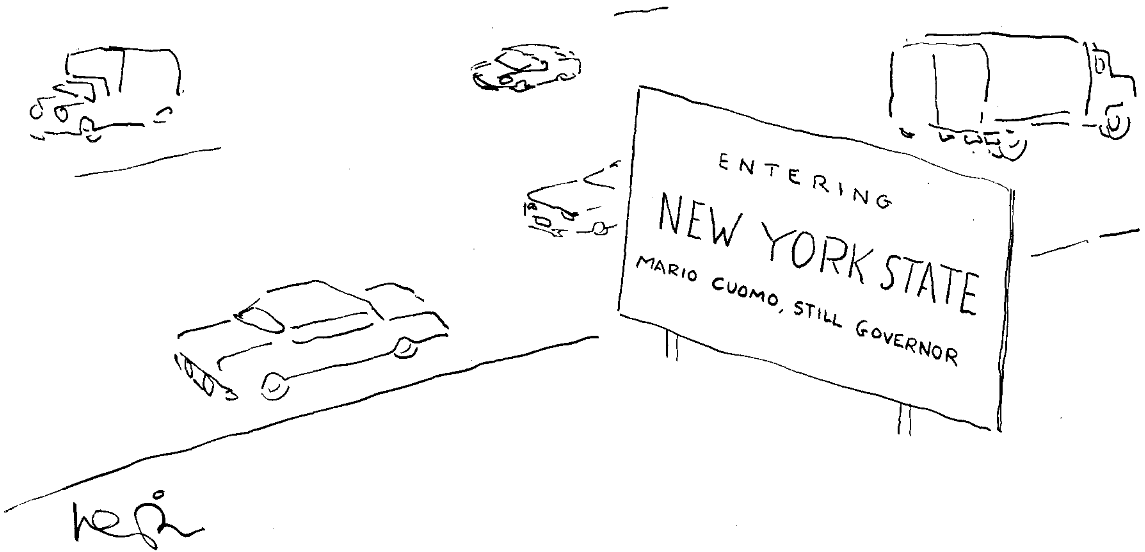
What Star Wars is to the arms race, people meters are to the ratings race, sort of. "Here's something that causes us concern," Mr. Dominus stated. "To install this system, a man has to wire your house. Let's say you've got two sets and a VCR. He has to literally solder stuff to your equipment. When you walk into the room and turn on the set, you have to punch in, and when you go out of the room you punch out. I would say there's a personality bias toward people with a high-tech style. Now, some people are technology-averse—I'm one of them, so I ought to know. They say, 'I don't want to do this.' How do you adjust for that mind-set?" Another source of concern, he said, was that some of the early people-meter data "might not be favorable to network viewers." A suspiciously large number of homes in the Nielsen people-meter sample, he said, contained college graduates and a single TV set. "There will probably be smaller network audiences reported," he went on. "But please note that I said 'reported.' The audience for 'Dallas' is the same audience it's always been; only the measurement technique is different. The new technique *may* be technically better, but it's the same audience—the same thing working for you, the advertiser, that it's always been. The power of network television in your marketing mix is the same whether you call it nine million homes or four million homes or forty million homes. It's like Fahrenheit and Celsius. It's the same audience and it's just as hot."

Some of his listeners laughed appreciatively at this line, but Mr. Kostyra, we observed, was not among them. "I take great exception to the thermometer analogy," he said when the floor was his once again. "We're not dealing in absolutes. What we're doing is moving some shows up and some shows down. Some networks will go up and some will go down. Everybody that goes up is going to ask for extra dough from the advertiser, and everybody that goes down is going to say, 'Well, this is just a correction. It was Fahrenheit yesterday and now it's Celsius.' That's not how it works. The paper diary was established in an era when we had three networks and large audiences and limited information requirements. The number of independent stations has increased from seven hundred to nine hundred. With cable, most families can get thirty channels now, and they were getting three before. Under the paper-diary system, people have to recall, through memory, what they viewed. They're supposed to record it as they're watching, but they don't. There's a lag—sometimes a day, sometimes a week. The people meter eliminates that bias. It also eliminates a second major bias—the fact that one person, usually the female head of household, is designated to take care of the diary for the family. Now, we agree that the present sample is slightly upscale. We think this will be corrected. If anything, historically, the sample has been a little downscale. For the last five years, we've been deceived about what we've been getting for our commercial time. The networks have been losing audience, and we haven't known it. Our advertisers have been paying for that loss, and now we're saying, 'We're not paying anymore.' J.W.T. is one hundred per cent behind people meters. Our negotiating position for the coming year is quite simple: we're going to use the people meters, we're going to use demos, and we expect them to be guaranteed."

Someone in the audience let out a hiss at this, and we managed to ascertain (through a whispered inquiry of a neighbor) that "demo" is short for "demographics," or ratings by sex and age, and that Mr. Kostyra's "guaran-

TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to $1.75.



teed” referred to a money-back guarantee that a given commercial would reach a given number—and type—of viewers.

Mr. Dominus turned out to have a different perspective on guarantees. “What I’m concerned about is avoiding the unilateral assumption of risk by the network,” he said. “The three networks last year wrote approximately three point seven billion dollars’ worth of up-front business, and in one fashion or another it was guaranteed. There are supposed to be two thousand people meters in the sample by September, but we have to place our bets in June, and we have to base them on some history. Well, the history is a little shaky. We’re placing our bets on a tote board that hasn’t been built yet.” To “get over the hump” of the coming season, he suggested, it might behoove the networks to forgo guarantees this once.

“I don’t think that will live,” an advertising-agency executive in the audience commented.

“You’re opposed to it because it’s inconvenient to you,” Mr. Dominus said, “but it could save the networks a fortune in unfairly assumed risk.”

Just when we had begun to hope that we knew as much as we would ever have to know about people meters, Mr. Kostyra let it slip that, of course, he and Mr. Dominus were talking not about a “true people meter” but about a “real-time electronic diary.” Having come this far, we thought we had better find out what a true people meter would be, so we put the question to David Poltrack, the vice-president for research of CBS. A true people meter, he said, would function “in a totally passive way,” leaving no room for human error. To illustrate, he told us about a system, developed by another audience-ratings firm, R. D. Percy, that uses a heat-sensitive device to determine the number of people in the room. But the Percy system isn’t a totally true people meter, either, since it can only count viewers, and not identify them, Mr. Poltrack said. We were reassured to learn that systems are in the works which employ computerized voice identification and miniature radio transmitters built into the family jewelry (“although,” Mr. Poltrack confided, “that may be going too far”). There are some questions, he added, that no technology can answer. “For example, you have a family sitting around watching television. The husband comes in and picks up the newspaper. Now he says to himself, ‘I’m not watching television, I’m reading the newspaper.’ So he doesn’t punch in. Under the old diary system, one person—the mother—would be responsible, and she would probably write down everyone who was in the room when that program was on. But now you have the husband selectively diminishing his TV viewing. That brings up a theoretical question: What *is* TV viewing?” While we were pondering that one, he went on, “Another example. Let’s say you get up in the morning, you go into the living room, and you turn on one of the network news shows. Then you go to the bathroom. Now, you’re still listening to the program but you’re not watching. Fifteen minutes later, you sit down with your coffee, and then—and only then—you punch into the people meter. What do we *do* with those fifteen minutes?”

Pen Pals

A New York City woman writes:

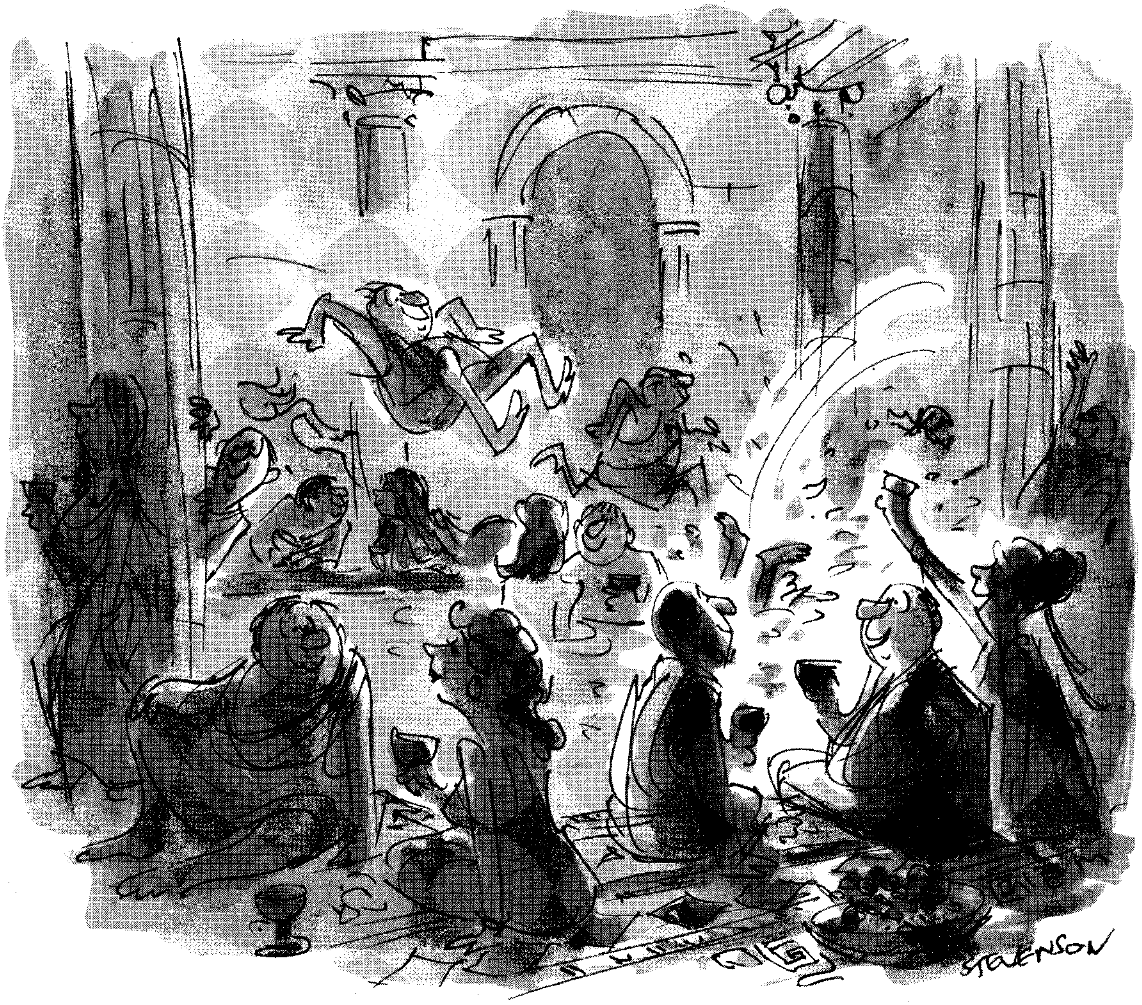
Several years ago, I inherited a minuscule number of shares of common stock in two companies I had never heard of. I remember admiring those handsomely engraved certificates and regretting that the sum they represented was not enough to raise my standard of living. I had no idea that with my shares I had acquired a set of pen pals, and that my mail was about to be filled with urgent and artful communications from new friends. The quarterly and annual reports were a feast for the eye. They were also sources of confusion. In my long-gone college years, I had learned about balance sheets in Economics I, but in the reports the balance sheets were hard to find amid the typographic sprees. Then, too, I was distracted by the photographs of the corporate officers—with captions announcing their titles, duties, and remuneration—and by the photographs of the corporate directors, whose pictures perched above listings of their achievements. These gave me the impression that I had inadvertently joined a lonely-hearts club. Why else do men mail out their pictures, along with proofs of their earning power and assurances of their attainments? I wondered if politeness demanded that a stockholder send back a picture of herself, but further correspondence enlightened me: all I was supposed to send back was my proxy.

The chairman of Company A used to send greetings and confide his opinions and his troubles. I recall particularly a letter from him inveighing against our government’s metals policy. I hadn’t known there was one, but I was interested to note that corporations feel free to criticize the government with an asperity that would be called unpatriotic in anyone else. The chairman soon wrote me again, to tell me he was sending me shares in a gold mine—he sounded just like any man who has been grouchy and makes up with a present. The gift came with as many warnings as a Christmas tricycle: instead of being told not to ride it in the street, I was exhorted not to sell my shares. I have already received a dividend of two dollars and fifty cents—not enough to take the express bus to Wall Street, but a sum that would leave change if I made the round trip by subway.

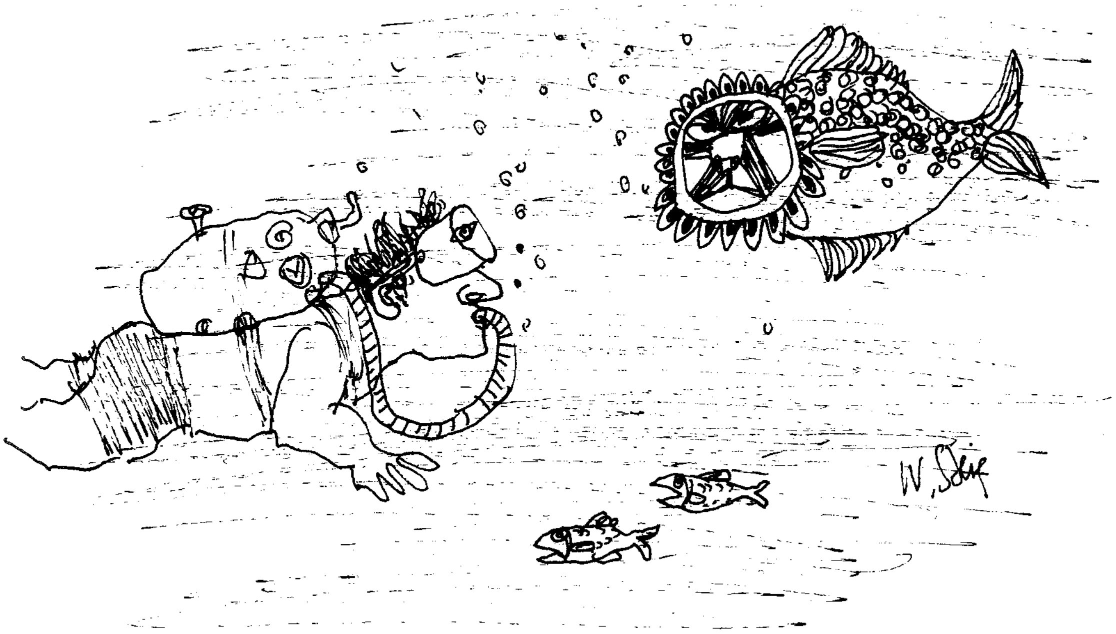
But, glamorous as gold is, the drama was elsewhere. Our chairman had written me earlier that another company had agreed to sell itself to us and then had suddenly, publicly, and humiliatingly jilted us for a third company. My own individual impulse would have been to accept the rejection philosophically—i.e., by doing nothing—but my chairman chose to sue for the corporate equivalent of alienation of affections, and he won a judgment whose unprecedented size made the front pages. The hullabaloo increased when this judgment was sustained, and I began to feel apologetic for causing such an uproar. Throughout this period, the chairman kept up my morale with a spate of letters—a work of supererogation, since I had been reading about my company's doings in the *Times*, which arrives on my doorstep earlier than the mail. It is by no means certain what the fruits, if any, of our glorious victory will be, but a hint of a turbulent future arrived with a document several incomprehensible pages long, which I was adjured to store beside my stock certificate. My guess was that this document's impenetrable linguistic formula was a magic spell, a charm to preserve the company, and so it proved, for the *Times* explained that it was a "poison pill," which was to be "triggered" in the event that a raider attempted to take us over. (The *Times*, by the way, thought it wouldn't work.)

Company A continued to make the front pages. The company we had defeated had offered to buy us, our stock had risen to dizzying heights, the offer had been rejected, a slew of observers were making gnomic comments, and so were the courts, where the battle went on. The day before I learned all this from the *Times*, I had spent some hours in the Frick museum, and there it had occurred to me that people don't always deserve their luck. The Vicomte d'Haussonville had wanted Winterhalter to paint his wife's portrait, before settling for Ingres. The Vicomte's second best was a masterpiece. I feel I should write to my chairman about this, but I think he would find the message obscure.

My other company, Company B, had quite a different personality from my extroverted Company A. Company B was as quiet as a properly behaved young lady of the nineteenth century, staying home, helping Mother, and doing fancywork in the parlor. But what appeared maidenly reserve, I eventually realized, was merely a period of waiting out litigation with the federal government. (Not only can corporations criticize with impunity; they are also immune to the kind of disgrace that attends private persons at legal odds with the state.) The past year being what it was, a suitor discovered my shy corporation in her retreat, whereupon my correspondence multiplied as Company B successively alerted me to these approaches, rejected them, and then began to haggle over the dowry, while the suitor company, a new pen pal, made me one offer after another, which my own company kept advising me to reject. In the end, my company, insisting she would ne'er consent, consented, and my last missive bade me mail in my stock certificate to receive in exchange shares in the new company. When I returned from the post office, I found a big envelope with print on the outside telling me to open it immediately. I did, and it spilled a long chain of folded blue paper, something like a swatch of exotic travel tickets. It turned out to be a tender offer from a whole new cast. At this writing, I have



"I forget who our cult actually worships, but we have a hell of a good time."



received three more offers for my new stock from would-be purchasers, each of which has been reported in the newspaper, as has my new company's agreement to let itself be bought this summer. Assuming the plan goes through, we (or my company) will have changed our name three times within less than a calendar year, and that does seem a little flighty of us.

My meagre inheritance has turned out to be a ticket for a seat with an unobstructed view of a spectacular era in American—or world—financial history. In some respects, the present epoch of raids, takeovers, and mergers resembles a difficult modern work of art—a play or an opera that the critics interpret differently. They agree that it's important, but none of them are certain what it means; they consider it a portent, but no one knows of what. Yet I think I have seen this show before—when I was ten, and the mother of a friend decided to celebrate her daughter's birthday by taking a little group to lunch at Schrafft's and then on to a matinée. Arrayed in our best, our tweed hats matching our coats, we were delighted by our own worldliness as we trooped expectantly to what was, at least for some of us, our first experience of the Theatre. We enjoyed an actor shooting stage left and the bird dropping stage right, and we laughed at another actor beating off the savage assault of a moldy fur piece. Best of all, we loved the actors running through the auditorium, entangling the audience in their rampages and inveigling the spectators into dancing with them in the aisles. "Hellzapoppin" was thrilling, and Olsen and Johnson were heroes to us, because they were as anarchic as children only dream of being. I never expected to see their like again.

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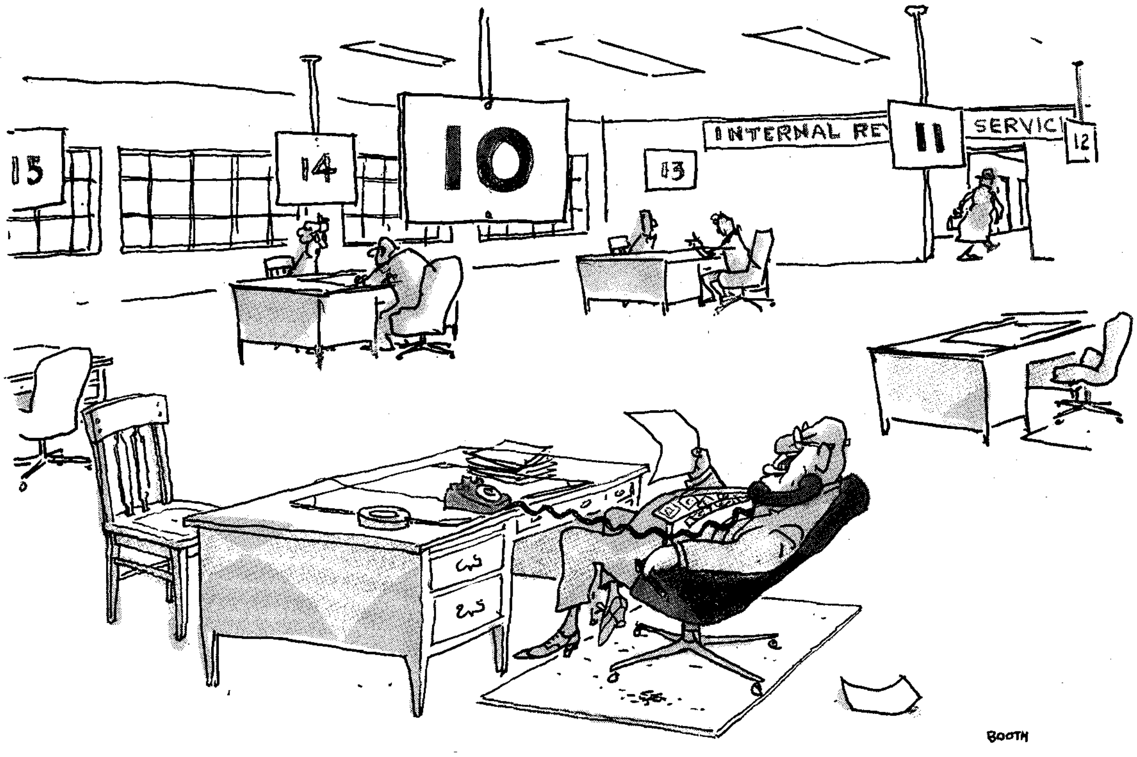
Doo-Wop

A COUPLE of Thursday evenings ago, we left the office feeling a bit dejected. Some halfhearted snow was falling, and, to make matters worse, our umbrella deconstructed itself about five seconds after we hit the sidewalk. So we decided to take ourself to the upper West Side—to be exact, to Ninety-fifth Street and Broadway, where the former movie theatre now called Symphony Space has in recent years provided a warm home for cultural events of all kinds: dance, children's plays, readings, etc. That night, the fare at Symphony Space was doo-wop music, a genre of rock-and-roll quartet and quintet singing which had its heyday in the late fifties and has enjoyed a minor renaissance over the last decade or so, among both middle-aged nostalgics and new devotees. It seemed to us a good time to reaffirm a few traditional values, and for anyone who once had his inhibitions loosened and his love life skewed and his soul partly liberated by such groups as the Harptones, the Cleftones, and the Monotones, by such songs as "Yakety Yak," "Book of Love," and "I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent," and by such ineffable lyrics as, approximately, "goobah goobah goobah," "da doo ron ron ron, da doo ron ron," and "wop bop-a-loo-bop, ba-lop-bam-boom," doo-wop music has got to be high on the list of traditional values. The B List, anyway.

The middle-aged nostalgics and the new devotees at Symphony Space that night were in many instances intimately related, because a considerable portion of the proceeds of the concert was going to help build a new playground for the public and for P.S. 87, an elementary school on West Seventy-eighth Street, and there were many parents and children in the audience.

Say a dad was forty-three and his daughter was six—a not uncommon age spread on the upper West Side these days. If he took her to the doo-wop show, it would have been the same as if his father had taken him at the age of six to witness a reprise of popular music from 1918. This was the kind of half-awed, half-self-pitying thought we were chewing on as we waited for the show to start. It led us to reflect that a ninety-five-year-old alive today might well have met in his infancy someone—another ninety-five-year-old—who had been alive not very long after the Revolutionary War and that the former (the contemporary) nonagenarian might therefore have had at least indirect contact not only with the Jefferson Starship but also with Thomas Jefferson. This, in turn, led us to recall that somebody had told us a while ago that everyone in the United States was at most two phone calls removed from the President thereof and at most four phone calls from anybody else in the world. We took that assertion and worked it into a fantasy about a few choice words with the person in Taiwan responsible for the manufacture of our defunct umbrella.

Music brought us back to the there and then. We enjoyed a young group from Brooklyn called Status, who must regard fifties doo-woppers as



"Your tax return, Mr. Ferguson, for 1985 shows you want four hundred twenty-one dollars and sixty-six cents of the amount you overpaid applied to your 1986 estimated tax. However, we applied only one hundred sixty-six dollars and twenty cents to that tax, because we adjusted your account. The correction will be explained in a separate notice. Since we have not applied the full amount, you may want to: (1) correct your copy of the tax return, (2) amend your declaration of estimated tax, and (3) increase your estimated-tax payments. Otherwise, you may be charged a penalty for underpayment. No further action is required of you, Mr. Ferguson. Thank you for your coöperation."

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virtual folk musicians, but we loved the Drifters, a vintage quartet that had some new personnel but was headed by Charlie Thomas, who had sung on such classic records as "Under the Boardwalk," "Save the Last Dance for Me," and "There Goes My Baby." And we went wild over the incomparable Cadillacs, with two old-timers still among them—Robert Phillips, singing bass, and, as lead, Earl Carroll, a.k.a. Mister Earl, a., and most famously, k.a. Speedo, which is also the name of the Cadillacs' most successful song. Just before singing it (for probably the zillionth time) at the climax of the show, the still svelte Mr. Carroll, who works on the custodial staff of P.S. 87 in the daytime, donned a white derby and picked up a classy white cane, and when he launched into "Speedo" his attack was as vigorous and joyous as ever. One could well believe that, as the song boasts, he had indeed "known some pretty women and . . . caused them to change their mind."

After the performance, we wandered upstairs to Symphony Space's timeworn dressing rooms, hoping to meet Mr. Carroll. Dozens of grade-school kids swirled about us, seeking their custodian's autograph, and, having obliged them, Mr. Carroll came over and obliged us with a few minutes of conversation. He is a sleek man in his late forties, with a bit of gray in his hair, and around his neck he wore a gold chain from which hung the name "Speedo" in gold letters.

"I went to P.S. 139, at a Hundred and Fortieth Street and Seventh Avenue, in the early fifties," he told us, in a quiet, gentlemanly voice. "Everybody was in a little singing group back then, and I was, too. It was the thing to do. At first, we were the Carnations. Most of the groups had flower names or bird names—the Orioles, the Robins, the Crows. Then we thought, What's the best car in America? And we had it—the Cadillacs. The Apollo was doing the Battle of the Groups every week back then, and I dreamed of being onstage at the Apollo. We made it, and we won first prize. There were a lot of groups we admired—especially the Five Keys, and their lead singer, Rudy West. After a while, I got to know Lover Patterson, who sang with the Five Crowns, and he understood more about the record business than most of us did. He put us in touch with Jubilee Records, and that's where we did all our hits—'Speedo,' 'Zoom,' 'The Girl I Love,' 'Gloria.' You know, a lot of groups covered 'Gloria'—from the Bees to the Trees to the Fleas."

We asked Mr. Carroll how "Speedo" came to be written.

"Well, we were appearing up in Hartford, in the armory up there, and after the show we were just sitting around talking. I've got a pointy head, and Bobby Phillips, our bass, was joking around, and he pointed to my head and said, 'Hey, Speedo—there's your torpedo.' On the car ride back to New York, we wrote the song."

Mr. Carroll went on to tell us that he and his group now make thirty-five or forty appearances a year, usually on weekends. If there's a conflict between his singing and his regular job at P.S. 87, Robert Ross, who is his supervisor at the school, tries to accommodate him. "He's a very reasonable man," Mr. Carroll said. "And the school is a wonderful place. We've got white and black children, Russians, Spanish, Japanese, and Chinese. They're all great kids. I love them, and they love me."

We told Mr. Carroll that we thought he was singing better than ever, and that he made us feel young.

"Well, that's nice," he said. "Maybe I'm singing better these days, because, you know, the feelings are more. That's the whole point."

HANDS UP

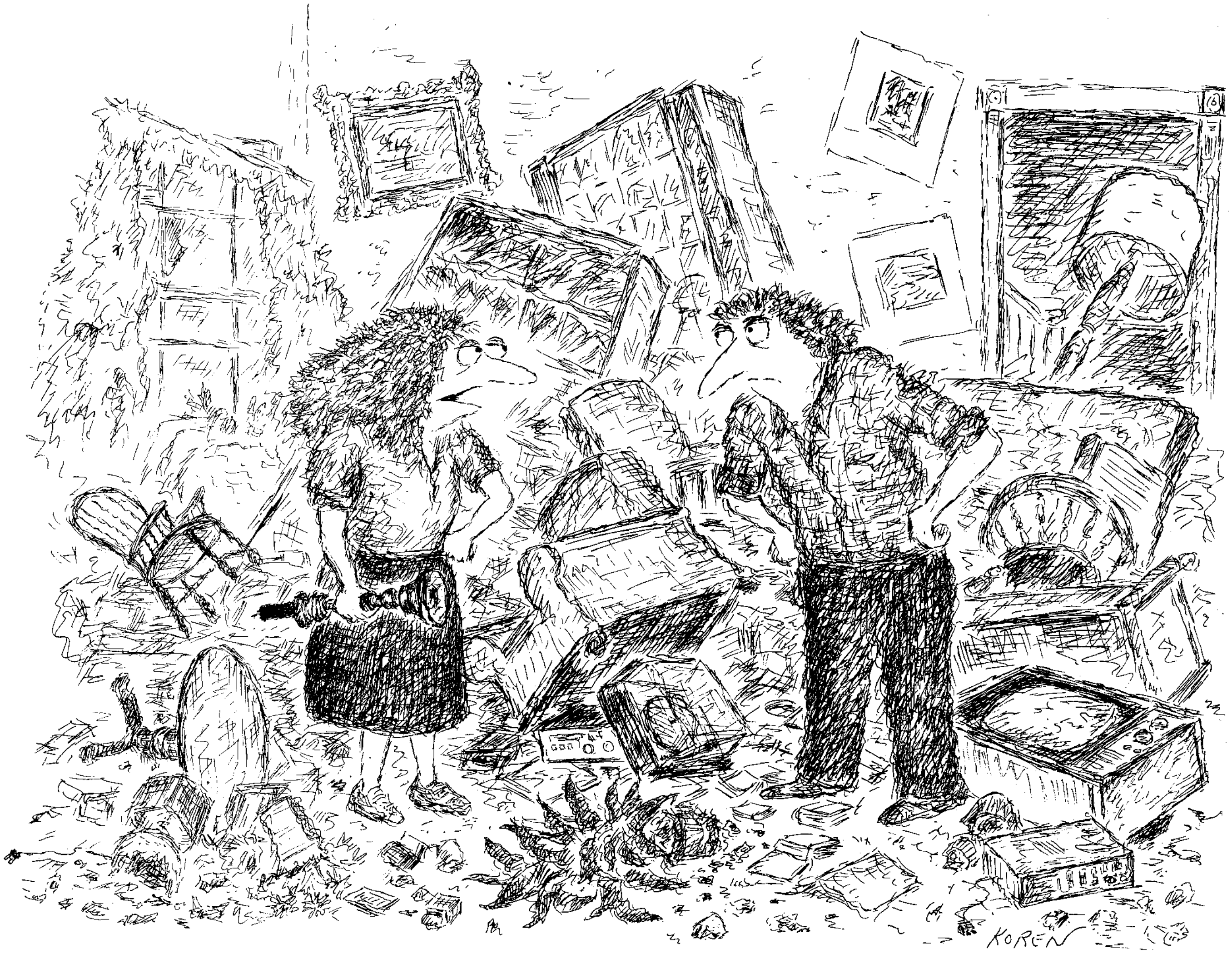
The president . . . often repeat[s] tales of how much individual farmers get from the federal government. When [an aide] told Reagan recently that a California farmer got $12 million, the president put his hands over his face and said, "What are we doing wrong?"—*The New Republic.*

ONE of the worst things you can do is touch your hands to your face—especially the eyes, nose, and mouth; you are giving household staphylococcus germs a free ride. Always avoid touching any part of the face whatsoever with bare hands, as this will just work the stain deeper into the skin and allow it to "set," making it difficult or impossible to remove even with coarse abrasives. Never, under any circumstances, cover the face with the hands. Doing so will not only cut off the supply of fresh oxygen and clog the vents but will block the audience's sight lines as well as those of any downstage members of the cast. Using your hands to conceal your face is strictly against the rules unless you are already the one wearing the blindfold. Be sure not to put both hands over the face while operating heavy machinery such as a tractor, cultivator, or weed-eater. This is really asking for trouble, because in many non-Western cultures the gesture means something quite different, and could make you conspicuous or even give somebody the wrong idea. Drawing out the poison will then be that much harder to do if access to the face is blocked by the hands, and you will be in a blind spot where the assault team cannot pick up your signal. It is a violation of military courtesy to return a salute by raising the hands and positioning them on the face, even as an empty formality. Taking cover is sometimes a necessity, but the hands should always allow the eyes to distinguish the living from the dead, the nose to detect noxious toxins, and the mouth to admit nourishing fresh-grown produce from the local bivouac area. Although a man running rapidly toward a bank does furnish a poor target, do not forget that tellers are forbidden by statute from releasing funds to anyone whose face is concealed by hands.

These fundamental warnings and strictures all too often go unheeded, thanks to the widespread failure to comprehend that once the hands are placed directly onto the face, they can stick there. Or they can even go right through. Sometimes they come out at the back of the head; sometimes they don't. For many, these risks exert a deadly attraction. Casually the hands are lifted, and then, almost before anyone knows what has happened, the hands have settled upon the face. It's dark in there. Cool and dark. Everything suddenly seems so simple. For a while. But after a while, faraway and tantalizing, comes a sound. Not even a sound; the idea of a sound. The idea of a sound touching against the idea of another sound. What is it—a Japanese wind chime?

Don't do it. Don't even think of it.

—VERONICA GENG



"Yes, this is exactly how wars start—because of someone's insensitivity!"

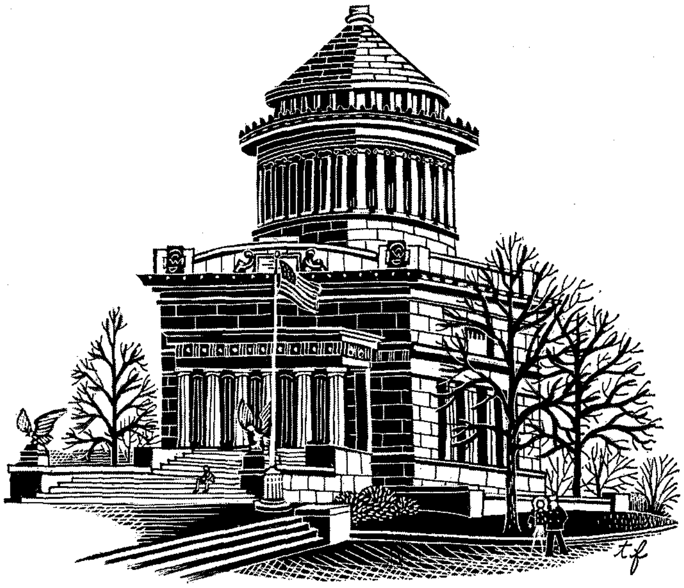
FRAU MESSINGER

"Harry, I have the happiest marriage in the world! Please, when you think of me, remember that."

I must have replied something, heaven knows what; it never mattered, because she rarely listened. The war had upset the Messingers' lives, she being an Englishwoman and he German. It brought them to Ireland and to Cloverhill—a sanctuary they most certainly would not otherwise have known. She explained to me that she would not have found life comfortable in Hitler's Germany, and her own country could hardly be a haven for her husband. They had thought of Switzerland, but Herr Messinger believed that Switzerland would be invaded, and the United States did not tempt them. No one but I, at that time an unprepossessing youth of fifteen, ever used their German titles: in the town where I'd been born they were Mr. and Mrs. Messinger, yet it seemed to me—affectation, I daresay—that in this way we should honor the strangers that they were.

When first I heard of the Messingers I had just returned from the Reverend Wauchope's rectory, where I lodged in termtime in order to attend Lisscoe grammar school. My father told me about them. He said the man was twice the woman's age; he imagined they were Jews, since they attended no church. A lot of Jews had slipped away from Germany, he added.

As a matter of principle, I refused to be interested in anything my father related, but a few days later I saw Frau Messinger stepping out of her husband's motorcar in Laffan Street and guessed at once who she was. The motorcar was powered by propane gas, a complicated apparatus being mounted where part of the luggage compartment had been removed; no one had petrol to spare during what in Ireland we called "the Emergency," and energy so ingeniously contrived was rare. A group of loiterers had gathered round the motorcar. Frau Messinger paid them no attention.



"Will you carry something for me?" she said to me, and pointed at the wet battery of a wireless set on the floor by the passenger seat. "Might I ask you to carry it to the garage and bring the other back?"

She was an extremely thin, tall woman, her jet-black hair piled high, her eyes blue, her full lips meticulously painted. I had never seen anyone as beautiful, nor heard a voice that made me so deliciously shiver.

"There is something that hasn't come in to Kickham's," she said. "It's due on the bus this afternoon. Might I ask you to bring it out to Cloverhill for me?"

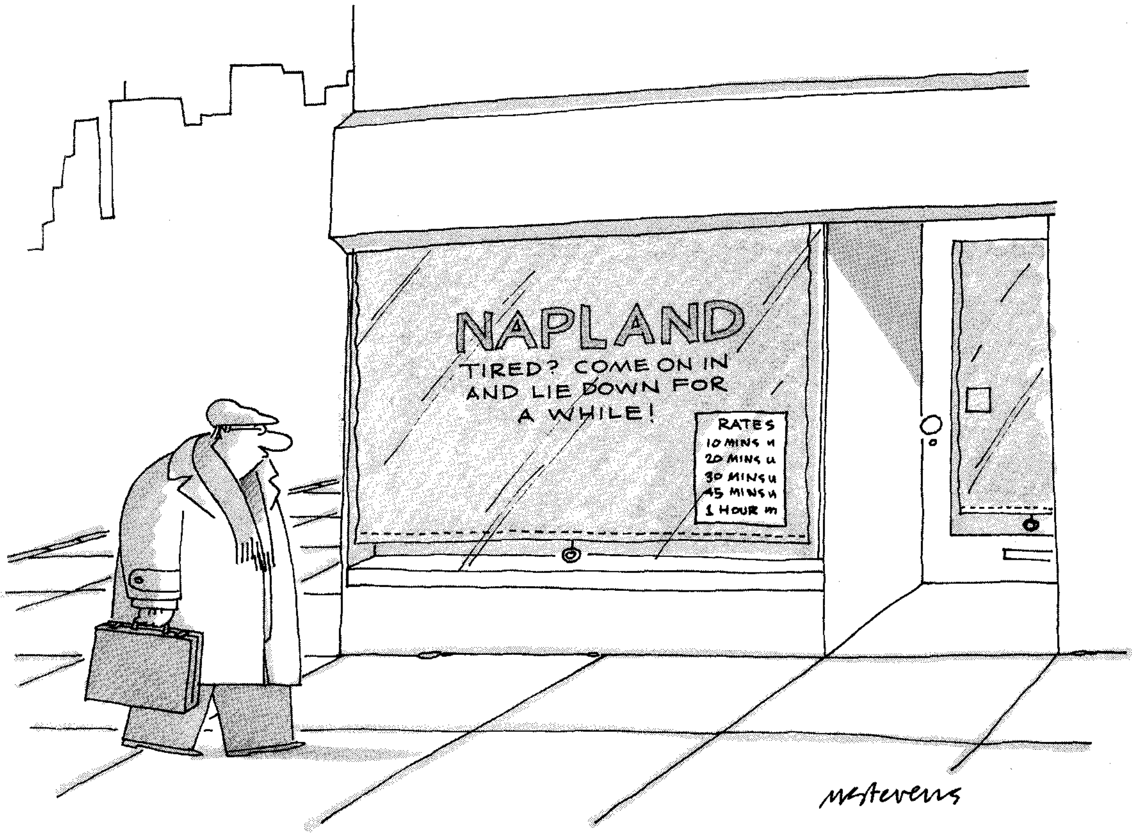
She was already in the car when she spoke, and her tone of voice was not one normally employed when making a request. With a gentle imperiousness, she commanded what she wished, and before she drove away she glanced at me once, a smile flittering across her thin features. The street-corner loiterers watched the slow progress of the car until it was out of sight, and then returned to lean again against the corner of Duggan's public house. I stood where I was, still aware of tremors dancing beneath my skin.

"What kind of a female is she?" my father inquired when he discovered—not from me—that I'd been addressed by Frau Messinger on the street. He was surprised when I told him that in my opinion she was an Englishwoman. He insisted I was mistaken, just as later he refused to accept that the Messingers were not Jews: in times like these, he said, no Englishwoman in her sane mind would marry a Hun, it stood to reason. "Amn't I right?" he asked my mother, and she—not really listening—said he was of course.

We were a Protestant family of the servant class which had come up in the world, my father now the proprietor of the timberyard where he had once been employed. He was a bulky man, inclined to knock things over; he thought of himself as easygoing and wise. My mother's hands were swollen and red from washing clothes and floors and dishes; her graying fair hair was forever slipping out of its hairpins. My two grandmothers, who lived with us, had not addressed one another since my parents' wedding day. My two brothers, younger than I was, were chunkily built twins, their identities often confused even within the family. My sister, Annie—already working in the office of the timberyard—was jealous because I had been sent away to the grammar school at Lisscoe and she had not, and because my brothers would be sent away also. She resented the dullness of the employment she was so often told she was lucky to have. She wanted to work in a shop in Dublin.

Our house was the last building in Laffan Street except for the sheds and concrete stores of the timberyard next door. It was a pale-brown house, of painted stucco, without railings to separate it from the pavement and without steps in front of its hall door. The windows of its three stories had net curtains as well as heavier curtains and blinds. The narrow, steep stairway that ascended from the hall to the attics was a central vein, supplying access to trim, short landings on the first and second floors. There was an upstairs sitting room, which was never used, the kitchen and the dining room forming between them the household's heart.

Rooms, stairway and landings, and the square back yard you could see from the bedroom windows, its red outhouse doors and the sloping roof of its turf shed: all that constituted my familiar childhood world, and the town that lay beyond this territory of home reflected it in many ways, though at the time I did not notice this.



It was a scrappy, unimportant little town, a handful of shops and public houses in narrow streets, its central square spoiled by two derelict houses and a statue to a local martyr. Bridge Quay and Bridge Lane ran off Laffan Street; Nagle Street was where Reilly's Café and the two better grocers' shops were, separated by Kickham's drapery. The Wolfe Tone Dancehall resembled a repository for agricultural implements—a relentless cement façade halfway up Wolfe Tone Hill, with a metal grid drawn across by day, the week's band announced on a poster stuck onto a nearby telegraph pole. On the outskirts of the town was the Church of Our Lady, and at the end of St. Alnoth Street the slender spindle of the Protestant Church of St. Alnoth was dark against the sky.

I walked through the town on the first of my journeys to Cloverhill clutching a soft, brown-paper parcel from Kickham's. I wondered what it contained and tried to feel beneath the string and the overlap of paper, but was not successful. I felt excited, quickening my stride as I passed the abandoned gasworks and the hospital that was being built, branching to the right at the signpost where the road divided. "BALLINADEE," the signpost said, "2½ MILES." The road became narrow then, and there were no cottages all the way to the white gates of Cloverhill, which were set in a crescent sweep bounded by a stone wall. An avenue meandered through fields where sheep grazed except where the land had been plowed. From the moment I passed through the gates I could see the house in the distance, in gray, stern stone against treeless landscape.

Astride a farm horse, a man rode toward me. "You have come with my wife's ordering," he said. "You are good to her." He was a small, square man, too muscular to be described as fat, with short sandy hair and a drooping eyelid. Agreeably, he asked me my name and where I lived. When I told him my father was the proprietor of the timberyard he replied that that was interesting. He himself, he informed me before he passed on, cultivated sugar beet mainly.

The fields on either side of the avenue became uncared-for lawns, with flower beds in them. There was a gravel sweep, steps led to a white hall door. I pulled the bell chain and heard, a moment later, the tap of the maid's heels on the flagged floor of the hall. At Cloverhill, I discovered later, the Messingers lived with this single servant, a girl of seventeen or eighteen with attractively protruding teeth, called Daphie. Two farm workers, one of them her father, came by day. In the Messingers' marriage no children had been born.

I was led into the drawing room, where Frau Messinger was sitting on a green striped sofa, made comfortable with green striped cushions bunched into the corner behind her. She was smoking a cigarette. As on all future occasions when I visited her in this room, she wore red, this time a scarlet dress of a soft woollen material, with a black silk scarf knotted loosely at her throat. In other ways, also, it was always just the same: I would enter the elegantly furnished drawing room and be subjected to wide-eyed, frank appraisal, an examination that was accompanied by a smile. She never said much at first. When the tea was brought she poured it and at once lit a fresh cigarette, then leaned back against her cushions, her eyes not leaving my face, her smile still lingering. Sometimes, for an instant before she settled herself, the black lace hem of her petticoat showed. Then she would tidy her skirt about her knees and the lacy hem would not again be seen.

"This is kindness itself," she said that first time. "Boys are not often kind."

I deprecated her compliment, but was ignored. A silence fell. She guessed my age, and said that she herself was twenty-seven, her husband sixty-two. I did not, at the time, find anything odd in that; I did not think of Frau Messinger as a girl, which is how I remember her now, nor her husband as an old man, which later he appeared to me to be. All that seemed peculiar to me then was that we just drank tea: there was nothing to eat, not even a sandwich or a biscuit.

"I hear you were at Cloverhill," my

father remarked that evening in the dining room, when all of us were gathered around the table from which we ate our meals. The family atmosphere was as it always was: my grandmothers silent in their dislike of one another, my brothers sniggering, my mother tired, Annie resentful, my father ebullient after an hour or so in the back bar of Viney's Hotel.

"Cloverhill?" Annie said, her lips pouting in a spasm of jealousy. "Were you out at Cloverhill?"

"I had a parcel to bring out from Kickham's."

"So you'd say they were Jews?" my father said.

I shook my head. Since Frau Messinger had in passing referred to a marriage service in a cathedral, it seemed unlikely that they could be Jewish. He came from a village near a town called Münster, I said; she was definitely English.

"Well, I'd say they were Jews." My father cut a slice of a shop bread with the bread saw, scattering crumbs from the crust over the tablecloth. "The Jew man goes to the synagogue. There's no synagogue in this town."

My father lent his observations weight through his slow delivery of them, his tone suggesting revelations of import yet to come. But invariably this promise remained unfulfilled.

IN THE COUNTRY OF DREAMERS

If I chose to live over my happy days of youth
I'd have to sit here staring at TV.
It was a job, this thing I did eight hours steady.
I miss it all: the Million Dollar Movies,
the four-year-old girl who worked the Castro Convertible alone
(so Cuba seemed a country for the very young),
and gentle, dull farm programs blinking at sunrise
in the unlit den, where every noon
the sit coms came and passed like happy visitors,
laughing and clapping, where Johnny Carson delivered
the calm of the Midwest to each coast
in the blank half hour before insomnia
and the hours just after.

Those dreamless childhood nights
a voice spoke to me through the walls,
sang 3 A.M.'s closing anthem, then
hushed off and shrank to a sad hiss of light.
I found a great consoler there,
and there I found my country of dreamers
dazed beside the flickering set—
whole cities of us like great ships signalling
in rows of blue celestial lights.

—LIZ ROSENBERG

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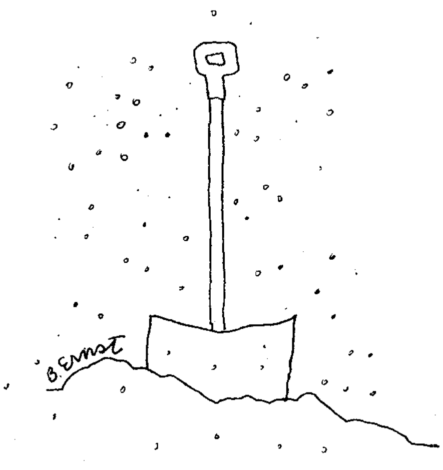
"HARRY, I should like to tell you a little about my mother and myself," Frau Messinger said on the last afternoon of my holidays, a warm afternoon in September when the French windows of her drawing room were wide open. A bumblebee buzzed intermittently, alighting on one surface after another, silent for a moment before beginning its next flight. The last bumblebee of summer, she said, and added without any change of voice, as though the same subject continued, "My mother was a poor relation, Harry. From my earliest childhood, that is an expression that accompanied us everywhere we went. Often, in Sussex, my mother would wave one of her tiny hands at the landscape and announce that it was the family's. I also distinctly recall her doing so on the seafront at Bognor Regis, implying with her delicate little wave all the houses of the promenade, and the seashore as well."

She handed me the stub of her cigarette and asked me to take it to the garden and throw it away, out of sight somewhere, poked down into a flower bed, she suggested. It was the first time she made this request of me, but often she was to make it in the future: the smell of stale cigarettes was unpleasant in a room, she explained, answering the bewilderment on my face.

"You naturally wonder about my father," she said when I returned. "Who he was and why he was never with us. Well, I'll tell you, Harry: I never knew my father. I never so much as laid an eye on him or heard his voice or even saw a photograph. My father was a dark horse. My mother wore a wedding ring, but I am honestly not sure that she did so with any title. I rather believe my father was something dreadful, like a pantryman."

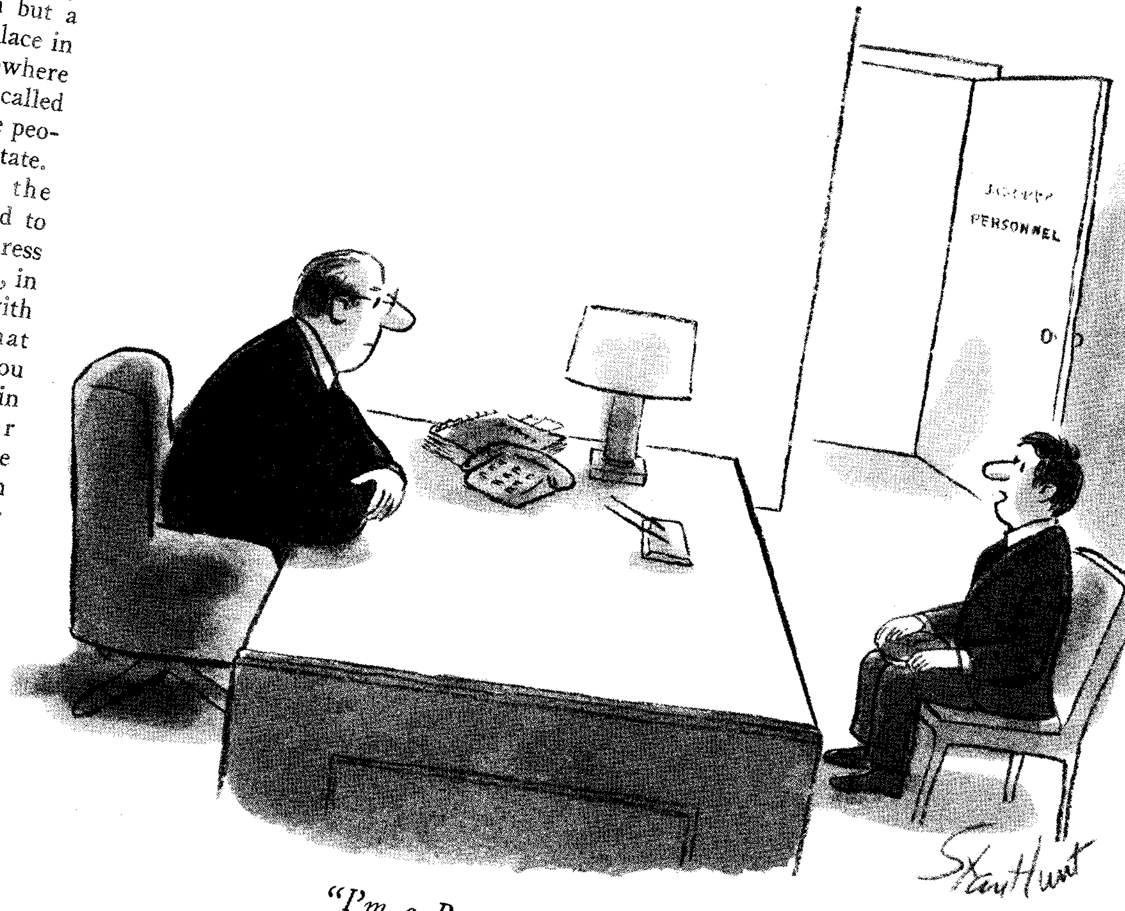


I did not know what a pantryman was, nor do I to this day. But I could tell from the lowered voice accompanying the revelation that in Frau Messinger's view a pantryman was a long way down the scale from a butler, or even a footman. Her mother had become enamored of a lesser servant.

"We stayed in people's houses: that's how we lived. We went from house to house, in a circle all over Sussex, and when we arrived at a certain point we began all over again. Governesses taught me, Harry. I was passed from schoolroom to schoolroom in the houses where we stayed, from Miss Kindle to Miss D'Arcy, to Miss Moate, to Miss Hindhassett, on to Miss Binding and Miss Gubbins. To tell the truth, Harry, I'm hardly educated at all. I mean, a smattering. I have nothing more."

I formed a picture of the existence she described, of arriving with her mother and their luggage in this house or that, endlessly beholden. I saw her as the child she'd been—much taller than her mother, just as she was taller than her husband: a thin, lanky child was what she'd said, not very happy. I knew nothing of the kind of houses she spoke of, and imagined palaces in soft English countryside, with gardeners and parlormaids. She and her mother travelled by train, and someone met them at the railway station. Often it wasn't actually a railway station but a special stopping place in the middle of nowhere—a "halt," she called it, used only by the people of the nearby estate.

I clearly saw the clothes she described to me: her favorite dress when she was twelve, in forget-me-not blue with tiny white dots that were flowers when you looked closer, and plain white buttons; her favorite dress when she was fifteen, of crimson velvet, the first of her red dresses; the lace stole she was given once; green shoes she'd had. On the day after her eighteenth birthday a young man proposed marriage to her, and she wept because she loved him but even so rejected him. They had walked together through a meadow where poppies bloomed, then by a river and an apple orchard. That year, she had learned Italian. That year, she had tried particularly to be good at tennis, which she had always wanted to be. At nineteen she had become religious, and had wondered about the Virgin Mary and the mystery of the Annunciation.



"I'm a Renaissance man."

"You will wonder why we were in Germany, Harry. Well, it's the same kind of thing as staying in other people's houses. Mrs. Marsh-Hall needed a companion to travel with, her sister having died the previous year. So she took my mother with her as well as a maid, and of course I was permitted to go along. Otherwise I would never have met my husband."

When she spoke of that time Frau Messinger uttered a few words in German before returning to English to tell me about her husband's many sisters and his cousin who was unable to speak because of a stroke, his niece who'd been a singer and lived with the family in their *Schloss*. Herr Messinger had been left a widower seven or eight years ago; he had three sons in Hitler's army.

"None of it is nice for him, Harry. 'You must buy land with the house in Ireland,' I said. 'You must be occupied.' For my husband, idleness is a penance."

She offered me a cigarette, the first time she had done so. She held out the packet casually, appearing not to consider it unusual that a boy of fifteen should smoke. I accepted it, because at the grammar school I often smoked behind the lavatories.

"My mother died, Harry, or else you would have met her. She would have come here with us, I think."

Her tone was not melancholy. She seemed happy to have only Herr Messinger. People had come to call when she had first arrived at Cloverhill, women mainly, bearing visiting cards to represent their husbands, since husbands tended to be occupied at that time of day.

"We're creatures of absurdity, you realize, my husband and myself. Creatures of ridicule, Harry, sitting out our two countries' conflict."

Listening to her voice, I found myself wondering what happened in the drawing room after my afternoon visits. Did she lie for a little longer on the sofa and then rise from it to prepare a meal for her husband? It was hard to imagine her with her sleeves rolled up and an apron tied over her dress. She did not appear to belong in a kitchen, with meat and vegetables and baking powder. Yet Daphie did not strike me as someone capable of preparing meals: Daphie belonged more with brushes and dusters and tins of Brasso. A long time later I discovered that Herr Messinger did all the cooking at Cloverhill.

"When I was young, Harry, far younger than you are now, I used to wonder what life was going to be like." She smiled in her sudden way, her evenly arranged teeth whitely glistening. She had imagined an existence in the English countryside, watching her mother growing old, collecting bone china. "I always loved pretty things, Harry. Thimbles and tiny mantelpiece ornaments. Such little objects were always in the houses we stayed at, but of course they were never mine. My husband has made up for that."

She showed me a cabinet full of objets d'art that I had hardly noticed before, in the corner of the drawing room. Some of the china was German, some English. "Cheek by jowl, Harry, making the silly war seem sillier."

In a small garden she would have grown anemones, which were her favorite flower. "I did not see how I could marry, yet later on I did, of course." She smiled but did not explain that further: why it was she had chosen Herr Messinger, having rejected the young Englishman whom I had so very clearly seen walking with her in the poppied meadow on the day after her eighteenth birthday, when there were tears on her cheeks because she was in love. Herr Messinger, with his lined square face and his drooping eyelid, was different in every way from the dark-haired figure in a white cotton suit and panama hat I had imagined. "It was impossible that my husband and I should not marry" was all she said.

I left her reluctantly on the last day of my holidays, wondering who would fetch the wireless batteries for her until I returned, hoping no one would. Her eyes smiled her own particular farewell at me as she lay languid on the sofa, a cigarette she had not yet lit between her fingers. The bumblebee was still in the room, darting between the two brass lamps that hung from the ceiling, settling on one glass globe and then the other before again becoming restless.

As I walked through dwindling sunshine, down the avenue and out onto the empty road, strange fantasies possessed me. I saw with vividness the Messingers' marriage in the German cathedral, candles alight on the altar, guests mysterious in a twilight gloom. I heard the singing of a choir, and then the bridal couple were in their honeymoon bedroom, she still in her wedding dress, he pouring champagne into glasses. They ate slices of their wedding cake and laughed in their happiness, defying the war that already threatened to deprive them of it.

"WELL, I'll tell you a queer thing," my father said when I returned home after another term at Lisscoe grammar school. "You'll never guess what I'm going to tell you." Ponderous head-wagging took place.

I said I couldn't guess.

"There's talk of a picture house for the town. Did you ever hear the beat of that?"

I said I never had.

There was money in a picture house, my father went on. Maguire, the auctioneer, had been going to build one nine years ago, only he dropped dead. In the length and breadth of Ireland there wasn't a town of the same population that didn't possess a picture house. Didn't it take a cute old Hun to put his finger on the shame of it?

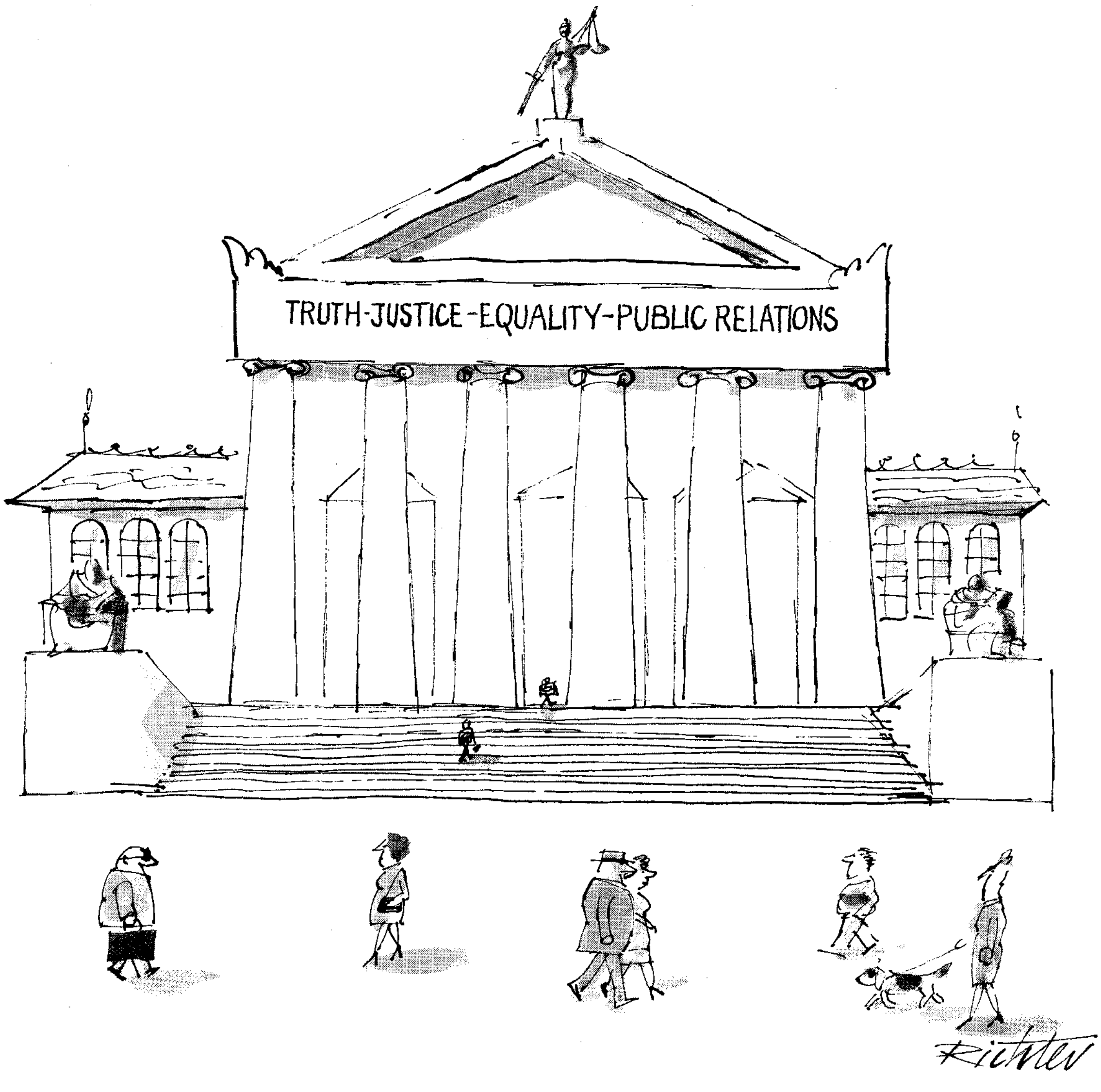
"D'you mean *he's* going to build it?"

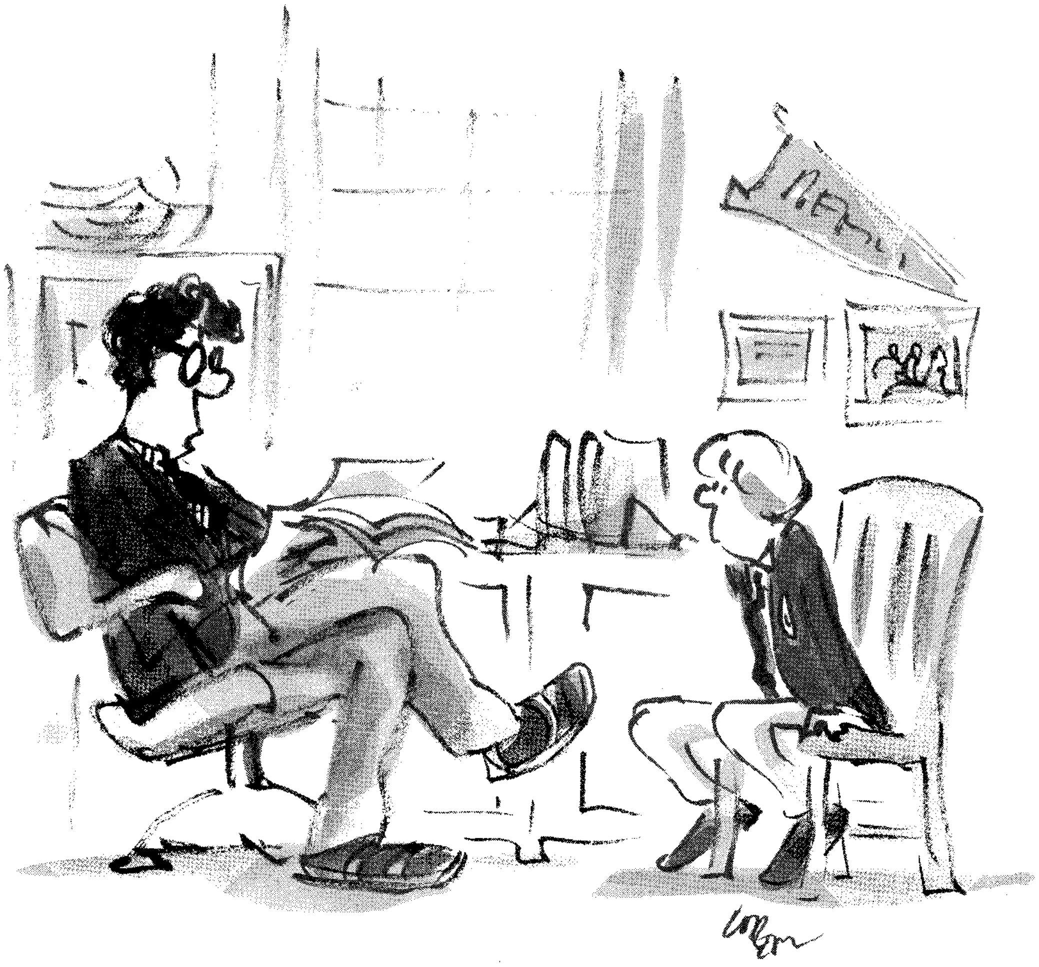
"Sure, we're a disgrace to the world," my father said.

As I walked down Laffan Street on my way to the Ballinadee road soft misty rain had begun to fall. My clothes were wringing wet by the time I reached Cloverhill House.

"Stand by the fire," Frau Messinger urged in the drawing room. "Oh, Harry, you are foolish! You could catch your death!"

Her husband, wearing riding breeches and gaiters, was crouched on the floor, poring over a mass of papers he had spread out on the fleur-de-lis pattern of the carpet. He was smoking a thin black cigar, and when he greeted me he confirmed what my father had said: he intended to build a cinema. The papers were the plans for its





"What we have here is technically impressive, Jason, but regrettably lacking in passion."

• •

construction. It was a marriage gift for his wife, he said. She had asked for it specially.

"But, Harry, that site they offer me is not good. Too near the slum part of the town."

Frau Messinger said hardly anything; she never did in her husband's presence. Instead she smiled with pleasure, delighting in his enthusiasm over the drawings on the carpet. His legs were tucked under him, a stubby finger indicated features of the proposed architecture. In the auditorium the seats would be tiered and there would be a balcony; most important of all, apparently, there would be Western Electric sound.

"On the curtains the pattern will be of butterflies, Harry."

The cinema was to be where the two derelict houses stood in the square. It would transform the square, Herr Messinger promised, with baskets of plants hanging at intervals along the façade. "THE ALEXANDRA," announced towering letters on a sketch.

"Well, Harry, what do you think?"

"It's grand."

"The idea is it should be grand. The box office like so, stairs whichever side you prefer to mount to the balcony. Two usherettes."

"Usherettes?"

"We have planned the dress: blue with gold on it, epaulets to the shoulders."

He showed me a sketch of a girl in such a uniform, then showed me other details: the mechanism that allowed the seats to fold back when they were not in use, the lighting arrangement that caused the butterfly curtains to change color, the removable ashtrays. When we had perused all that, he gathered the plans and the sketches into a roll and secured them with a rubber band.

"The town will be the better," Frau Messinger murmured, so softly that the remark was almost lost. People would delight in the cinema, she went on, her tone becoming a little louder. It would be a center of life, as a church was. From miles around people would ride in on their bicycles for a few hours of relaxation; they would come in traps and jaunting cars, and when the Emergency was over they would come in motorcars.

"And, Harry, there is employment for you," Herr Messinger put in. "When you have finished at that school of yours."

I looked astonished.

He laughed. "Why not, heh? Would you object to work for me? You choose instead to spend your lifetime with planks of wood? You have a brother, Harry?"

When I replied that I had two he nodded and went on doing so, one eye invisible behind the drooping lid. Since I had two brothers, he pointed out, there was a double reason why I should not be required in my father's business. "I would place you in box office, Harry, to sell the tickets. Later on maybe to oversee the cleaning. To pay the wages of the usherettes. Soon you would learn, Harry. Soon we would learn together."

My mother would consider that selling tickets in a cinema was inferior to taking my place in the timberyard. My mother's tongue became sharp in anger: having suffered pain and inconvenience bringing four children into the world, she demanded sensibleness in return. My father would be bewildered and confused, as he was by any deviation from his own assumptions. "Errah, get on with you, girl," he'd said when Annie had wanted to go to Dublin to sell dresses in Arnott's or Switzer's. Wasn't she the luckiest girl in the town to have a decent position waiting for her in the accounts shed, with old Miss McLure ready to retire? My mother had been more forceful: she'd given Annie what she called "a dressing-down," pointing out that shopwork was on a par with being a skivvy, that the rest of the family would not be able to hold their heads above the disgrace of it. For days there'd been the sound of Annie's weeping and the sight of her blotched face at mealtimes. And, ever since, the sullenness had been part of her.

"So we are arranged," Herr Messinger said, with confidence. "Always, since we married, I have dreamed to make a gift like this. Imagine it, Harry—she married an old tortoise like me!" He laughed and kissed her. She clung to him for a moment, whispering something I could not hear. They laughed together; he lit another cigar.

He said, "She wants it to be nice for everyone. I want it to be nice for her. That is how a gift must be." He went away with his roll of plans, and after a moment his wife offered me a cigarette. I leaned forward so that the flame of her slender cigarette lighter might catch the tip of it. The brief touch of her fingers was as cold as marble.

She said, "I could not give him children." Her smile continued to indulge him after he had left the room. Her own name was Alexandra, which was something I had not known before; even though she had failed him, he was offering her a gift which was to be created as she wished, to bring pleasure to strangers. All he asked was that, it seemed: the fulfillment of a whim in her.

"We can live without anything but love, Harry. Always remember that."

THAT winter, workmen began the demolition of the two empty houses in the square and my brothers and I watched from a distance. Stones and bricks were carried away in lorries, the silver-painted railings that had rusted in front of the two gardens suddenly weren't there anymore.

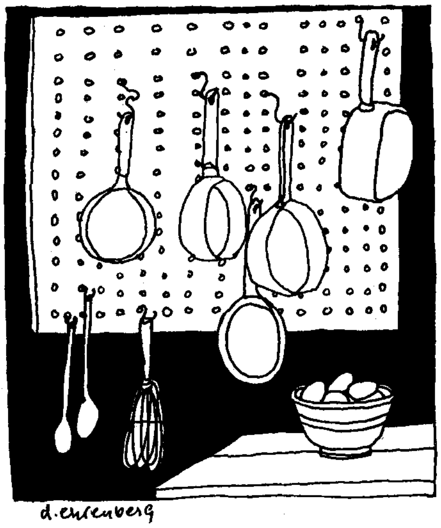
"There's marble on order for the steps," my father reported in the dining room, knocking pepper over a plate of sausages. "Did you ever meet the beat of that—marble steps for a picture house!"

"Is it the Connemara marble?" my mother inquired.

"What else would it be? What's the price of Connemara, Annie?"

Soon after I returned again to school I received my first letter from Frau Messinger. Her handwriting was neat and sloping, slender loops on the letters that demanded them, dots and cross-strokes where they belonged. *It is such excitement, Harry! We drive in every day. I had not known that building anything could be so much fun.* Steel reinforcements were bathed in concrete, walls rose, rubble was cleared and floors laid down, rain fell on the workmen, the roof went on. *It has brought such joy to my husband, Harry, that so many people should come and stand by him and are pleased at what is happening. But, oh, how I long for it all to be finished, to sit and watch the screen! "Will the war be over first or your picture house complete?" a man said to my husband the other day. Once upon a time people were slow to mention the war to him, he being a German, but now all that has gone. It is so nice this has happened.*

Other letters I received from her were different. *After we have died*, one asked, *do you believe there will be a Heaven?* And later: *I have never understood how it is we shall be separated, some of us for Heaven, some for Hell.*



In the middle of a June heat wave I left Lisscoe grammar school forever. Nothing was different on my last journey home. The bus halted to drop off bundles of newspapers or to pick up the passengers who stood waiting at a crossroads or outside wayside public houses, or nowhere in particular. Towns passed through were similar to my own or just a little larger. Cattle drowsed in the fields, familiar landmarks slipped by. The bus was dusty and hot, its air pungent with the fumes of petrol; once it stopped because a woman was feeling sick. I wondered if I would ever make a journey anywhere again, if I was seeing for the last time the ruins by the river, the bungalow embedded with seaside shells, the green advertisement for Raleigh bicycles on the gable end of a house. My father boasted that he was none the worse for having never in his life travelled more than ten miles from the town.

The bus drew up by the martyr's statue in the square. The conductor handed down my single heavy suitcase from the luggage rack on the roof, and then I was aware of the reddish tinge of a building that made the square seem different. In bright sunlight I gazed at a façade that was exactly as it had been on the architect's sketch, the baskets of flowers hanging from a hugely jutting ledge that formed a roof above the marble steps. "THE ALEXANDRA," proclaimed stylish blue

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GLASS

At 8 P.M., each office window
Is a propped-up laboratory slide from the Mad Scientist's files.

Slide A reveals a janitor who studies the dark in a doorway,
Slide B a clutter of memos folded into hats, and there

An executive hopeful nearly lost in fluorescent smudge,
Who plods late into the evening, alone, for little pay—

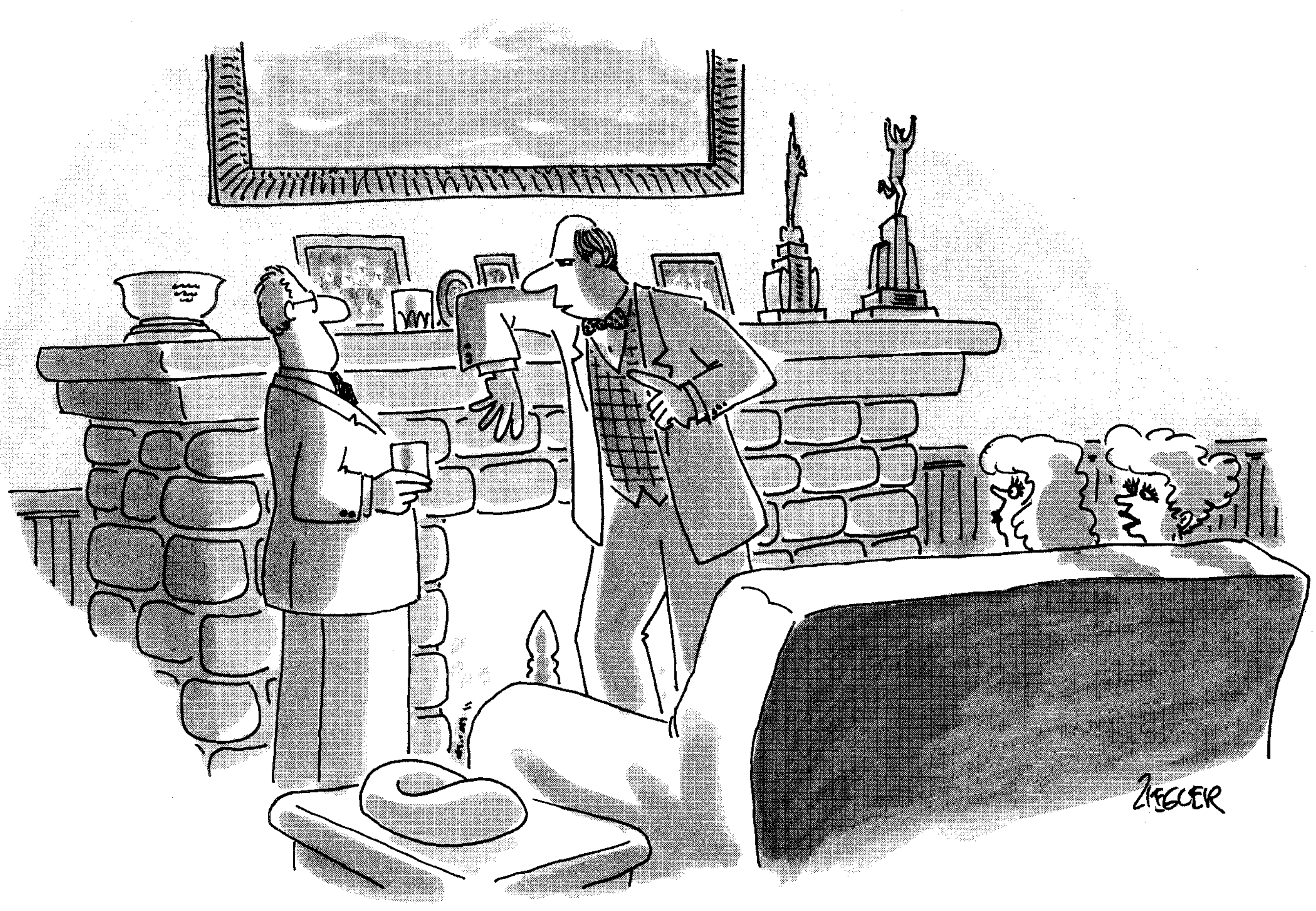
It's Mr. X of the Department for Redundancy Department,
Another pheasant under glass for the gods.

Gray angels nibble on his window ledge—ornithology knocking
On the door of evolution—and as he reaches to pet them

His hand flattens instead on that first page of the intangible,
That portrait of physics buried in the transparent.

—VICKIE KARP

• •



"Richard P. Ruggles—a man and his mantelpiece."

• •

letters, as if her hand had written them across the concrete.

THE flush in her cheeks was like the pink that may creep into the petals of a rose that should be purely white. She lay on her sofa, exactly as she had in the past, smoking and dispensing tea. It was a Sunday afternoon.

"I think you understand everything now, Harry?"

I shook my head, but today she did not, as in the past, ignore my responses in our conversation. She observed my gesture, and smiled a little. She said, "Everything here, Harry? All there has been at Cloverhill?"

"No," I said.

"The cinema will open in a fortnight. With 'Rebecca.' Harry, do you know 'Rebecca'?"

She spoke lightly and with her usual casualness, but already I knew that death was everywhere in the drawing room, and when I walked with her in the garden it was present also. The sweet-pea blooms were a trellis of color—a dozen shades of purple and mauve, reds lightening and deepening, pinks and whites. Yellow hung from the laburnum shrubs, scarlet dotted the rosebushes. Yet the beauty of the Englishwoman chilled the blaze.

"Sweet pea is my second favorite," she said, and I could tell she knew that at least my density had been penetrated. "Sweet pea in a cut-glass vase, set off by the fern of asparagus."

We walked slowly among the flower beds. Occasionally she bent down to pull out a weed. Mignonette was her third favorite, she said, but only because of its fragrance.

"He rescued the garden for me, you know."

Brambles had thrived among the rhododendrons and the blue hydrangeas, cornus was rampant. Fuchsia roots and bamboo had spread beneath the earth, escallonia was smothered. Her husband had dug the flower beds out; he had discovered lost japonica, he had teased the straggles of jasmine back to health. "Look at that," he had said to me once, showing me his hands, begrimed and scratched, nails broken, the pigment of vegetation coloring his palms. And often from the drawing-room window I had seen him dragging from the garden a cart loaded high with the undergrowth he had cut out. I had hardly noticed, I had not been interested; I had passed through the bedraggled garden unimpressed by its recovery.

"It would be nice to have that time again, Harry, I often think. To go back to the first day we arrived at Cloverhill, waiting in the emptiness for our furniture. We walked about the garden and through the fields. 'There is a world to do,' he said, and in my happiness I embraced him, because I knew he loved to do things. It would be nice to experience again the afternoon you first came here, when Daphie said to me, 'There is a visitor.' How shy you were, Harry! You hardly said a thing."

Our progress had slowed down. She took my arm to lean on. We crossed the gravel sweep and went around the side of the house, finally reaching the lawn onto which the drawing-room French windows opened. We stepped through them, but she did not move toward the sofa. Instead she held her cheek out for me to kiss, and said when I had done so, "How well you listened to my silly life!"

I was alone then in the room, and some intuition insisted that I had been with her for the last time, and for the last time had heard her voice. And yet as soon as these thoughts occurred I denied them, for how on earth could I know anything of the kind?

As I made my way down the avenue, Herr Messinger called to me from a field, where he was forking hay with one of his men. I clambered over the white-painted iron railing and crossed the stubble to assist with the work. When twilight came, and darkened, we did not cease, because there was mown hay still lying. At home they would wonder where I was, and would be angry. All unusual behavior made them angry. But as the moon rose and we piled up the last of the haycocks I didn't care about any of that.

"Come back to the house, Harry," Herr Messinger said when we had finished. "You are surely hungry."

So I accompanied him on the avenue and around to the back of the house, across a yard I had never seen before, and into the kitchen. He lit a lamp, because there was no electricity at Cloverhill. He placed it on the center of the scrubbed wooden table.

"She'll have gone to bed," he said. "We're on our own, Harry."

His workman had ridden off on a bicycle, and I thought it honorable the way Herr Messinger had thanked him so genuinely for working on a Sunday and had said there would be something extra in his wages. In the kitchen he said it was Daphie's evening off. There was a potato salad already prepared, he said, and cold meats with lettuce and tomatoes. He hoped that would be sufficient for us. And wine, he remembered—not very good wine, but he had a little in the larder. "The chromium for the foyer is to arrive tomorrow," Herr Messinger said. "And all the seating at the end of the week."

We ate the cold chicken and pork, and the salad. The wine was the color of very pale straw, the first wine I had ever tasted; I thought it delicious.

"Ever since I knew her, Harry," Herr Messinger suddenly said.

His square, hard face was solemn, though there were still crinkles of what I'd always taken to be amusement around his eyes. She would be asleep already, he said; she could not manage food in the evenings. He took tiny amounts on his fork, lifting the fork slowly to his mouth and then replacing it for a moment on his plate, sipping his wine.

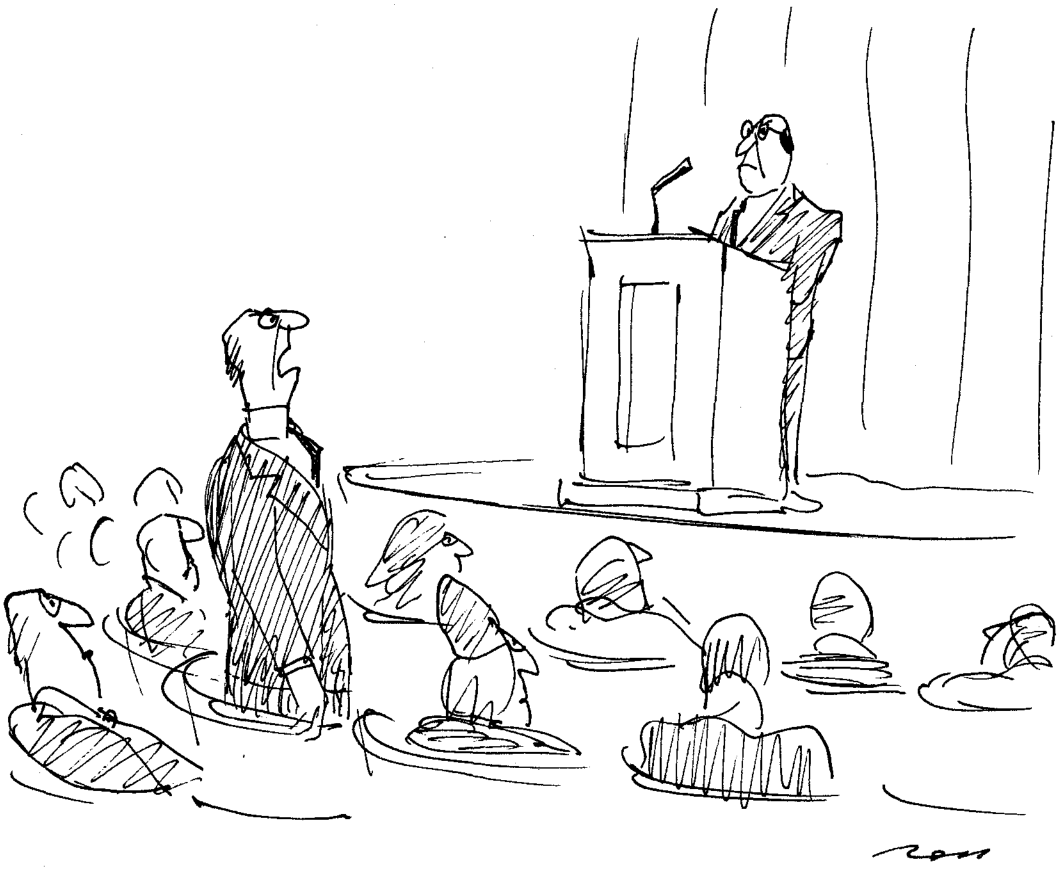
"An old man marries for the time that is left, Harry."

I was not hungry; I did not any longer want the pale-straw wine. But he, of course, was used to things being as they were, and ate and drank as usual. I had no knowledge of death; I had never experienced its sorrow or its untimely shock. "Well, that was sudden," my father would say before sitting down in the dining room, and then reveal the name of a person who had died. Shops closed their doors when a funeral crept by, their blinds drawn down to honor the flower-laden coffin, the hooves of black-plumed horses the only sound.

Herr Messinger lit one of his small cigars. In silence he made coffee. I lifted from the table the plates off which we had eaten and placed them on the draining board by the sink. I ran the tap, but he said that Daphie would attend to all that when she returned. He spoke again of his wife.

"She will see the cinema open its doors—I know that in my heart and she in hers. It worried her that we would only come and go at Cloverhill."

He handed me my coffee, and pushed the sugar nearer. I saw the tears on her cheeks in the moment when she realized she must not marry the young man who had taken her to the poppy field. Had that broken her heart? Had that been the beginning of the despair Herr Messinger had rescued her from? It was extraordinary that she had been given a cinema as a wedding gift, but of course the gesture had to be as great, since whims were what mattered now.

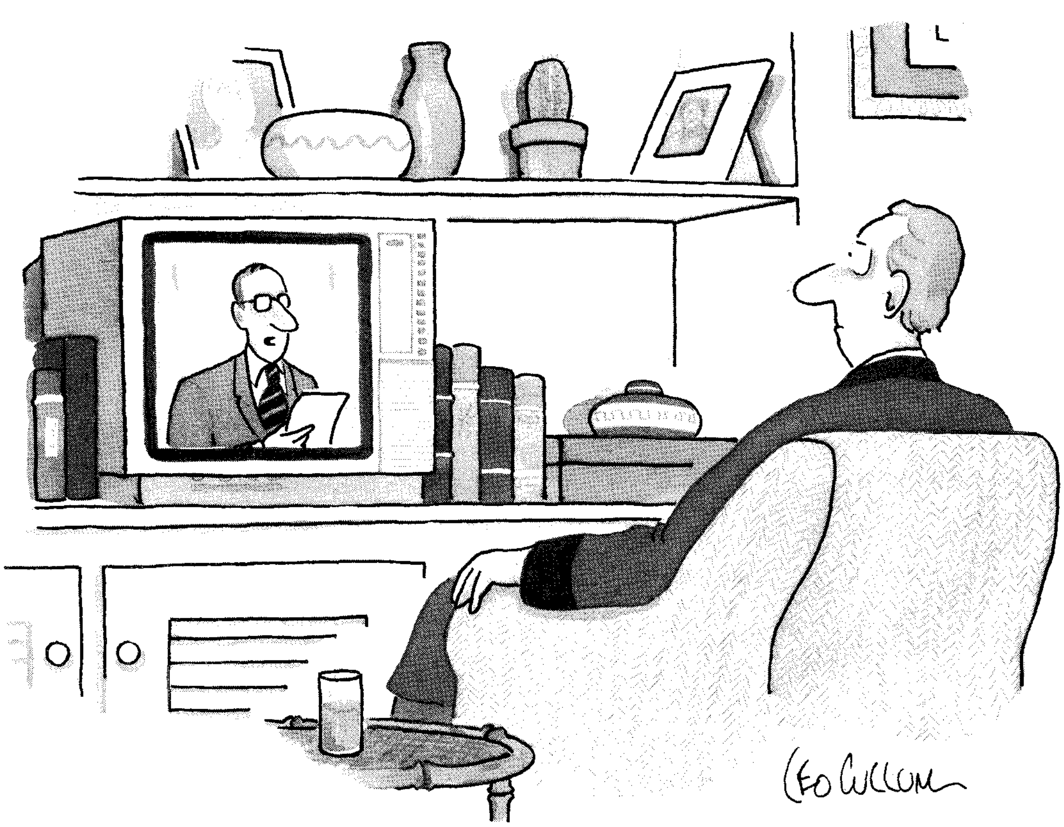


"Is it true you're getting twelve big ones for this lecture?"

"You must not worry yourself, Harry."

"I'm only sorry."

Soon after that I left. The night was warm, the moon a clear disk, untroubled by clouds. I had never before seen Cloverhill at night, and when I stopped to look back at the house I did not want to turn away my gaze. A pale sheen lightened the familiar gray façade and, in a way that seemed almost artificial, related trees and stone. Blankly, the dark windows returned my stare, a sightless pattern, elegant in the gloom.



"A Ms. Ramona Bissell, of West Allison, Vermont, writes, 'What the hell is going on?' We here at WVCN think that question deserves an answer."

• •

SLOWLY, carefully, she passed upstairs to the balcony, holding on to her husband's arm. And when "Rebecca" came to an end they left the cinema in the same unhurried manner. There was, I realize now, nothing she might have said to me, and I could tell from her expression that she found it difficult to smile. "Please wait," Herr Messinger had requested when he'd set out my duties for that evening. He returned some time later, and together we locked up his property. "One day I shall place you in charge of the Alexandra," he said. He paused, and added, "That is her wish, and my own, too."

I would have carried the wireless battery out to Cloverhill as I had before, but that was not suggested. At a quarter past ten every night Herr Messinger arrived in his propane-powered motorcar and stood on the marble steps, ready to say good night to his customers when the film ended. I believe, although I cannot be certain, that she asked him to. When everyone had gone I would give him the cashbox and he would drive away again.

Three times a week I fetched the films in their metal cases from the railway station and returned those that had been shown, the smaller cases containing the newsreels and the shorts, another episode of "Flaming Frontiers" or "The Torture Chamber of Doctor R." Every evening, and during the Sunday matinée, I sat in the projection room with the old man who had been the projectionist in some other town and whom Herr Messinger had brought back into employment. When the old man's stomach gave him trouble and he wasn't able to come in I took his place, as soon as there was no further custom at the box office.

"For the sake of your mother," my father pleaded, "wouldn't you have a bit of sense for yourself?"

He meant wouldn't I stop doing what I was content to do and return to the drabness of the timberyard. I was becoming a queer type of a fellow, he told me, which wasn't a good thing for a mother to have to see. "Come into Viney's one day and we'll have a bottle of stout over it," he invited, forgetting his advice to me with regard to drinking in public houses.

Politely, I thanked him and said I'd look into Viney's when I had a moment to spare, not intending to and in fact never doing so. On the balcony stairs there were framed photographs of William Powell and Myrna Loy, of Loretta Young and Carole Lombard and Norma Shearer, of Franchot Tone and Lew Ayres. I could see some of them from the box office and used to watch people stopping to examine them, couples arm in arm, the girls' voices full of wonder. In the mornings I opened the exit doors at the back, on either side of the screen, in order to let the fresh air in for an hour or two. When the woman who swept the place out didn't arrive I did it myself; I mopped the foyer and the steps, and went over the carpets with the suction cleaner. Often in the mornings I would press the switch that caused the yellow-and-green curtains that obscured the screen to open, the butterflies of the pattern disappearing as the curtains moved. When the daylight came in through the exit doors, the amber shade Frau Messinger had chosen for the walls changed color. Every day at the Alexandra all she had begun for me continued.

—WILLIAM TREVOR

•

Charlie Sheen and Keith David in a scene from Oliver North's Vietnam movie, "Platoon."—*Photo caption in the Washington Post.*

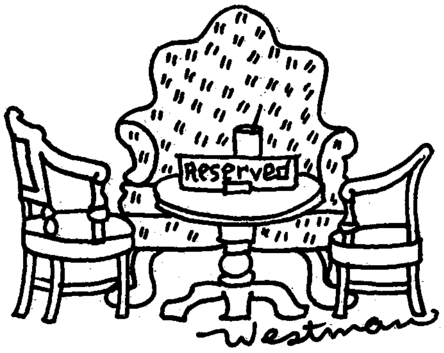
The story of a bunch of grunts in the White House basement.

LETTER FROM THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

THE town of Campos Elíseos is poor. It is the poorest town in the parish of Nossa Senhora do Pilar, which is the poorest parish in the diocese of Duque de Caxias, which is the poorest diocese in the state of Rio de Janeiro—where, it is often said, twelve million people are starving, twelve thousand people are swimming, and anyone who is neither starving nor swimming is up to something terrible. Frei David, one of the three young Franciscan priests who live at the parish house in Campos Elíseos, calls the town a flat favela, because it looks as if God had scraped a couple of crowded shantytowns off a Rio hillside and scattered them up and down the swampy plains of Baixada Fluminense, between Rio and Petrópolis. Downtown Campos Elíseos consists of a dirt crossroads, a butcher shop, a few cafés, and a "market" of folding tables that are set up daily in a muddy square near the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and the parish house where Frei David and the other priests sit up until one or two every morning scheduling Masses in their twenty-three parish churches and "celebrations of the Word" in neighborhoods without churches, and talking about how to convince two hundred thousand parishioners, savaged by the politics and poverty of a Latin country, that they are *o povo de Deus* —the people of God.

Most people in Campos Elíseos do not think about God much. They think about the dark spirits of Macumba and Umbanda and the other Afro-Brazilian cults, who will protect them from one another, and then they think about Mary, who will forgive them for the dark spirits. It may be, as one of Frei David's parishioners put it, that there is "too much crime for God" in Campos Elíseos. A man lucky enough to have a job—a man who works at a construction site for forty or fifty dollars a month, getting up at four in the morning because he has to commute fifty miles to Rio on the remains of a 1937 train that the government of Duque de Caxias bought secondhand from the Germans—will have to live like a police chief if he wants to keep his fifty dollars in the sugar jar or buy something nice with it. He will have to get a dog and put up an iron gate, with chains and a padlock, and soon the comings and goings in a tin-roofed cinder-block shack with no lights and no plumbing, or even running water, will be marked by barkings and bangings and clangings that you can hear all over the neighborhood.

The gates in Campos Elíseos are family totems. They announce the status of the people who live behind them, and the intensity of their fear. Frei David says that it is hard to build a "true Christian community," the community of Luke's Gospel, in a town with so much fear in it—a town where it is expected that a young man without a job will try to break into his neighbor's house, and will kill him if he has to. Frei David grew up in a favela himself—it was in the port of Vitória, in Espírito Santo, about two hundred and fifty miles north of Rio. He knows all about the disease he calls "the violence of helplessness." When he came to Campos Elíseos, three years ago, one of the first things he did was to turn the parish-house garage into a trade shop, because he wanted to teach something useful to local boys who had no jobs and no prospect of jobs—something that would keep them busy and that people in Campos Elíseos would appreciate. The boys began with church benches, because, with twenty-three parish churches, not to mention the churches of an exotic and bewildering variety of Protestant and Pentecostal missionaries who have staked a claim here, there was certainly a market for benches in Campos Elíseos. Then they took up school chairs—the kind with arms for writing. But it was clear that what people really wanted—what they needed at least as much as desks and pews—was more gates to protect their shanties and their cinder-block shacks from the sort of boys who were learning a trade in the parish-house garage. Frei David reflected, he says, with the other brothers, and then he decided to put those boys into the business of burglarproofing Campos Elíseos. The gates produced under the auspices of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help are made of flat iron bars, painted brown and bent into a kind of spiderweb design, and people in Campos Elíseos seem to like them, though no one can really say that the gates have done anything to stop the crime here. Frei David believes that you can read the history of Latin America in the brown gates stacked in his garage: it is the history of the poor, he says, in slavery and ignorance, doing violence to themselves. He does not see much difference between the suffering in Brazil in the days when there were slave markets in every town, and Africans in chains farmed their masters' farms and mined their masters' mines and built their masters' churches, and the suffering here right now—with a people devastated by twenty-one years of a modern military dictatorship.



Brazil's *ditadura* began in 1964, with a coup d'état and the blessings of Lyndon Johnson, who sent down an aircraft carrier, a helicopter carrier, four oil tankers, six destroyers, and a hundred tons of arms and ammunition for moral support and encouragement. By the time it ended, in 1985, Brazil had "developed"—to the eighth industrial power in the world from around the fiftieth—and a handful of bankers, businessmen, and managers had what amounted to slavers' rights over a hundred and thirty million people. It was a regime noted, even in Latin America, for sadism, social terror, and corruption—although in all likelihood the Brazilian *ditadura* will be most remembered for stupidity. It permitted a group of landowners and foreign companies with mining and ranching schemes to raze more than a hundred million acres of the Amazon forest. And it turned viciously on the priests and bishops of a local Catholic Church that after four hundred years was beginning to identify its mission as the "liberation" of the Brazilian poor from the endemic injustices of Brazilian life.

FREI DAVID RAIMUNDO SANTOS—thirty-four, half black, half white, and golden-skinned, with the delicate features and pointed beard of a young grandee and the small raised scar of a slum child's glaucoma on his left eye —is a priest of this "liberation church." He holds to what the Peruvian father and theologian Gustavo Gutiérrez first described in 1968 as "a theology of liberation"—thus naming a movement that was to provoke the most fundamental confrontation within the established Roman Catholic Church since the Reformation. Frei David spent his seminary years in Petrópolis, studying with the Brazilian Franciscan Leonardo Boff, whom the Vatican censured, and finally "silenced" for eleven months, because of his persistent arguments against the authority of the Catholic hierarchy, and he is a follower of the black Archbishop of Paraíba, Dom José-Maria Pires—or Dom Zumbi, as the Archbishop is usually called, after a seventeenth-century runaway slave who presided briefly over what some of the new "liberation textbooks" refer to as the country's first Christian socialist community. Frei David wants to build that kind of community in Campos Elíseos. He talks about the day every priest in Latin America will be building one—returning the Church to the people, he prefers to say. He believes it is the duty of priests like him to lead the Latin-American poor out of the bondage of their poverty and into the promised land of a decent mortal life. Salvation, to him, is something that begins in real human history, with the Exodus of the Israelites out of Egypt and with Christ, in the temple of Nazareth, reading from the prophet Isaiah that "the spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

The Gospel Frei David understands is a Gospel of earthly salvation—the Gospel as a kind of higher politics. He believes that Christ was born poor to announce, in the name of the poor, an end to tyranny, and that with His death the mission of deliverance was passed to every Christian. He reads Exodus and St. Luke for his inspiration. When he was in seminary, he read books like Boff's "Liberating Grace" and Otto Maduro's "Religion and Social Conflicts," and a clandestine photocopy of "Das Kapital" that the radical seminarians handed around. He does not like to talk about politics, because priests like him are often accused of being Marxists, and he is hard put to it to explain the delicate but, to him, essential difference between being a Marxist and being a Christian who finds Marxist categories of class and capital useful, and even accurate, categories with which to describe the life in a place like Campos Elíseos. He is not an intellectual. Struggle does not distress him, but argument does, and he uses words like "radiant"—"I am radiant with this idea," he will say—to settle the matter of a truth he cannot explain. A couple of years ago, he was *estressado*. He collapsed from the stress and fatigue and the punishing radiance of his mission in the slums, and was sent to Santa Catarina, in the cool south, where the Franciscans have a clinic, and there, he says, he finally read a novel. It was "The Name of the Rose."

"Great to meet you. I really, really like some of your work."

THE parish house in Campos Elíseos was built by three Italian priests who arrived from Padua one day in 1967, carrying a duffel of salamis, a letter of introduction to the bishop of Duque de Caxias, and enough money for a house with a proper kitchen and tile floors and thick walls against the Brazilian heat. There were thousands of priests like those Italians in Brazil. Brazil had always had trouble supporting priests of its own, and by the time the Italians came nearly half the priests in the country—in places like Amazonia and the Mato Grosso, nearly all the priests—were foreigners, supporting their Brazilian parishes with collections and contributions from parishes at home or from the various orders that released them for parochial duty. The priests who used to preach in Campos Elíseos before there was a parish house—and thus, officially, a parish—were apt to be Irish brothers or French fathers, so no one was at all surprised by the arrival of three cheerful Italians who needed a year of Portuguese lessons before they could start to preach a sermon or hear confessions. People gave their money to the Umbanda *pai-de-santo* who could offer them spirit

GIANTS
Joe Mirachi

"Charlie, would it be O.K. if I came in only every other night?"

• •

protection against the thugs and pimps and thieves and hustlers who, in and out of uniform, were the local agents of the *ditadura*, and counted on the good people of Padua to keep their three new fathers in vestments and altar cloths and salamis. Actually, the Italians lived on the food their families sent to Campos Elíseos. Whatever money they took home from their Sunday collections went for phone calls, because the priests—even after ten and fifteen years—were homesick and liked to talk to their mothers every week.

No one sends checks or packages to Frei David or, for that matter, to the other brothers—Frei Fernando Cunha and Frei Névio Fiorin, who share the parish house and the parish duties with him, and who come from families that are just as poor as his. They have to count on parishioners who—"in their wisdom," Frei David says—have discovered a home in what is called the People's Church and are beginning to "free themselves" with squatters' strikes and catechism classes, with meetings about land rights and train schedules and black consciousness and "Christ consciousness" and the "neurotic depression" that comes from being poor and can make as much of a coward out of you as the electric prods in the interrogation room at the Duque de Caxias police station. Frei David has no salary. Like all Franciscans, he has taken a vow of poverty and service, and cannot accept money. He is paid, as it were, in kind. He evangelizes and propagandizes for the people of Campos Elíseos, administering the Body of Christ from a plastic cookie jar while he prays to God to save his brothers in Nicaragua from the *imperialistas*, and the people of Campos Elíseos in turn see to it that Frei David does not go hungry. There is a cook at the parish house. There is a kitchen garden where Frei David and the other brothers raise lettuce and cabbages. And there is a chicken coop behind the church with twelve laying hens and a rooster. But most of the food the brothers eat comes from the people of Campos Elíseos and the other parish towns, which are called Primavera, Saracuruna, and Pilar. Whenever Frei David goes visiting, he comes back with food—a sack of rice, a bottle of milk, a couple of pounds of spaghetti, a big tin of peaches—and every Sunday morning women arrive at his kitchen door with manioc cakes and coconut cakes and banana cakes and deep-fried sweet beignets that soak through the newspapers they are wrapped in and leave puddles of shortening all over the oilcloth on the kitchen table. Brazilians like sweet things. They do not like vegetables at all, and most of them would probably dismiss Frei David's cabbages as a form of penance—something for priests, maybe, but not for "real" people. It may be, as Frei David says, that they think of cake as a kind of soul food—because it has something of the sweetness of God in it, something that breaks, like a blessing, into the bitterness of ordinary life.

Frei David's father was a peddler. Frei David calls him a travelling salesman, but it was really David and his mother and his six brothers and sisters who travelled—always moving south, from Nanuque to Vitória, from favela to favela, fleeing the droughts of Minas Gerais and Espírito Santo, and their own poverty—and his father who followed, hawking a truckful of crockery and produce to people who preferred the solace of cake to the arguable benefits of leafy greens and root fibres. David never really knew much about his father, because it was common wisdom that even in a favela, where everybody was despised, a child with a black father and a white mother (or a white father and a black mother) was going to be as white as his skin and the neighbors allowed if he ever wanted to leave that favela for a better life. He thought once about looking for relatives in Bahia—the Santos family were originally slaves in Bahia—but he never got to look, or even to talk to his father about relatives, because when David was eleven his father disappeared. He left with a truckload of things to sell, and somewhere along the road from Vitória he was stopped and robbed and apparently murdered—by bandits, or maybe by policemen, David says—and his body was never found. David didn't think much about being black (or white) again until he was in seminary and reading Marx and started wondering if it wasn't just as reasonable to blame poverty on discrimination as it was to blame discrimination on poverty, the

Premium Model

Chr[illegible]er LeBaron [illegible]
The first American luxury spo[illegible] give
Mercedes-Benz and BMW something [illegible] expected:
A driving lesson.

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You might not [illegible] the results of pr[illegible]ssional USAC drivers, but if GTS [illegible] outperform these Germans it c[illegible] erform [illegible] for you. Take the [illegible] out of [illegible] freeways.

Transform [illegible] GTS [illegible] confidence. [illegible] The High line mod[illegible] And whether you buy [illegible] 5-year or 50,000-m[illegible]

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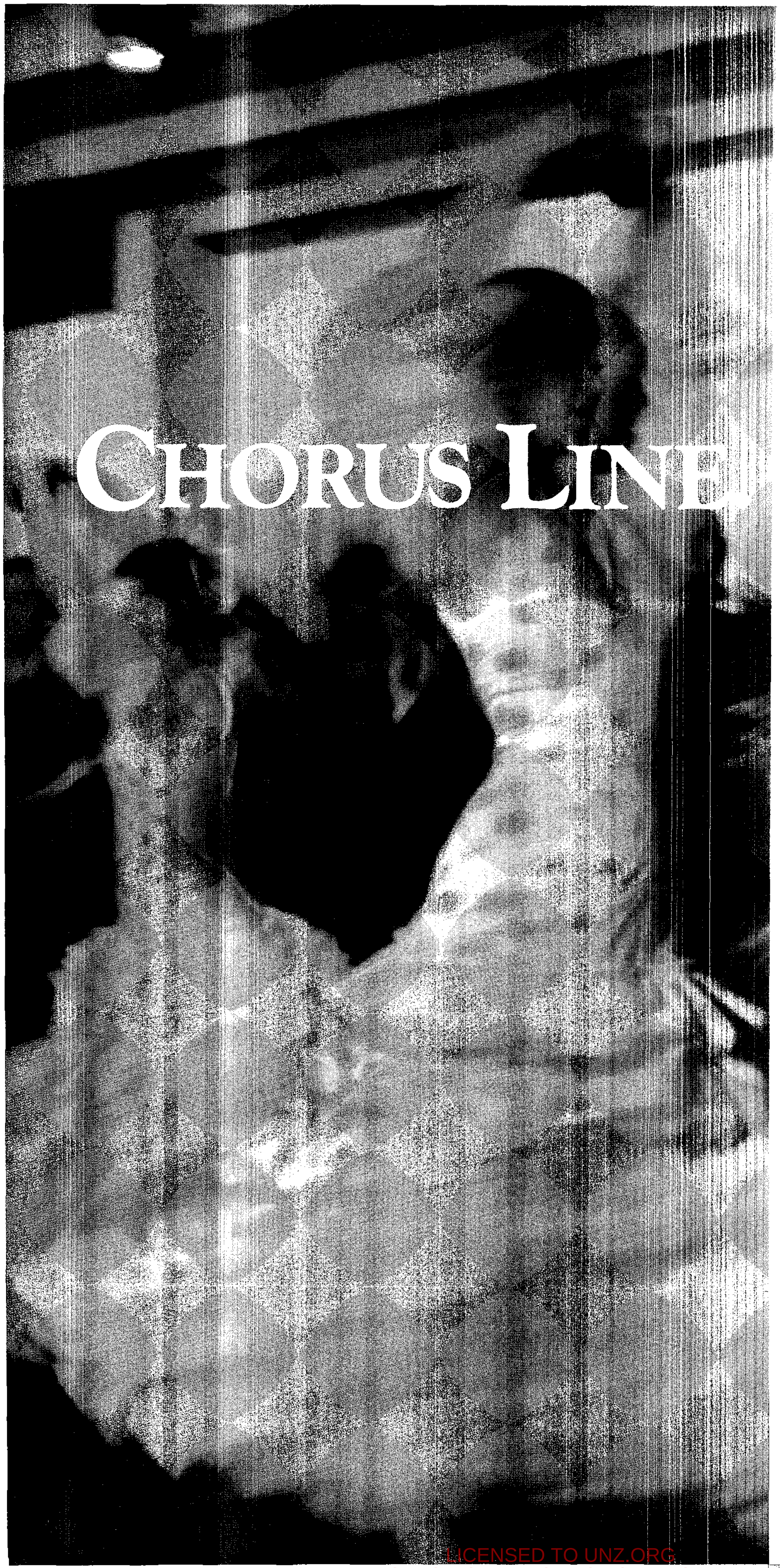
Chrysler
Division of Chrysler Motors

Highline Model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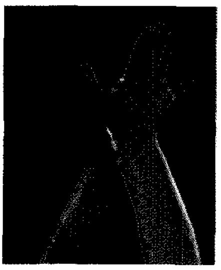

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way Marx would have. At eleven years old, David thought mainly about getting out of his favela. He studied hard, and passed the entrance tests for a technical high school and—once he was first in his class and the teachers were noticing him—talked about becoming a civil engineer. Six months after he got his first paycheck, he bought himself some clothes—Frei David likes clothes and has a collection of cotton sports shirts printed with little checks and paisleys—and a used Volkswagen bug and installed a telephone in his mother's house. He was a poor boy living as best he could a Brazilian bachelor life, and the more he lived that life, he says, the more he was drawn to the poverty he had fled. He does not know why, precisely, he left his job and his car and his mother's house for a seminary that was already in trouble with the *ditadura* for its politics and with the Vatican for its theology. He says simply that "a happiness happened" and that his friends were shocked by that happiness—and all he could tell them was that he was becoming the Christian he already felt himself to be.

THE first Franciscan brother arrived in Brazil in 1500 with the explorer Pedro Álvares Cabral, who, like Columbus, was looking for India. His ships put in at Pôrto Seguro, about a hundred and twenty miles up the coast from the favela where Frei David was born, and while Cabral and his crew were resting and repairing and provisioning, the Franciscan—his name was Henrique Soares de Coimbra—preached to the Indians and celebrated the first Mass in what he called the Land of the Holy Cross, and then he wrote to the King of Portugal that there were thousands of natives waiting to be catechized. His enthusiasm was premature, because the next Franciscans who came were beaten to death with sticks and eaten, and one of the Franciscans who followed *them* was drowned, but eventually—it was in 1585—the Franciscans built a friary in the hills of Olinda, the colonial capital of Pernambuco, and today there are eleven hundred Franciscan brothers in the country, and five teaching seminaries, including the seminary at Petrópolis, where Leonardo Boff, his brother Clodovis Boff, twelve teaching friars, and twelve friars on the staff of a "liberation press" called Vozes, or Voices, took over the education of David Raimundo Santos. David lived at the seminary from 1977 through 1982—although it might be more accurate to say David lived in Petrópolis, because he was drawn to poverty, and there was plenty of poverty in the favelas of Petrópolis.

Petrópolis is a hill town, bosky and cool. In 1843, the young emperor Dom Pedro II chose it for his summer palace and made it fashionable as a kind of Brazilian Sintra, and after that there was always building going on in Petrópolis. Somebody rich would start to think about owning an expensive house or a casino or a grand hotel, and word would go around Brazil that there were more jobs in the summer capital. The poor people who came to take those jobs had nowhere to go when the building stopped. Their favelas were stacked like tin pueblos on the hills around the city, and every summer, when the rains came, those favelas would collapse in mud slides, and David would disappear from his theology classes and his philosophy classes to dig out bodies and find places for the survivors to sleep. The Superior of the seminary tried grounding David, but David kept disappearing with the summer rains, and one summer, when the mud slides were so severe that fifteen hundred families lost their houses, he founded a "Christian crisis team" of four seminarians and three favela priests and started organizing—leading marches and calling meetings and sitting in at the Petrópolis city hall. "I took a decision," Frei David says. "It was in my fourth year, and I was lazy about reading. The Superior was always saying I was not paying enough attention to my studies, and I knew I had this—this *tendency* toward the practical. So I took a decision. I decided it would be a violence to myself only to study for six years. I asked permission to spend a year away, and it was refused, and I complained, and then, six months later, I got permission to spend a *month* away—it was my vacation month—with the lepers. The Superior told me that anything more than that would disrupt my studying, so I thanked him and took the month—and stayed a year. You see, the tendency of the Church had always been to send only its oldest, tiredest priests to hospitals, and their duties were almost entirely sacramental—they were around to say Mass, to see to the Catholic rituals. But *my* aim was to make the Church understand that it was a crime to send only priests like that to the lepers. So I stayed, and the Superior had to adjust, because, after

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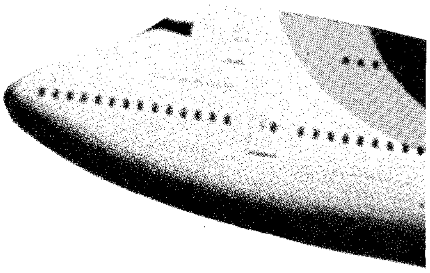

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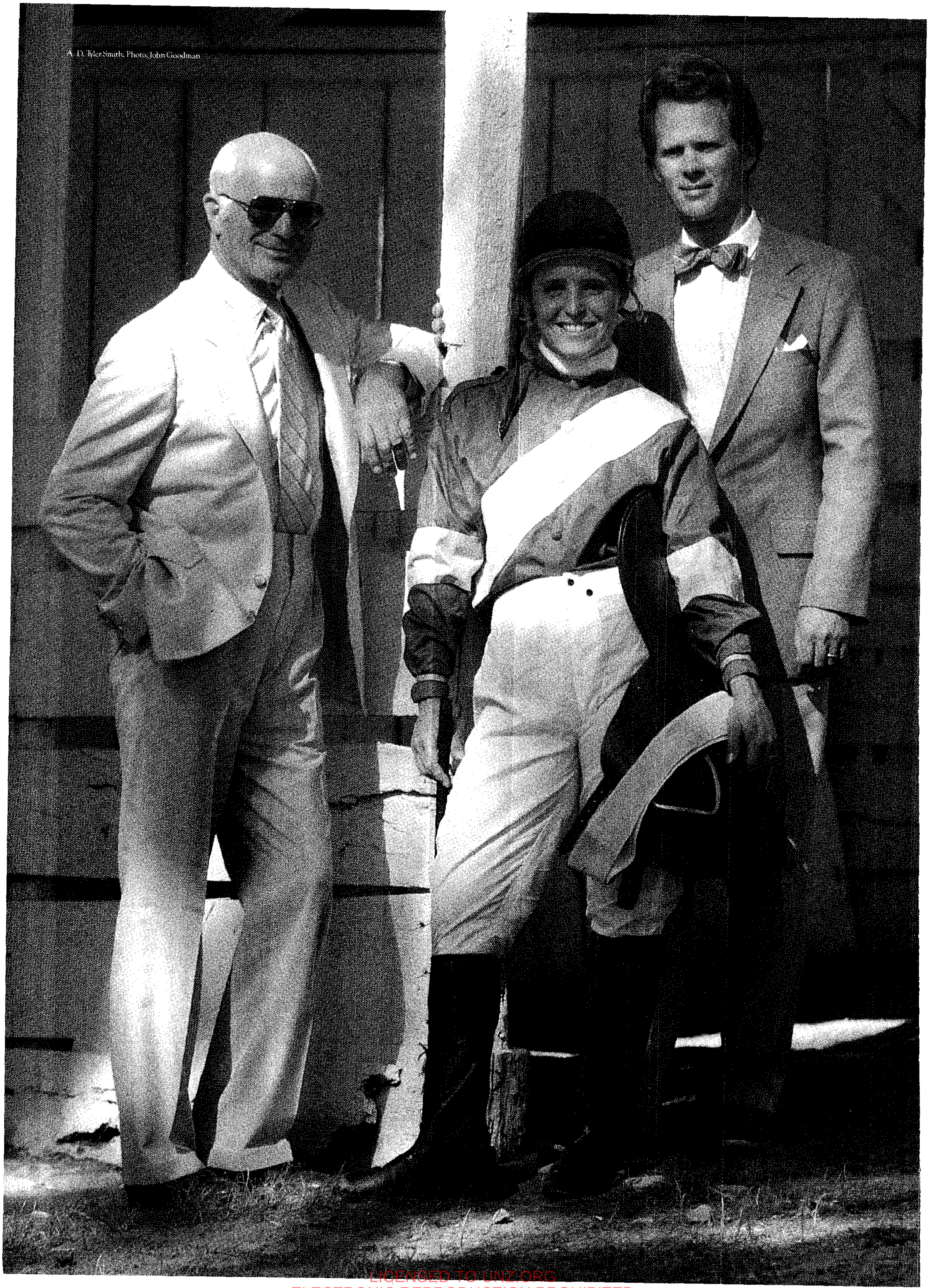

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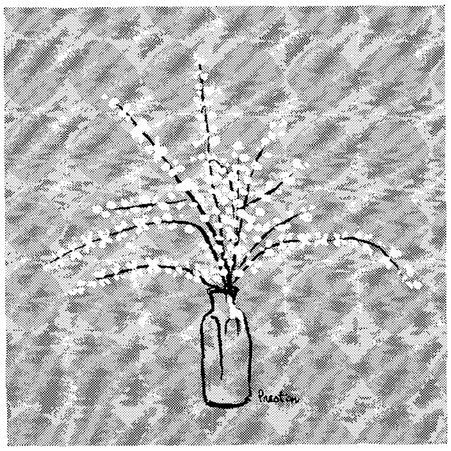
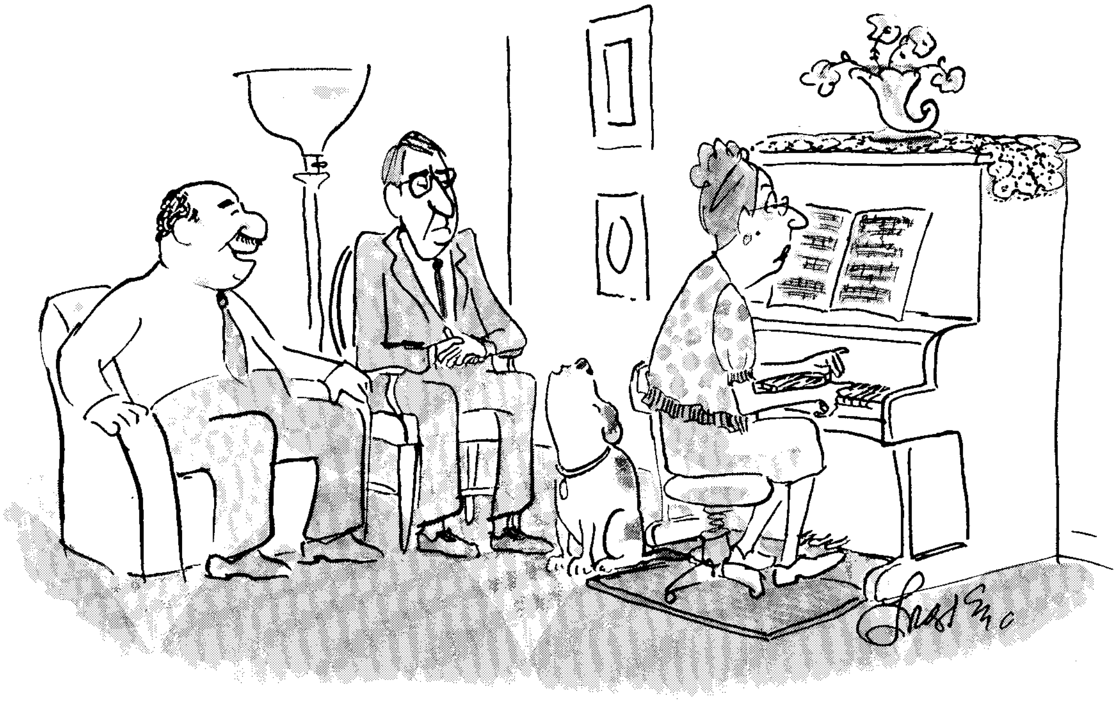
all, he had sent me to the lepers in Curitiba, and I had asked specifically for the leper hospital in Rio, which was ten times worse. The lepers in Rio were black and in *real* misery, and needed organizing, whereas the lepers in Curitiba—well, Curitiba is in the south, and the lepers there are white, and so the care was better."

IT is Frei David's method never to let any bad news interfere with the radiance that you might call his existential mode. When he describes organizing a favela or leading a lepers' strike, he is insistently and (with any luck) irresistibly cheerful. He does not believe in slowing up the liberation of the poor with argument or doubt or what he calls "negative reflection," and people talking to him for the first time are sometimes not quite sure whether this slight, neat, smiling man in running shoes and a short-sleeved paisley sports shirt is a fool or a fanatic or a saint or simply, as Frei David would say, "a Christian radiant with the good news." He never mentions his courage, but the fact is that it took considerable courage for a young seminarian like David to start organizing favelas, and even lepers, during those desperate last years of the *ditadura*, when the Catholic Church was "going over to the people," as the liberation theologians put it, and the state was replying by seizing priests and making martyrs of them. Nearly five hundred Catholic activists—priests, nuns, and ordinary parish workers—had been arrested by the time David arrived in Petrópolis. The list was kept by an extraordinary American journalist named Penny Lernoux, who lives in Colombia and writes books about the Latin-American Church. She began her "martyrs' list" of Catholic victims while she was working on her book "Cry of the People"—and discovered that thirty-one Brazilian Catholics had been savagely tortured by the police during the first fifteen years of the *ditadura*. Five died. Eleven were never seen again, so they were presumed to have been tortured to death or murdered outright. One young Dominican—his name was Tito de Alençar—went mad from torture, and eventually killed himself. The bishops here tried to protect their priests and nuns, but by the late seventies half the country's bishops were already involved in the People's Church, and this meant that they needed protection themselves.

Frei David would like to have had one of those "people's bishops" in Petrópolis, but the Bishop of Petrópolis turned out to be a friend to the military and a friend to the rich, and he did not want trouble. When David and his friends organized their Christian crisis team in the favelas, the bishop called David in and ordered him back to the seminary. David not only stayed in the favelas; he became a parish priest in Petrópolis the day he was ordained. He took over a church with people poor enough to attract him and smart enough to want him, and persuaded the Superior at the seminary to make the appointment legal. The bishop protested, and then the congregation protested the bishop's protest, and finally the seminary got involved and negotiated—with the result that David was given six months to leave his parish and the parish six months to find a priest more pleasing to the bishop. That was in 1983—no time, David says, for a liberation priest to surrender. The six months passed, and then eight months, and it was clear that David had no intention of leaving and that the bishop had no intention of letting him stay. The bishop sent an ultimatum. He said that he did not recognize David as a priest, and that he was going to expel David from the diocese if David celebrated one more Mass or administered one more sacrament, and then he called David's Superior to say that he was filing three complaints with the Vatican against the Petrópolis Franciscans. The first complaint had to do with left-wing politics at the Franciscan press, Vozes. The second complaint had to do with Frei David and *his* politics (Frei David says the term was "pastoral innovations"). And the third had to do with Leonardo Boff, whom the bishop blamed for the heretical state of affairs in Petrópolis's churches, and with prohibiting Boff from celebrating the ten-o'clock Sunday-morning Mass at the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—which was the Mass everyone interested in liberation theology tried to go to. Frei David had no choice, if he wanted to work as a parish priest, except to find a bishop willing to accept him. The one he found was Dom Mauro Morelli, the Bishop of Duque de Caxias—a man infamous in the Vatican for contesting a Brazilian ban against "Je Vous Salue, Marie," Jean-Luc Godard's movie about a teen-age gas-station attendant who gets pregnant by God. Frei David was installed at the cathedral in Duque de Caxias under Dom Mauro's protection, but he grew restless there and, as he put it, "set on making my reëntry into poverty." He wanted to leave the richness of the cathedral for the poorest corner of the diocese. After a year of looking, he discovered Campos Elíseos, in the parish of Nossa Senhora do Pilar.



IT was a big parish for a young priest—two hundred thousand people who had drifted down from the old mining towns of Minas Gerais and the black slums and dry *sertão* of the northeast, some with dreams of a friendly and abundant Carioca life but most of them simply part of the inevitable southward migration that in the twenty-one brutal years of Brazil's "development" had left millions of peasants stranded on the outskirts of Rio and São Paulo. No one who came to towns like Campos Elíseos during those years intended to stay in them—which may be why, even today, the center of Campos Elíseos looks less like a town than a kind of blighted and overgrown campsite that could be dismantled overnight and disappear. Campos Elíseos is, in fact, bounded by countryside. The road in from the Rio-Petrópolis highway, which happens to be the only paved road to Campos Elíseos, runs through a stretch of dreary industrial parkland planned and planted to camouflage the drums and refineries of the state oil company, Petrobrás. It managed to camouflage Campos Elíseos in the process, and people driving here for the first time are often shocked by how abruptly the dusty garden ends and the human squalor starts—perhaps because it is such an accurate image of the priorities of the state and of the men who did profitable business with the state over the past twenty or thirty years. The park was part of Campos Elíseos when it was still farmland, and



"Is that cute or is that cute?"

• •

it is easy to see how beautiful that farmland must have been, and why the Portuguese *latifundiário* who arrived in 1611, with a royal deed and a couple of hundred slaves, called it the Elysian Fields. There is nothing left of his plantation now besides the church—Our Lady of the Cross—that those slaves built before the year was over. Frei David likes to use the church as an example when he talks to squatters in the parish about how they are God's people, and about their rights as God's people. He wants them to feel that the church is theirs—the legacy of the Campos Elíseos slaves who were in spirit if not in fact their ancestors. He believes that once they understand that the church is theirs it will be easier for them to understand that the land is also theirs, that Campos Elíseos belongs to them as much as it belongs to a handful of Rio families who bought it for speculation and, now that the price is right, arrive at night with the police to throw the squatters out.

Actually, there are a few big landowners left among the speculators who today own most of Campos Elíseos and the other parish towns—though not even they bother to grow anything anymore. No one bothers with Campos Elíseos. The only really permanent buildings are the churches, and buildings that belong to the churches, like the clinic that forms an L with the parish-house garage, or the community center across the road from a church of Frei David's in Saracuruna—Our Lady of the Rosary. There is a big new government clinic about a mile down the road from the parish house, just past the Campos Elíseos car dump and the Campos Elíseos police station. It was built three years ago, but it never really opened, and by now no one here expects it to open. Once the money for it was gone, and everyone involved had got his cut, it was considered indiscreet to ask about the clinic anymore, the way it was considered indiscreet to ask why the new day-care center and primary school near Our Lady of the Rosary were never finished. Children who need a meal or a place to wait for their mothers go to the church's community center instead, and one of the workers there—in the People's Church they are called pastoral agents, or *agentes*—looks after them. Children who are sick go to the parish clinic, where two doctors, a dentist, a nurse, and six *agentes* spend a couple of hours every weekday morning.

Frei David says that when he came here the people in Campos Elíseos told him they had been abandoned, and that they were abandoned—except, of course, by the Protestant and Pentecostal missionaries who were already hotly competing for their Christian rebirth. There are no paved roads once you get to Campos Elíseos, no sewers, no garbagemen collecting trash. If there is an epidemic, no one comes to Campos Elíseos to vaccinate the children, or even to talk to the mothers or teachers about simple things like not sharing cups or boiling the drinking water. If there is dengue or meningitis or encephalitis, no one sprays here, the way they do in Leblon or Ipanema or any of the other fancy Rio neighborhoods. It is a standing joke in Campos Elíseos that the local mosquitoes have a deal with the government; people began to tell the joke during the *ditadura*, and they still tell it, because thousands of them, including Frei David, were bitten and came down with dengue during an epidemic last year, and even then no one from the government came to spray. They say that it doesn't make much difference that the government is a democracy now—not when you are sweating and shivering in a hut and the pain in your bones and in your eyeballs is so terrible that you howl, and you know that you couldn't get to the hospital even if there *were* a hospital in Campos Elíseos, because there are no buses, no cabs, no public transportation of any kind, only the broken-down 1937 train that carries the men of Campos Elíseos to town to build the sort of clinics and schools that never open.

Actually, Frei David is the nearest thing to public transportation in Campos Elíseos—always stopping for passengers when he makes his parish rounds in a rusty Volkswagen bus that used to belong to the cathedral and was a kind of housewarming present from Bishop Morelli and the diocese. On Sundays, Frei David and the other two priests divide the parish. Frei Fernando says Mass in the Campos Elíseos and Primavera churches. Frei Névio takes the churches in Pilar, and Frei David takes the churches in Saracuruna. He drives out—past the abandoned clinic and the abandoned school, past a shack with a sign saying "Clube Social Rosário 'Absyntho,'" and past another shack with a sign saying "Vendo Esta Casa"—through

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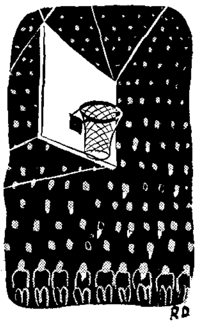
Saracuruna to Parque João Pessoa, a favela so poor that Mass is held outdoors, in the yard of an abandoned cement-pipe factory. There is no official Catholic community in Parque João Pessoa. Frei David and a "mission team" of anywhere from twenty-five to thirty parishioners have been visiting the favela for a year now, talking to people, giving them advice, getting them to sit down and discuss their problems and make their decisions together, as a community, talking to them about other *comunidades eclesiais de base*, the "Christian base communities" that are the grass roots—the pastoral cells, so to speak—of the People's Church in Latin America.



One of the first decisions the people made was to have their own Mass in Parque João Pessoa. They went to the man who owns the factory and a little of the land around it. They had been asking him for years to turn the factory into a community laundry—so many centavos for cold water, so many centavos for hot water, so many centavos for an hour at one of the concrete tables—but the man wanted to sell it and buy a taxi with the money, and gradually he had let it go, and the concrete tables had cracked and the water drum rusted. There was no reason he could think of now to refuse to lend his factory to the Church and see what happened—and what happened was that one day last July Frei David drove over in a pair of bathing trunks and started clearing the land around the factory, which was muddy and overgrown, for benches. He expected to work alone, with maybe five or six men to help him, but people came out to watch, and he says that once they saw a priest stripped for hard work, sweating in the heat and sometimes collapsing in the mud, exhausted, the men of Parque João Pessoa were ashamed, and stripped down and started working, too. They levelled the ground and set up the benches, and then they cleaned the factory so Frei David could hear confession there—though he never uses the word "confession" when he is missionizing and wants to make people comfortable. He uses the word "talk" instead. "Those of you who came prepared to talk can meet me in the factory before we start our celebration," he will say to *o povo de Deus* in Parque João Pessoa on Sunday afternoons, when they are gathered in the clearing, waiting for the volunteer musicians to tune their guitars and adjust their amplifier, and a big local woman named Carminha marks time by shouting "Hallelujah!" at a microphone. Sooner or later, everybody talks. Sooner or later, everybody takes Communion. It is Frei David's commitment to be patient—never to hurry them or say anything reproachful, always to smile and encourage, believing that in the end Christ will win over the edgy, giggling girls of Parque João Pessoa and the slick young men who cruise the Mass in tight jeans they have saved for a year to buy—or stole from someone who saved for a year for them. The man who owns the factory seems to believe it, too, because early in Frei David's mission he decided that his factory was quite a valuable piece of property—certainly worth a new taxi. He named his price and gave the community a couple of months to buy or vacate.

There are people in Parque João Pessoa who think that Frei David should have put on his most intimidating priestly robes and paid the man a visit, and Frei David has had to explain to them that this is not the way of liberation theology—and it has been hard for him. He says that he is not much good at theology. He tends to idealize his friends who do the thinking about *o povo de Deus*—who write the scandalous dissenting books and get themselves in terrible trouble with Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, in Rome, the Prefect of the office that used to be called the Inquisition but now goes under the gentle name of Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. When a colleague like Leonardo Boff tells Frei David that the hierarchy of the Catholic Church reflects the social and political hierarchies that support it, or that the entire structure of the Church could disappear and not one line of the Gospels would be compromised, Frei David is radiant with the news, and never for a moment considers that other Christians, in other centuries, have said or written anything like it. The Christ who has won *him* over, the Christ of his own mission among the poor, is a freedom fighter who went underground with the early Christians—and surfaced, in Latin America, only after Vatican II. The People's Church in Latin America is appealing because of that sort of innocence. It is appealing because of all the things that get it into trouble: it is foolish, exuberant, brave, loving, stubborn, exposed, vulnerable, and *young*, like a puppy. The fact that it is in open revolt against the Vatican—which some liberation theologians prefer to call "the administrative center"—and against the injustices of Latin-American life may give it its moral force, but it is that insistent, exhilarating innocence that makes it touching. Priests like Frei David read in seminary about the great popular heresies of the Middle Ages and all the ways in which Church and State conspired to crush them. They read about thirteenth-century Franciscans who wanted the Church to renounce wealth and give away its treasures, and about eighteenth-century Jesuits whose missions were utopian city-states under siege by Spanish and Portuguese armies, and about Abbé Grégoire and the radical priests of the French Revolution, and even about the worker-priests who were sent by their bishops into the slums and factories of postwar France less than forty years ago. But somehow Frei David and his friends do not really believe that anything as thrilling as this new rapport, in faith and suffering, between the Catholic clergy and the Catholic poor has ever happened before.

Half the Catholics in the world live in Latin America, and the percentage is probably higher if you count only believing, practicing Catholics and forget about all the people who simply happened to be born into the Church of Rome and never bothered leaving. This means that whatever Catholics in Latin America do or say—whatever they preach in the name of the Church or of themselves as Christians—is of passionate interest to the Vatican, whether they call it the Holy See or the administrative center. Their dissent is the puzzle the Church will have to solve in order to understand its future. Frei David and his friends see the "instructions" that issue regularly from Cardinal Ratzinger's office in the administrative center, and they are not at all surprised that a cardinal living in comparative luxury in Rome finds their theology crude and their practice makeshift and their politics, from the long, long view of the Vatican, stupid. When a warning from Ratzinger arrives—whether it has to do with respecting the hierarchy or with staying out of revolutions—they reply politely by inviting the Cardinal to come to

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Brazil and spend six months in a slum like Campos Elíseos or in an Indian village occupied by the "army" of some unknown company that wants to raze the village and hold the land for speculation. They say that there is not much point in talking as long as European Catholics like Ratzinger persist in thinking of the People's Church as if it were a protest movement happening at home or in the United States—as if the Franciscan Archbishop of São Paulo, Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns, were simply a Latin version of Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, in Chicago, or Leonardo Boff a Latin version of Father Charles Curran, the professor who was banned from teaching theology at Catholic University because he does not believe that papal infallibility extends to questions of sexual practice, like homosexuality or birth control.

It is true that the first important texts in liberation theology came out of Europe, and, specifically, out of Germany—Jürgen Moltmann's "Theology of Hope" and Johannes Baptist Metz's "Theology of the World"—and that many of the older Latin-American theologians have put in time, as students or scholars, in European universities like Louvain or the Gregorian University, in Rome. It is also true that in places like Brazil a lot of the liberal bishops and theologians *are* European. (Dom Pedro Casaldáliga, the Bishop of São Félix, comes from Spain, for example, and the famous "farming father," the theologian José Comblin, comes from Belgium.) But the fact is that *o povo de Deus* and their priests and bishops and theologians are not much interested in questions of papal infallibility or in the freedom of the academy or in abortion rights or divorce rights or women's rights or rights for homosexuals, or in whether the subject of masturbation is up for doctrinal discussion. The arguments that Western Catholics have with the zealous and conservative papacy of John Paul II are not their arguments. They have to do with intellectual and spiritual freedoms—which means they are the arguments of people who already take their right to argue for granted, and have traditions of dissent, and a context for dissent. From a Latin American's point of view, they are luxurious arguments, because a priest like Frei David cannot afford even to consider the sort of questions that American priests like Father Curran raise.

When Frei David talks about a democratic Church, he is talking about dismantling the practical political power of the Catholic hierarchy, which to his mind has been allied with the ruling class against the interests of the poor, and not in discrediting its doctrinal authority. He is talking not about freedom to dissent but about his freedom to take up a Christian mission as he sees it and to help turn the Church into a community from which poor people draw the strength and the understanding to fight for their physical and economic survival. This is why priests like Frei David like to compare their Church with the Church of the early Christians—clandestine, poor, depending for the survival of the faith on the survival of the faithful. They are so removed from the social and political conditions in which doctrinal discussion is practical, or even possible, that the letters going back and forth between the Vatican and the American bishops on the subjects of infallibility truly mystify them. The issues, for Frei David and his friends, are food, work, land, the right to organize, the right to protest, the right to vote. They are less interested in equality than in justice for people who have had no education in what equality is. Those people are not "the poor" in the Vatican's sense—not victims or accidents of the particular economic brutalities of a historical moment. In Latin America, poverty is a state of being, and maybe even a state of soul. The poor here are a people, the way the French are a people, or the Chinese, or the Norwegians, and when they say "*Somos os pobres*" ("We are the poor") they identify themselves and describe their world profoundly. The priests and nuns and *agentes* and advisers—Brazilians say *assessores*—who are trying to help them believe that this world of the poor, calmed and disciplined as a Christian community and ardent through a kind of Christian-consciousness-raising they call *conscientização*, is the stage on which a drama of earthly salvation is being enacted. This is why "community" concerns them so much, and why the issues of the Western Church concern them so little. When a Brazilian nun administers a sacrament or signs a petition for permission to celebrate the Eucharist, she is not making a feminist statement or a statement about the rights of women in the clergy, or, for that matter, about the rights of women at all. She is saying that there are three times as many nuns as priests in Brazil—and not enough priests to do the job.

Brazil is a ludicrously macho country. Sean Doyle, an Irish brother who was sent by the Order of the Holy Spirit to be a parish priest in the city of Nova Iguaçu, not far from Campos Elíseos, likes to say that his bishop had to go all the way to County Clare for priests because "Brazilians are not personally inclined to a celibate life," and he is right. Liberation theologians here want to have a married clergy, but not so much on doctrinal grounds or historical grounds (the Church had a married clergy—and a celibate hierarchy—for a thousand years) as on the ground that the Church needs a lot more priests to help the poor with the business of their liberation, and might get a lot more priests if the celibacy rules were changed. Some theologians believe that the priests themselves would have more authority—especially with the men in their parishes—if they were married and had children and were able to

strut their virility in ways that Latin men recognize. As it is—in the old *and* the new Church—unless a priest is known for a passionate commitment to his vows, as Frei David is, or is known as a homosexual, the people who admire him most will assume there is a woman in his life, and they will go out of their way to prove that she exists when they are praising *him.*

FREI DAVID likes this practical side to the new theology. He says it comes from Boff's idea of religion as a kind of consumer good that people use according to their needs, with the Church supplying the personnel for distribution. Frei David, for example, divides his parish work (according to a liberation-theology "how to" book) into sixteen "subject areas," and keeps one chart to help him remember those subject areas, and another chart to remind him of what his *agentes* and *assessores* are doing about them. There are Campos Elíseos missionary groups, Campos Elíseos prison groups, groups to negotiate jobs with companies that are supposed to open in the neighborhood, groups to talk about a new Brazilian constitution, groups to talk about Christ, and groups to talk about revising the train schedule into Rio. There are *agentes* whose subject area is the workers' association, *agentes* whose subject area is the squatters' association, and *agentes* whose subject area is an association called Neurotics Anonymous. There are youth-group Catholics and black-consciousness Catholics, and Catholics who write letters to the local Macumba and Umbanda priests inviting them to a friendly, ecumenical exchange of views. The parish house looks a little like a town hall, and in a way it *is* the government here—that is, the government that responds to people and does the things that government is supposed to do and that most poor Brazilians have given up expecting.

Frei David's office is off the front hall, where everyone comes to meet friends and post notices. You know it is a priest's office by the three crucifixes on the wall and the battered wooden Virgin, with her nose taped on, standing on a file cabinet behind the desk, though Frei David feels that this is not really very reassuring, because the strongest generals and cruellest policemen of the *ditadura* also hung crucifixes on their walls and kept Virgins on their desks, to show that theirs was a reluctant, necessary cruelty—cruelty in the name of Christ. It is hard to recover the symbols of the Church from men who have misused them, hard to purge those symbols of their old associations—which is why the People's Church is usually so austere, almost Protestant, in its simplicity. If someone were to cover the altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help with gold, it is clear that Frei David and the other Franciscans would strip it down and sell the gold for medicines or books or sewers. Frei David believes that splendor is more distracting than inspiring, and he does not think the poor should be distracted from their poverty. Our Lady of Perpetual Help has one statue of the Virgin, above the altar, and one simple cross, along with a statue of Christ and a statue of Joseph—and that is that, as far as the iconography goes. Frei David prefers posters. He is always pasting posters on the wall on either side of the altar—the kinds of posters he thinks will remind people of their suffering and of the community of their struggle.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help is the official parish church, being virtually attached to the parish house, but it is much poorer than, say, Our Lady of the Rosary, which is always painted a fresh, pretty pale blue, and even has a piece of sculpture outside involving a wooden cross sunk in a circle of paving stones and ringed by candles. Our Lady of Perpetual Help has peeling turquoise walls. (Turquoise is the color of the Brazilian poor—a bright turquoise, like a slap of color in the face of poverty.) It has cracked tile floors, and old fluorescent light bulbs, and birds nesting on the slatted glass of the windows. The altar flowers are a couple of rubber plants in orange plastic wastebaskets with "*lixeirinho*"—"little garbage collector"—stamped on them. The chapels are empty, although some of Frei David's parishioners would like to put in shrines and relics and maybe a few saints' statues. Saints worship has been a problem for priests of liberation theology, because they tend to think of saints as another of the distractions elaborated by cynical princes of the Church to keep the poor ignorant, superstitious, and acquiescent. At the same time, they know that the worship of saints and, especially, Mary worship—Mariology or Mariolatry, depending on your point of view—are at the heart of Latin-American Catholicism.

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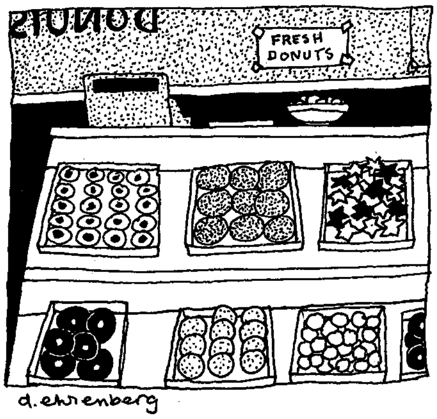
of Christ, or about the Catholic catechism or the symbols of the Mass, faithfully follow the six phases of her adoration—Infancy, Immaculate Conception, Incarnation, Motherhood, Martyrdom, and Glory—and assume the duties of her various cults. There are sixteen "aspects" of Mary in Brazil, and sixteen cults to commemorate them, each with its particular observances and obligations: Our Lady of Sustenance, Our Lady of Mercy, Our Lady of the Good Death, Our Lady of Solitude, Our Lady of the Cross, Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, Our Lady of Devotion, Our Lady of the Assumption, Our Lady of Prayers, Our Lady of the Rosary, Our Lady of Healing, Our Lady of Childbirth, Our Lady of the Sword, Our Lady of Carmel, Our Lady of Health, Our Lady as a Little Girl. And there are hundreds of saints' cults, each with *its* observances and obligations. It has been said that the calendar of the Brazilian Catholic year, which is full of pilgrimages and processions and festivals, accounts for much of the pleasure and most of the beauty in the lives of the Brazilian poor, and that without it those lives would be desolate. The people here love their saints. They love the stories of their saints, the horrible sufferings of their saints. They love the color and music and holiday of a pilgrimage, and they love to put on gaiety and wear it, like a papier-mâché procession saint, hung with wishes, through the mud streets of their favelas. They love to conspire at forgetting, and the pleasures of forgetting are hard to replace with the pleasures of a *comunidade eclesia de base* and sixteen subject areas on the way to salvation. In one sense, the Brazilian poor are as cynical as any princes of the Church. They do not really believe in a better life—certainly not in a better life of their own making—and so they prefer the distractions of saints, and Mary's indulgence, and shrines, fetishes, pilgrimages, and anything else they can think of to produce miracles. They say that in Brazil miracles are a better bet than social justice or a living wage or a clinic that actually opens once the baksheesh is paid. This is what their hard Brazilian life has taught them, and this is what a priest like Frei David has to answer for—and still sound like a priest of the Church who by faith and calling believes in miracles himself, including the miracle of the transubstantiation of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ which occurs each time he celebrates the Eucharist on his exhausting Sunday rounds.

WHEN Pope Paul VI died, in 1978, the Latin-American bishops were getting ready for a meeting in Puebla, Mexico. They had only had two other meetings as a group, and at the second of these—the plenary meeting of the Latin-American Bishops Conference in Medellín, Colombia, in 1968—they had taken for their text a rather awkward passage in Paul's encyclical "Populorum Progressio" about supporting the poor in their "transition from less than human conditions to truly human ones." However awkward, it was the beginning of what Frei David calls "the discovery by the Church of the people," because at Medellín many of those bishops pledged themselves to a mission they were to define at Puebla as "a preferential option for the poor." It was an option, in fact, that some of them had already exercised. They took as a primer the book "The Pedagogy of the Oppressed," by the Brazilian educator Paulo Freire. They studied Freire's theory of *conscientização* and presented the Medellín meeting with his model for little base communities where neighbors would meet for reflection and prayer—and discover the "voice" that was going to be the beginning of their liberation. Freire had written that a peasant who speaks once, publicly, in front of a group of his friends becomes transformed by speaking; and that, to the progressive bishops' minds, gave the "preferential option" they were taking its social and political context. Those bishops, the bishops whose long view was that the Biblical Exodus was still going on, in Latin America, included a Brazilian Franciscan—a cardinal now—named Aloisio Lorscheider, who became president of the Conference. The other bishops, the conservative bishops whose own long view was that, in the interest of Catholic mission and survival, the best place for bishops to be was on the right side of the people in power, and the best place for the poor was in church, praying, eventually found a leader in a Colombian—a cardinal, too, now—named Alfonso López Trujillo, who fought for years to become Conference president himself.



Catholics say that Medellín was a turning point for the Latin-American Church. Pope Paul came, to inaugurate the meeting. He heard the arguments and saw the reports of the theologians and sociologists and economists who were there as advisers, and he was evidently much moved by the Conference declaration, which the progressive bishops referred to as their Magna Carta. He lived for another ten years—during which López Trujillo got a reputation in Church circles because of his arguments against liberation theology, and Lorscheider got a reputation because of his arguments for it. Lorscheider was travelling a lot, soliciting scholars and sponsors for a study on how to survive a dictatorship like Brazil's—he called it "The International Study for a Society Overcoming Domination"—and so exasperating López Trujillo that once, during a meeting, López Trujillo blew up and slapped him. Lorscheider made a lot of friends travelling. He was talked of as a possible Pope—the first Third World Pope—and, in fact, he was a candidate for the papacy when Pope Paul died and again, a month later, when John Paul I died. Some Brazilians claim that on the early ballots of the second conclave Lorscheider was close to the papacy. If so, it was one of those elaborate accidents of Catholic politics that on the eighth ballot, when the cardinals finally settled on a candidate, he turned out to be a right-wing Polish populist who saw Marx in every radical Catholic text and heresy in every challenge to his authority and who agreed with López Trujillo that the Catholic poor should have babies, love Mary, hate Communists, mind their Pope, and leave salvation for the next world.

The first official trip that Karol Wojtyla took as John Paul II was his trip to Puebla, to open the third meeting of the Latin-American Bishops Conference. People who were with him in Puebla like to say that the meeting was his own *conscientização*, but none of them can say exactly what his consciousness was raised to. Wojtyla is an immensely puzzling character. He reflects (in the way that dissident intellectuals like Milan Kundera and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn reflect) the rigidities of the system he rejected. He loves freedom, but he is not a democrat. Dissent to him is disobedience, and disobedience is intolerable. He uses the rhetoric of "the people," and in fact he is a sentimental enthusiast of the people—especially when the people are simple, faithful, and adulatory, in the manner of a proper flock. He has no affection for capitalism, and certainly none for the social brutality of capitalists, but then he has no affection for the "Christian socialism" that the Boff brothers teach at Petrópolis, and, indeed, it is doubtful that anyone who came of age in the Catholic Church in postwar Poland would even put those words together. Devout Polish Catholics like Wojtyla suffer a kind of theological paranoia. They are terrified of Communism, and not really because Communism is oppressive or authoritarian, or even wrong, but because for them Communism is literally diabolical—an appearance of Satan in the world, at war with God. They see Communists lurking everywhere, like demons. This is why John Paul II is hard put to it to tell the difference between, say, the Dominican freedom fighters in São Paulo who went underground during the first years of the *ditadura*, and turned Castro into a kind of counter-Pope for the Catholic left, and the Franciscans in Petrópolis for whom Christian socialism is a way of being in the world, a kind of community sacrament, and has nothing to do with orthodox Marxist doctrine, let alone Russian tanks or the Central Committee in Poland. Believing, as he does, that in the battle between good and evil, Christ and Antichrist, God and Satan, God is accurately represented by the Holy See and Satan by the Kremlin, he tends to see Mikhail Gorbachev's hand in every challenge to his authority, whether it has to do with lessons in birth control for teenage Catholic orphans in New York or with prayers for the Sandinistas during Sunday Mass in Campos Elíseos. He seems to think that his years in Communist Poland were a necessary intimacy—a trial, set by God, to acquaint him with the Enemy and prepare him for that battle—whereas liberal Catholics think that intimacy has wounded and even incapacitated him. They feel that he does not know

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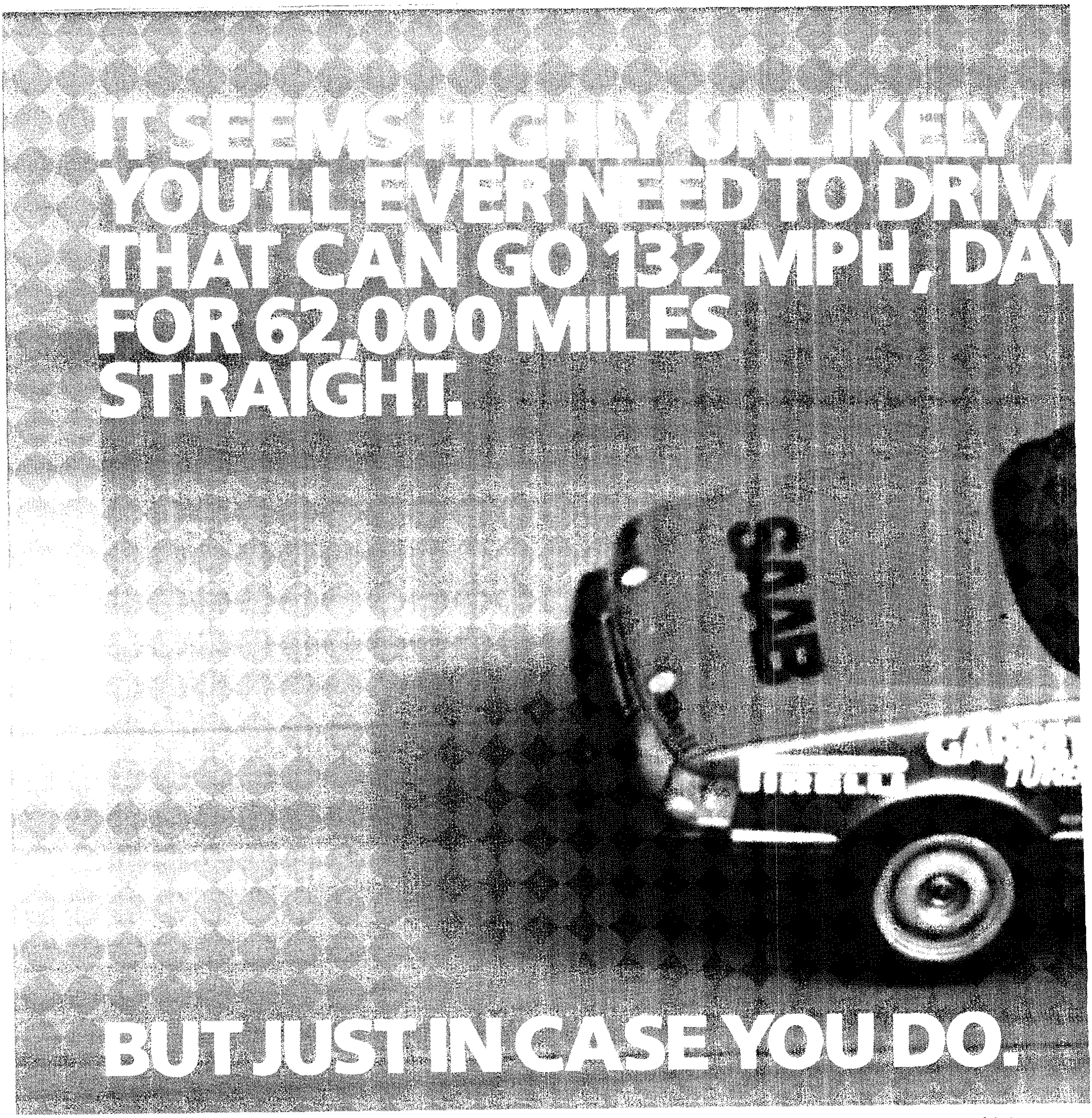
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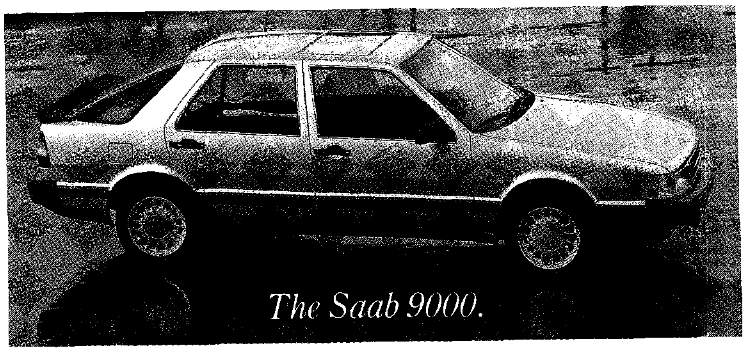
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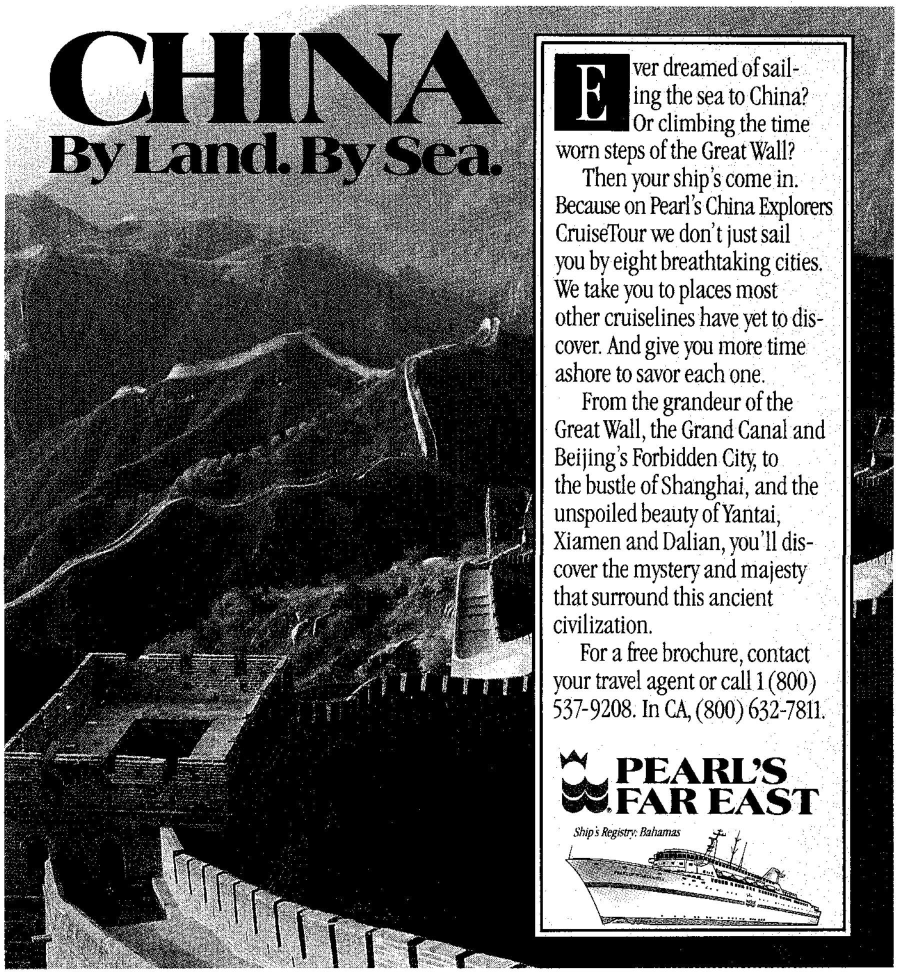
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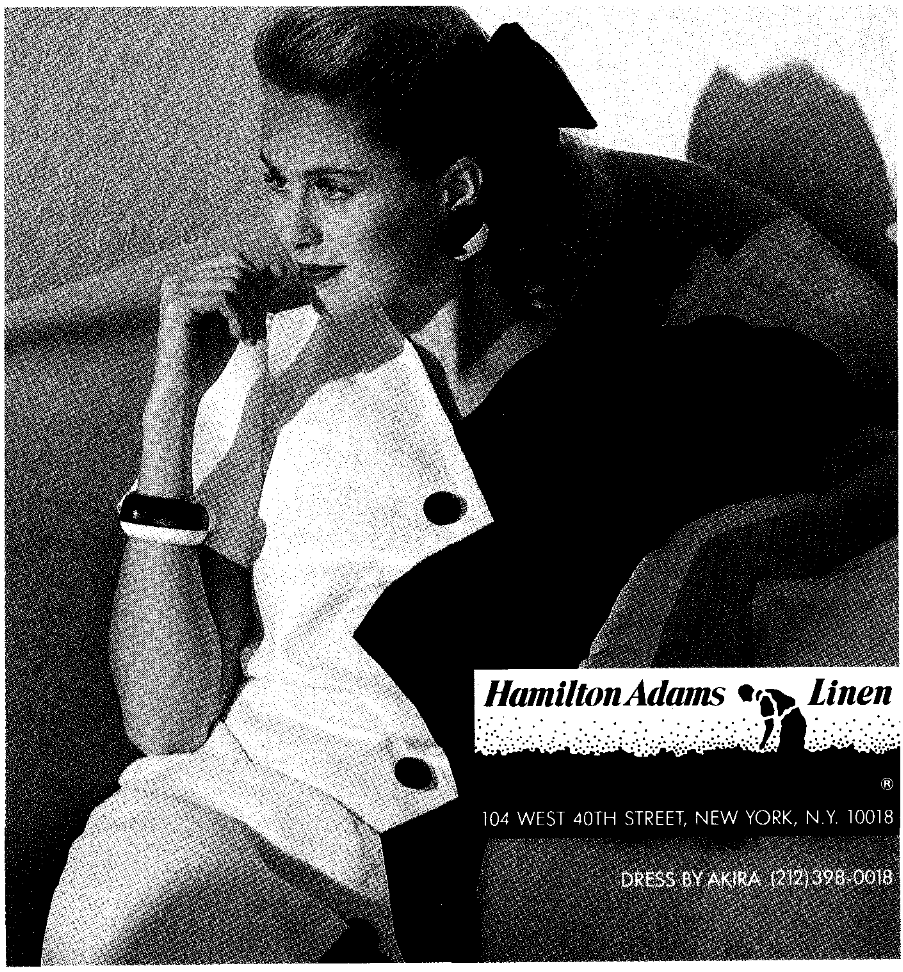
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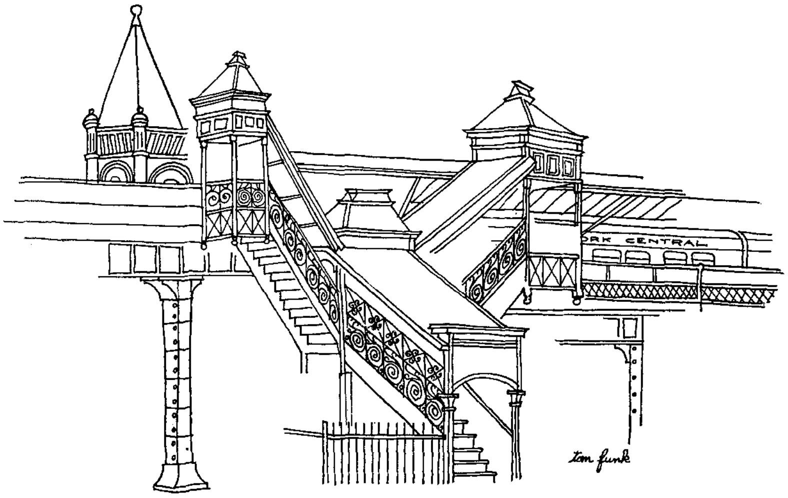
how to interpret a world in which Catholics suffer at the hands of people who hate Communism as much as he does, and even claim to be Catholics themselves. It is one of the tenets of liberation theology that the Church is a mirror of its time and of the political and social structures of its time—that the fact that the Church has been centralized, hierarchical, and jealous of its power ever since Constantine had a vision in his tent and was converted is an accident of history, and really has nothing to do with Christianity or with God's plan for a Christian community. Frei David, for one, does not deny that the Church has relaxed over the centuries, or that bishops today, what with their pastoral letters and bishops' conferences, have more freedom than they used to. He has learned from Boff that the Church is in its "Western-democracy phase," and mirrors a world in which emperors have been replaced by fathers—fathers superior, fathers of families, fathers of countries—and he likes to say that when Christian society becomes "authentically" socialist there will be less talk about God the Father and more about God the community.

LAST winter, Frei David and the other Franciscans in service in Duque de Caxias parishes went on a retreat in Petrópolis to pray and think and talk about, among other things, where they stood in terms of "politics and the Word of God." Frei David spent five days in Petrópolis. He thought until he was "radiant with thoughts," and talked with his brothers while they paced the courtyard in their jeans and sneakers, looking more like students than Franciscans—except for something modest and very private about the way they dipped their heads forward and clasped their hands behind their backs, something that made it easy to imagine them tonsured and wrapped in hooded homespun cassocks, strolling the gallery of a mossy close instead of the courtyard of a yellow concrete dormitory that could just as well have been a high school or a hospital or the annex of a chain hotel. During the retreat, Leonardo Boff showed them the manuscript of his new book, "Trinity, Society and Liberation," which Frei David says is an attempt to understand the Trinity in liberation-theology terms. Radical priests are often accused of neglecting the Holy Trinity. This is as much a matter of discussion in high theological circles as Boff's neglect of the Vatican is a matter of discussion in Cardinal Ratzinger's inquisitional offices.

"Just listen to this," Frei David said after the retreat. "We agreed that God is the spirit of the Trinity, because our understanding of this comes to us through Jesus Christ. We also agreed that we live the Holy Trinity when the Church lives as a community. So we came to this conclusion—that an authentically Christian society and an authentically socialist society are the same thing, and that, because of this, in an authentically Christian society the exercise of power will be a very great disgrace. In Brazil, it has always been the father, with all his power, who decides things, but it is my understanding now—my Christian understanding—that the community itself must decide things, on the basis of the Trinity that everyone in the community carries inside him and transmits. Sometimes in Campos Elíseos we stay up all night to discuss this. We are exhausted discussing it. We are priests, on our path through the Kingdom of God—but what is this Kingdom of God we talk about? It is only our faith and the faith of others that give us hope. Everything else we see is power and force and greed. Even in our own lives, in our practice as priests, we are disturbed at every turn with power. We have to be always aware, always conscious, always purifying ourselves. We have to remind ourselves that the real Church is not its churches, because a government that is oppressive and centralized will also be very interested in churches. We have to remind ourselves that the real Church is with the community, that it strengthens as the liberty of the people—who distribute the Word of God—strengthens. This is what Leonardo Boff told us. Boff knows how to refer to God in a political way that charms you. His vision is very poetical—especially when he is talking about society and liberation. He has helped me see that liberty is the embracing concept that has been missing in the Church. It was such a wonderful shock. It was a revolution."

Frei Leonardo Boff is a celebrity in Brazil right now—less, perhaps, for the sophistication of his arguments than for the rancor with which the Vatican has attacked him. Frei David himself thinks that the silencing of Boff—in 1985, Boff was banned from speaking publicly for a year and then, eleven months later, "released" from the ban in a deal between the Pope and the Franciscan Cardinals Arns and Lorscheider and twenty-one Brazilian bishops—was a terrible piece of Vatican strategy, because it made everybody outside the Vatican curious about who this dissident Franciscan was and what he was saying that was so dangerous. Boff was obviously not the first theologian to be disciplined by a Pope determined to restore the Catholic certainties that priests had been challenging with some abandon since Vatican II. Hans Küng in Germany and Edward Schillebeeckx in Holland had already been disciplined by the time Boff had to appear in Rome, late in 1984, to defend himself and, specifically, his book "The Church: Charism and Power" against Cardinal Ratzinger's charge that he was making "fundamental attacks" on the Church when he wrote that the Church was structurally allied with the ruling classes and would continue to be allied with the ruling classes until its own hierarchies were dismantled. But Germany and Holland are secular states, where the Church does not have much to gain or lose politically by what its intellectuals have to say in university classrooms about a new scriptural hermeneutics or about the nature of salvation, and its instructions to Küng and Schillebeeckx really amounted to a kind of intramural discipline. Brazil, on the other hand, is a country of passionate, if not passionately practicing, Catholics—the biggest Catholic country in the world—and its radical theologians are less concerned with theories of interpretation than with the Bible as an interpretative context for social revolution. Boff, who spent the eleven months of what Franciscans call his house arrest working on his new book about the Trinity and digging in the seminary garden, liked to greet visitors wearing a T-shirt with a picture of himself gagged, but he kept the ban, really breaking it only once, when he was visiting Managua and talked after a Mass about wanting to move forward "with a new Church into a new society." Even now—out of discretion or respect, or maybe pride—he refuses to come to the phone for anybody but "my family or the Vatican."

Boff is forty-eight, a handsome, bearded man with a fine voice and—whatever his theological position—a lot of easy authority that could be called charisma. Now that he is a hero to millions of poor people who had never heard of him before the ban and would probably never have heard of him without it, he and his brother Clodovis have taken on the job of instructing those people in the day-to-day business of their liberation, and of explaining to them, in language they can understand, that liberation is what Christ and the Christians of the early Church intended. (Actually, there is little evidence that any of the early Christians outside Palestine ever entirely accepted the "liberating" tenets of a true communism.) The seminary at Petrópolis has become a kind of teachers' college for the priests and *agentes* and *assessores* of the People's Church, concerned with inventing a methodology of personal and social liberation, the way during the *ditadura* Cardinal Arns' São Paulo curia and the chancery of Frei David's mentor Archbishop Pires became war colleges for the nonviolent, concerned with inventing a methodology of political liberation. The books from Petrópolis that people in Campos Elíseos are apt to see are not Boff's books about charism and power, or liberty and the Holy Trinity. They are books that the Boffs, singly or together, write for their pastoral fieldworkers. Some of them are simple how-to books—how to organize a base community, how to practice liberation theology, how to



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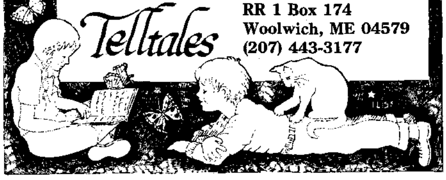

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raise consciousness, how to make the church “become” the people. Some are alternative histories of Brazil—basically, comic books that teach the story of Brazil from the point of view of the Brazilian poor, of the Indians who were conquered and pacified, the slaves who were imported to build the country, the rebels and the martyrs and the local heroes. Frei David stocks these books in the parish house, along with a series called Paths of Slavery and another called Paths of Liberation, which teaches the story of the Exodus of the Jews and of the miracle of the Red Sea parting, and describes how during their long Babylonian captivity the Jews kept Jerusalem in their hearts by singing their native songs and dancing their native dances and worshipping the way they had worshipped at home. Frei David believes that the people of Campos Elíseos have to acknowledge their own captivity in order to be truly free. He says that his decision to “be black”—in a country where popular wisdom has been that white is a negotiable color, something better than black that you buy, along with a telephone and a padlocked gate, as soon as you have the money—was his way of accepting his own captivity, of embracing the condition of his parishioners’ lives. “What a pity that all the people here who are *my* color won’t claim their black identity,” he remarked one Sunday night at a Mass at Our Lady of the Rosary, after announcing a debate on workers’ laws and offering a prayer for “our Nicaraguan brothers who have been killed completing their mission of justice against the imperialists.” It was by way of an aside—something for people to think about if they wanted, something to make them a little uncomfortable in their pews, and even to nag at them later on, but not anything judgmental, not anything to make them angry or afraid.

FREI DAVID does not like to admit it, but he is a crafty practitioner. There is a lot of method in the simplicity he affects and the radiance he always talks about. He may be *estressado* from time to time, and have to go to Santa Catarina for a cure known among priests as “the Franciscan special” (five minutes in hot water, a minute in ice water, repeated for a couple of hours every day), but he is never bored, and one reason for this is his fascination with the process of consciousness that he sets in motion. He talks about being black to the people who go to Mass at Our Lady of the Rosary because those people are marginally better off than his other parishioners, and thus, as far as Frei David is concerned, they are in danger of “thinking white,” and even “buying white,” and cutting themselves off from the community of the poor, which is the source of their real liberation. Frei David is alert to the signs of people “thinking white.” They have to do with the kind of robe a congregation will choose for him to wear (the people at Our Lady of the Rosary chose vestments with a beautiful long green stole and green lining inside the collar) and with the kind of service it prefers once it is thinking white and getting interested in gentility. One reason the people in Parque João Pessoa wanted a Mass of their own was that they were intimidated at churches like Our Lady of the Rosary. The Masses at Our Lady of the Rosary are calmer lately than they used to be. They are a little more stately and traditional—more like the Masses at a bourgeois Rio church than the avid, clamorous celebrations of poor black people. Frei David, of course, has no idea how many of his parishioners are black and how many of his parishioners are white. Properly speaking, most of them are both. The problem, he says, is that if you are trying to build a Church of the oppressed you have to keep your people thinking about oppression.

It is Frei David’s sad experience that people who feel oppressed make the most ardent Christians. There are twenty-five *comunidades eclesiais de base*—Brazilians call them CEBs—in his parish, and no matter how hard Frei David tries to hold them together with weekly catechism classes and weekly Bible readings they are really active as communities only when they are talking about oppression or doing something practical about getting rid of oppression. When Frei David introduces someone from Campos Elíseos by saying that he “discovered the church” at such-and-such a time, he usually means the time that particular parishioner discovered his black consciousness or his worker’s consciousness or his squatter’s consciousness and, with Frei David’s help, got his neighbors organized. One of the regulars at the parish house is a mason named Silas Martins Oliveira, who lives in a favela in a Campos Elíseos swamp, and who discovered the Catholic Church after the man who owned the swamp tried to take it back from the families squatting there and the Church stopped him—or, rather, a Church lawyer who knew the usufruct laws stopped him. There is a CEB in the favela now. Silas has been elected "president of workers' favela rights," and every Saturday at five in the afternoon the twenty-five favela families meet to talk about those rights—electric lights, running water, titles to the land—and to "reflect together." Silas says he was an Evangelical before, and went to an Evangelical mission church in the neighborhood, but now he is a Catholic again and goes to one of Frei David's churches and brings his problems to Frei David and the other parish priests and the parish lawyers. It is hard to say if Silas discovered the Catholic Church because he was beginning his liberation or because his landlord never showed up in the swamp again—and that, for Silas, was a sign of the Catholic Church's superior power. The most active CEBs in Frei David's parish are in squatters' communities. Two of them are in a huge favela that organized a couple of years ago when the landlord decided, suddenly, to sell the favela to the people, and the people—"in their wisdom and necessity," Frei David says—refused to pay. Frei David called in three Church lawyers as *assessores*, and the lawyers sorted through the squatters' various claims and statuses and decided that their flat favela was really "a mountain of irregularities"—and eventually came up with a scheme for each family to buy its share of the land according to what that family earned and to its "Christian and human rights" to stay.

Frei David does not much care *why* people like Silas Martins Oliveira discover the Church. He expects that poor people will come to any church with the wit and the will to do something useful for them, and he does not make the distinction traditional Catholics make between the function of, say, a solicitous Virgin and the function of a Church lawyer who knows that Silas can claim his patch of swamp once he has squatted there for ten years without anyone complaining. Frei David believes that the choice Brazilian Catholics are making now is a choice between the authority of the institution and the authority of the community of Catholics. But the fact is that when Silas and his neighbors arrive at the Duque de Caxias town hall with Frei David and a Church lawyer they arrive with the entire, intimidating weight of that institution

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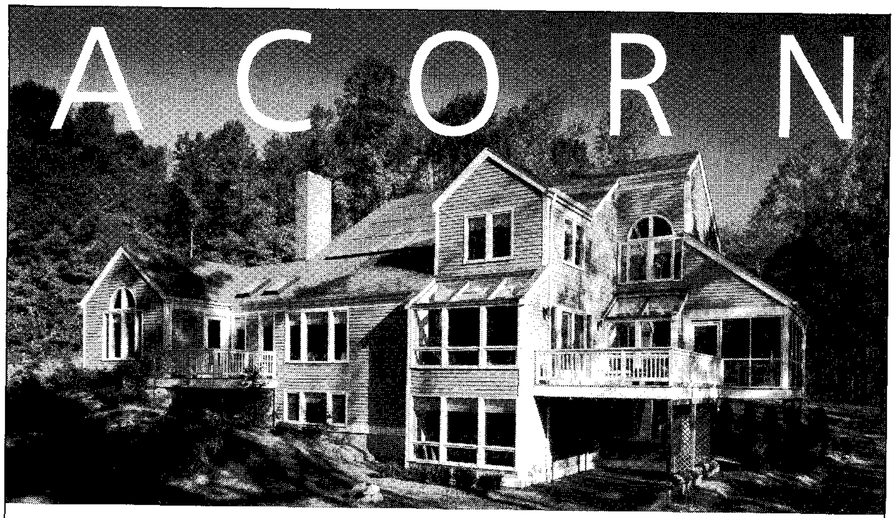

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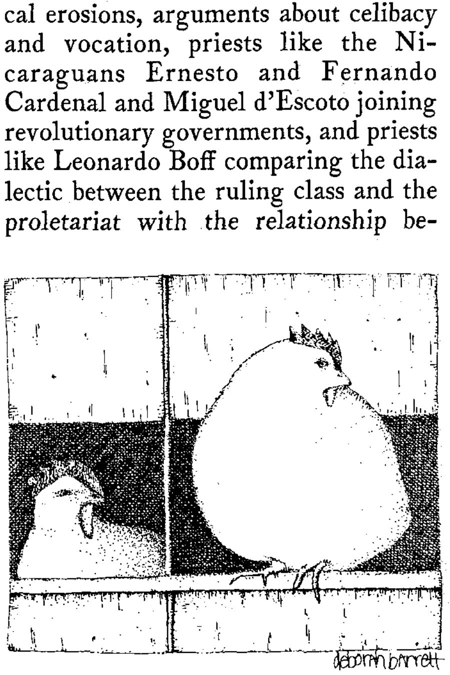
behind them, and this may be the only real authority they have. It is unlikely that they could have done much as a "community of the poor" about overriding their eviction orders—not in Duque de Caxias, which is run like a protection racket. A community of the poor would have a better chance in a town where politicians talked less about God and more about the social contract.

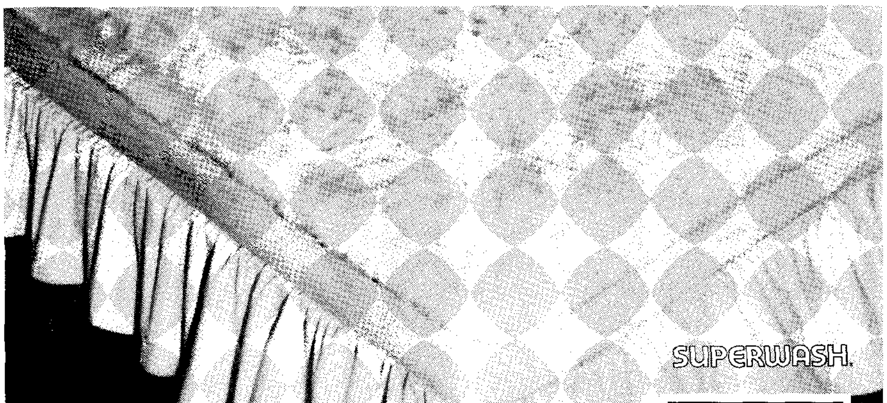
Squatters were an issue here—maybe the most important issue—before the *ditadura*, but they are even more of an issue now that the military had twenty-one years to promote development schemes that opened millions of unclaimed acres of Amazonia and the Mato Grosso, where the rural poor live and farm, for speculation. There were three great agricultural projects during the *ditadura*. The first project subsidized speculators to large-scale soybean farming, the idea being to turn Brazil into a soybean capital and make some people rich in the process. The second project subsidized speculators to large-scale beef-cattle ranching, the idea this time being to turn Brazil into a beef capital. The third project was to produce low-grade automobile fuel out of sugarcane alcohol—which is why the traffic jams in Rio and São Paulo today smell like hospital corridors that have just been disinfected and sprayed with room freshener. These projects did nothing about the national debt or about giving Brazil a reliable agriculture, but over twenty-one years they literally emptied the countryside. Millions of peasants were forced off the land, or were bought off it for sums that to people who had always traded in goods and produce seemed like fortunes—until they tried to buy something. Most of them ended up in slums like Campos Elíseos, the cheap labor on which Brazil built its factories and pursued its wildest schemes of industrializing. Those peasants—and the peasants who decided to challenge the *latifundiários* and their vigilantes and stay on the land—were the poor on whom the Brazilian bishops and their priests began to practice their "preferential option." Land reform was the issue around which the constituency of the People's Church was raised. Bishops like Dom Pedro Casaldáliga and Dom José-Maria Pires announced "a vocation for the land." They put their authority, and their bodies, between the poor who refused to leave—and the poor, like Silas, who left for the misery of the favelas—and the police or soldiers or hired guns who came to coerce them. Frei David thinks a lot about bishops like Casaldáliga when he is helping the squatters in Campos Elíseos organize. He cannot decide whether the bishops succeed—to the extent that they do succeed—because of the faith and passion and compassion they communicate or because of the authority that sets them apart.

THE Roman Catholic Church is the richest religious institution in the world and, with eight hundred million baptized Catholics, one of the most powerful communities in human history. It was built on the model of Imperial Rome. There are no contemporary parallels. One does not talk about the "institutions" of Protestantism—even in the case of state churches—or the "institutions" of Buddhism or Judaism or Islam. The Church stays rich because its wealth is held institutionally and controlled institutionally, and it stays powerful because enough Catholics identify with the institution and, in the last resort, are accountable to it. This is the Church—whether or not it is the Church that Christ intended. If it is also a community of faith, it is a community maintained and sustained and disciplined by a powerful political state that is the repository of its wealth and power—just as Rome was the repository of the wealth and power of its colonies. There is no doubt that the Pope has drawn his own comparisons between decadence and decline in ancient Rome and what he sees as signs of decadence and decline in the Church now—skepticism, contempt, moral and hierarchical erosions, arguments about celibacy and vocation, priests like the Nicaraguans Ernesto and Fernando Cardenal and Miguel d'Escoto joining revolutionary governments, and priests like Leonardo Boff comparing the dialectic between the ruling class and the proletariat with the relationship between the College of Cardinals and the Catholic masses. The Pope is on a fervent crusade in the name of Christian orthodoxy and his own authority, and one of the reasons is that unless some tranquillity is restored to the institution of the Church in places like Latin America, some consensus reached between the hierarchy and the masses as to the role of that institution in the modern world, the Catholic Church will become a church in schism—either it will become another church, something unrecognizable, or it will divide, with the orthodox remaining and the "protestants" leaving to start churches of their own. It may be that for all his vigorous talk about sin and spirit John Paul II is really the most practical of Popes, with the most sophisticated understanding of power, while the "political Catholics," like Cardinal Lorscheider and Cardinal Arns, turn out to be the innocents of the Church—unworldly in their belief in a Christian community built on brotherhood and shared faith and poverty.



Cardinal Arns is a man of exceptional sweetness and courage. His cathedral was a sanctuary all during the *ditadura*. People whose children or husbands or wives were *desaparecidos*—"disappeared ones"—would go to Cardinal Arns, and the Cardinal would stop whatever he was doing and drive to the prisons, the police, the Second Army headquarters in São Paulo, or anywhere else political prisoners were held and tortured, and wait. He wanted the Church to be a witness to the crimes of the *ditadura*, and in fact for six years he supervised (if the word applies) a clandestine project to document those crimes. The project began with two lawyers who had access to Supreme Military Court files in Brasília. The lawyers went to Arns with a plan to photocopy transcripts of testimony—political prisoners describing their own torture and the torture and murder of friends—and in a few years they and their colleagues had copied more than a million pages, of which two thousand seven hundred turned out to be testimony about murder and torture. The pages were smuggled across the country to São Paulo and hidden in a succession of archdiocese buildings—and eventually compiled and published under the Cardinal's patronage by a Presbyterian minister named Jaime Wright, who works for Arns as a special diocesan assistant, and whose brother, Paulo Stuart Wright, had been abducted and tortured to death by the Brazilian Army. Paulo Wright was a revolutionary. He was one of a hundred and twenty-five *desaparecidos* who were mourned at memorial Masses at the cathedral in São Paulo—Masses that began as gestures of what Frei David calls "the Catholic Church awakening to the people" and quickly became a kind of high theatre of resistance. Thousands of people came to them. The Army would send in troops to shoot the mourners—the official word was "terrorists"—and the troops would wait for the Mass to end, their rifles pointed at the cathedral doors, but when the doors opened hundreds of priests and nuns would be scattered among the mourners, dressed in ordinary street clothes, and there was no way for the troops to tell them apart. "Inverting the pyramid," Cardinal Arns called it, because what the Catholic soldiers saw, standing on the cathedral steps and singing the *canto final*, was the whole community of their Church, defying them to fire. It was an exercise in passive resistance of great cunning and simplicity, and it was repeated in churches all over Latin America. Frei David thinks of it as a trial by fire that sealed the covenant between the Church and the people. He wants to repeat that trial at home. He wants to "practice love" the way Cardinal Arns' priests and nuns practiced love when they sang on the cathedral steps. He believes that love was the weapon that protected them from the soldiers, and that it will protect him, too, in Campos Elíseos. This is why, like the Cardinal's priests, he prefers to dress in ordinary clothes. If he is celebrating Mass, he will come to church in his jeans and shirt and put on his vestments in front of everyone, and after Mass he will take them off in front of everyone. He wants the people in Campos Elíseos to know that his vestments carry no mystery and no authority besides the mystery of a priest about to celebrate the Eucharist—that they have to do with a sacramental state, with a moment of transformation, and not with any power or privilege that puts him above his people and their community and, especially, their suffering.

It is hard to imagine anyone harming Frei David in Campos Elíseos, where everyone knows him. To see him "practice love," you have to see him, say, in downtown Rio, on his way to a meeting at a center for black culture on a tough street near the waterfront. In Rio, Frei David is simply another stranger with an open book bag on his shoulder. He looks like an easy mark to the *pivetes*—the little street boys—who come down from the favelas every day to steal, but as soon as a *pivete* spots him David will walk right up and greet him, as if the two of them were friends. He will smile, and put a hand on the boy's shoulder—Brazilians touch a lot, and they say hello by shaking hands and clapping each other on the shoulder at the same time—and say something friendly, something that completely disarms him. He will do the same thing with an angry policeman, and he would probably do it with a soldier with a rifle, too. Traditional priests—priests who wear vestments to announce themselves—believe that this sort of wandering around incognito in dangerous places or dangerous times is a kind of hubris. They say that a priest in his vestments may be testing the charisma of the Church, and of his association with the Church, in his confrontations with violence, but that a priest like Frei David is really testing the limits of his own charisma, whether or not he is aware of it. Frei



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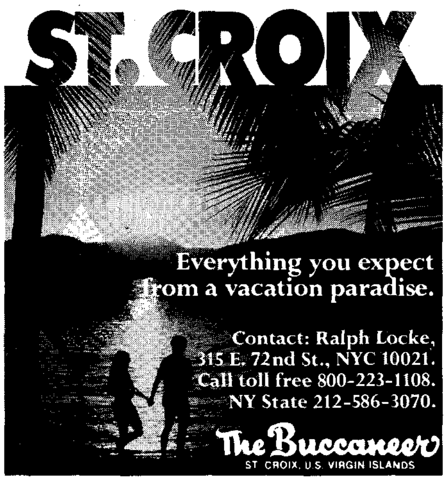

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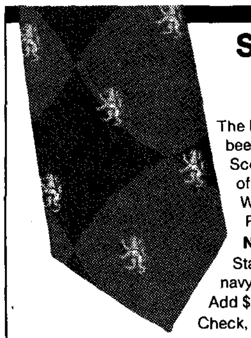

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David, for his part, says that a priest who walks out as a man among men is doing what priests were meant to do and have forgotten—he is following Christ into the world, and honoring, as best he can, the sacrifice that was Christ's life and Christ's mortality.

THE record of the Brazilian Church is dismal. When the Vatican warns priests now about becoming a "political Church" or a "Church of social workers" or a "dangerously syncretic Church," or Cardinal Ratzinger sends an instruction about heretical aberrations which "under the name of 'theology of liberation' . . . seriously depart from the faith of the Church, and, what is more, actually negate it," priests like Frei David will shrug and say that the Brazilian Church has four hundred years of terrible apathy to answer for. With the exception of the early Jesuits of the Paraná borderlands—who declared what Berbers call a *bled s-siba*, a state of dissonance, in their mission territories—priests in Brazil were not much interested in *o povo de Deus*, let alone in poverty or renunciation. Whatever passion they had about poor people was mainly a passion to convert them or control them. There were no Brazilian worker-priests, and few activists of the faith. The Church spent its energies on the rich and on the children of the rich (Brazilian Jesuits ran the best, and most exclusive, schools in the country) and its money on gold for its cathedrals, and this is why Frei David thinks it is the duty of the Church right now to redeem its past, to "confess" those sins and privileges, and even "confess the evil in itself." He believes that every priest who baptized a chained black slave was in fact a force for evil, and so was every bishop who turned away from an instance of injustice or despair. When he talks about things like this to Leonardo Boff or Archbishop Pires, he is trying to come to a theology that does not exclude what could be called a politics of hope.

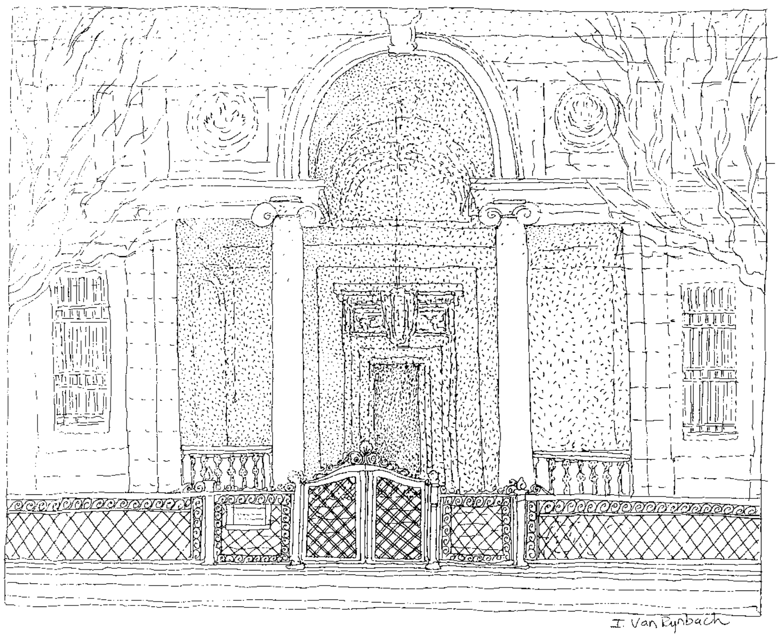
Sixteen years ago, the German theologian Jürgen Moltmann described the crisis of modernity as Christians with no more hope and revolutionaries with no more faith. He said that any truly *new* church—a church interested less in making its arrangements with the world that is than in fighting for a better one—would have to restore the proper "Christian synthesis of Cross and Kingdom" to the empty, antagonistic dialectic of modern life. Talking about Christianity as "hope in action," and about meeting God in His "historical promises . . . of the Exodus of the poor and the Resurrection of a crucified, humiliated Christ," Moltmann was really repeating something Che Guevara said: that the day the Christians join the revolution the revolution will be invincible. Leonardo Boff likes to quote Che Guevara. He says that it is easy to imagine revolution without religion in European countries like France and Germany, where Christianity is "beside the point as a social frame of reference," but not in Latin America, because religion in Latin America is the source of all popular enthusiasm and popular understanding, the invigorating, liberating idea in people's lives—by which, of course, he means in poor people's lives. He says that Karl Marx's great failure was in describing religion as an opiate of the poor—although certainly religion has been used in Latin America as an opiate. He believes that a Church "starting with the poor, standing with the poor against poverty" will be very different from the opiate Church of saints and shrines and pilgrimages which has dominated religion in Brazil since the Europeans arrived.

The Pope has declared 1987 a Marian Year—a year devoted to the Virgin. Soon he will start to go on the sort of pilgrimages he enjoys, and they will be filmed and photographed and reported, and used to try to rally the Brazilian poor away from their CEBs and their "Christ consciousness" groups and back into a soothing and familiar round of celebrations to the Virgin. Until now, and despite the silencing of Leonardo Boff, the Pope has tended to indulge renegade Catholics in Brazil in ways he has never indulged them in little Central American countries like Nicaragua, where he suspended Miguel d'Escoto and Fernando and Ernesto Cardenal from the priesthood for becoming ministers of the Sandinista government. A couple of years ago, he even suspended the Jesuits' constitution for encouraging the sorts of practices in Central America—pastoral workers giving sacraments, priests organizing peasants—that are commonplace in Brazil by now. The Pope knows how glamorous—Catholics say "sexy"—a big political Church can be. He saw what happened in Poland when the Church took up the cause of Solidarity—the cachet it had, suddenly, and how fast that cachet disappeared when the Church backed off and made its peace with the government. He saw what happened in the Philippines when Jaime Cardinal Sin called a million Catholics into the streets of Manila for a confrontation with the Army that ended Ferdinand Marcos's regime. The fact is that Catholic activists in Poland and the Philippines did more for the Church, and for the way non-Catholics felt about the Church, than all the papal exhortations and encyclicals and silencings in the name of orthodoxy and the long view.

Right now, the Pope has to decide just how "political" the Church in Brazil really is. There are about ten million Catholics in the movement that calls itself the People's Church. There are anywhere from eighty to a hundred thousand active base communities, most of them political only insofar as the issues that concern them—jobs, land, housing—are political. It may be that the real "people" of the People's Church are the priests like Frei David and the prelates like Arns and Lorscheider, who can probably speak for the Brazilian Bishops Conference more confidently than they can for a hundred million ordinary Brazilian Catholics. Bishops here are like saints. They are known by their attributes and their sufferings, and have a kind of iconic power. Archbishop Pires, for instance, is known as the Barefoot Bishop, because he walks as a poor man among the poor—if not precisely barefoot, then in the cheap flip-flops that favela people wear. Dom Tomás Balduíno, the Bishop of Goiás, in the scrub plains of central Brazil, is known as the Flying Bishop, because he makes the rounds of his vast diocese by private plane. Dom Pedro Casaldáliga, whose own prelature follows the Araguaia River through the swamps and jungles of the Mato Grosso, is known as the Poetry Writing Bishop, because he is a lyric poet of some reputation, and peasants—*posseiros*—like to chant a poem of his that goes, "We are the people of a nation / We are the people of God / We want land on earth / We already have it in Heaven." Dom Pedro's sufferings are legend, although the Bishop himself never talks about them. He was never jailed, but the *ditadura* harassed him cruelly and in the end tried to expel him, and he saw a Jesuit friend named João Bosco Penido Burnier shot in the head and killed—possibly in his place—for trying to stop the torture of a peasant woman in a village they were visiting. His "crime" (every liberal bishop had his crime, according to the *ditadura*) was taking up the cause of the Indians and the *posseiros* who were being forced off the land by the police and the private armies of what Brazilians call multinational *latifúndios*—company ranches like the two-hundred-and-eighty-seven-thousand-acre cattle ranch that Volkswagen used to own near São Félix. (Dom Pedro called it his biggest parishioner.) The crime of his colleague Dom Adriano Hipólito, the Bishop of Nova Iguaçu, was using his diocesan newspaper to denounce the police of that notably violent town for doing business with the criminals and drug dealers and protection runners who in fact ran it. Dom Adriano's sufferings are something that Brazilians recite, like a litany. The Bishop was kidnapped by six policemen from a hit squad calling itself the Brazilian Anti-Communist Alliance; he was stripped and bound; he was painted red; he was beaten and forced to swallow large quantities of cane alcohol; he was dumped onto a sidewalk in a Rio suburb, far from home, and left there, naked and drunk and battered, as a "warning."

Brazilians recite this sort of story because, in the end, they are much more interested in a bishop's personal style and in his style of service, and even of suffering, than in the details of theology that he polished for his European doctorate, just as they are more interested in having a festival for the Virgin Mary than in spending a three-day weekend discussing Christ. They are more interested in devotion than in discussion anyway, and are apt to take the lessons of the new Church and apply them to their old enthusiasms. That is what happened in Vitória, where after much debate in the CEBs it was finally understood by *o povo de Deus* that Mary and the saints were really symbols of love rather than miracle-working plaster: the women in Vitória elected an old lady from one of the favelas to replace St. Anne in a saint's-day procession, and when their bishop objected they explained that the old lady was the most loving grandmother they could find.

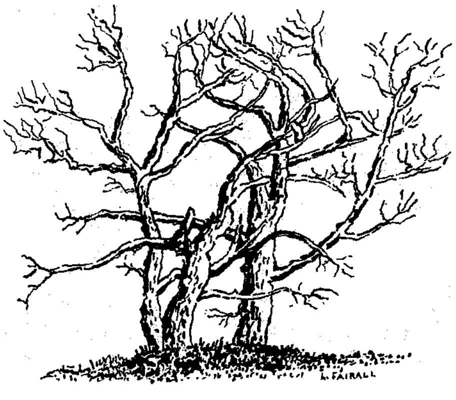
The Pope has said that he wants the Brazilian poor to return to their familiar devotions, and to his authority, and if he cannot get them to return during this Marian Year he will have to decide whether to discipline the Brazilian Church or to let them move, with their bishops, into a new kind of Catholicism which is really a Protestantism that refuses to break away from him. He is terrifically popular in Brazil. When he visited in 1980, so many people wanted to see him that he had to use airport runways for his Masses, and nothing about him seemed to disappoint those people—not even after he presented his gold ring to the mothers in a Rio favela, to sell for food for their children, and the ring was hardly worth anything. He has a curious following among Brazilian intellectuals who fled to Eastern Europe during the first years of the *ditadura*. They were homesick in the East and quickly disenchanted with Communism, and began to miss the Catholic pomp and pageantry that they had left behind. They talk now about the "empty discourse of Catholic humanism," the way fundamentalists in America talk about the empty discourse of secular humanism—meaning a discourse that can be shaped to fit any situation. They do not find the Catholicism of the People's Church



"Catholic" enough, and like to say that the only real difference between the People's Church and the Protestant churches in Brazil is political, because the People's Church is always on the left and the Protestant churches are usually on the right. They complain that the People's Church has no way of responding to the realities of class, and class difference, in Brazil except with clichés about a ruling class and an oppressor class and a "class of the oppressed," and that it has nothing at all to say to the rich, who have some right to liberation, too. Rubem César Fernandes—a Brazilian anthropologist who fled to Poland in 1965, came home in 1976, and studies popular Catholicism from a research institute in Rio called the Institute for Religious Studies—says that for him the problem with the People's Church is that there is not enough of "the people's Brazil" in it. He says that the foreign missionaries it attracts are much more radical than the Brazilian poor and cannot seem to grasp what the poor themselves know well—that decisions coming from "below," from the people, are not necessarily better or wiser or more liberating, or even more Christian, than decisions coming from a papal palace. He thinks that all you can really predict about populism (or direct democracy, as the left calls it) in religion *or* politics is that "the people" will probably make the same mistakes out of ignorance that élitists like Cardinal Ratzinger make out of arrogance.

Rubem César, nevertheless, is something of a super-*assessor* to the People's Church—running his institute, arranging conferences between Catholic priests and their Indian and Afro-Brazilian colleagues, dispatching a lawyer or an economist or a social worker to a CEB with a problem. He and Brazilians like him are what Antonio Gramsci once described as "organic intellectuals"—intellectuals who for any number of political or personal reasons have felt a need to justify their privilege, and even their existence, and have put their education and expertise at the service of the poor. But César is uncomfortable with the role. He says that house intellectuals, by definition, infantilize the people they are advising. He does not think much of the Christian picture books and the comic strips about slavery and squatters' rights and Christ consciousness that his colleagues have been producing in such quantity for *o povo de Deus*. He says that in a country as various and complicated as Brazil it is not enough to announce to black Catholics or Indian Catholics that the Kingdom of God is here and now in Recife or the Mato Grosso, or to expect that "consciousness" will solve their problems. One of the things he admires about Frei David, who uses the institute, is that Frei David not only is passionate about the question of what black consciousness means for a liberated Christian, and what Christian liberation means for a Brazilian black, but seems to understand how complicated those questions are.

SOMETIMES when Frei David is feeling *estressado*, he complains that white theologians, for all their talk about the context of oppression, have never come to terms with the simple, central fact that sixty per cent of the population of Brazil is black or has some black roots, and that "context of oppression" is really a comfortable way of saying "history of discrimination." He remembers going to church as a child and seeing a German priest throw out some boys who wanted to play their guitars and conga drums at Mass, and he does not think black consciousness has made much progress in the Church since then. Not long ago, the Vatican banned an Afro-Brazilian Mass that was written by Bishop Casaldáliga and the poet Pedro Tíerra, and set to the music of the black pop singer Milton Nascimento. It was a Mass in memory of the Quilombos de Palmares, the runaway slaves of Brazil's first "socialist community," and it was celebrated once, in Recife, before the Pope banned it. Frei David's friend Archbishop Pires—Dom Zumbi, after the Quilombo leader—says that it was wonderful and "very African," with drums and dancing and costumes. It was just what a black Brazilian bishop like him had always wanted to see. This "business of Africanness," Pires says, is what makes priests like Frei David so interested in contact with priests and priestesses from the Afro-Brazilian cults—cults like Candomblé, from Bahia, whose mediums keep in touch with the spirit world by bilocation, or Macumba, whose priests control the spirits that possess them and have powers of life and death at their disposal. It is not, he says, that they want to add a pantheon of terrible pagan demons to Christian cosmology and a lot of bloodcurdling superstitions to orthodox Christian faith. The Vatican has always been wary of syncretic practices, but, as it happens, there was no formal objection to the Quilombo Mass on syncretic grounds. The Vatican's objection was that the text of the Mass was political and racial, and the solution the Brazilian bishops came up with was to stop calling it a Mass and to call it a "celebration of the Word," which in the People's Church means the Mass without the Eucharist. There are Quilombo celebrations in Salvador every year on November 20th—the day the original Zumbi died. Frei David would like to have one in Campos Elíseos, but his parishioners are not as far along in their black consciousness as the people in Salvador, which is really a black city, and Frei David says that you can't really love your African roots, or even *have* African roots, unless you are a conscious black community. He has only just managed to get people to come to an occasional Sunday Mass with what he calls "black instruments." The first time he tried to put conga drums into the Mass at Our Lady of Perpetual Help, a group of white-thinking men and women got up and walked out, taking their children (who didn't want to go) with them. David thought all week about what to do. "That Sunday, when everybody was in church, I asked them to reflect on the story of King David, who saluted God with the sound of drums and harps that belonged to the people of his time. They managed to take comfort from the story, and I managed to gather their sympathy for the drums. I mean, I got the drums back."



Archbishop Pires is sixty-eight—the oldest of five black bishops among the two hundred and eighty-nine active bishops of the Brazilian episcopate—and he is a gentle man, who keeps bees and speaks to foreigners in the correct and courteous French of the imported Bible commentaries he had to read in Diamantina as a seminarian. Before he was called Dom Zumbi, everyone in Brazil called him Dom Pele, because he was famous, like the footballer, and black people were proud of him the way they were proud of Pele. He says that Pele was "a glory for Brazil" but that he got rich and became a capitalist—which from the Archbishop's point of view is the same thing as becoming white—and that was when the Archbishop announced that he didn't want to be called Dom Pele anymore, and people decided to say Dom Zumbi instead. Frei David started writing to Dom Zumbi when he was still in Petrópolis, and now they meet every year in São Paulo or Brasília for seminars on "the black pastoral." One of the things they talk about at those seminars is what to do with the cults like Macumba and Umbanda and Catimbó. As many as forty million Brazilians practice some sort of local cult religion—a lot more than practice liberation theology—though most of them practice Catholicism, too, and see nothing contradictory or blasphemous or perverse about the combination. They belong to what Dom Zumbi calls "a black culture diffused among the culture of the poor." In João Pessoa, where Dom Zumbi lives, there are Catimbó priests and priestesses who control the spirit Exu—Exu could be called the Archfiend of the Afro-Brazilian pantheon—and thus, to everybody's mind, have the kind of power that police chiefs and *ditadura* generals (but rarely beekeeping archbishops) have. One Catimbó priestess is so powerful that her spells come with a money-back guarantee that your enemy will drop dead in forty-eight hours, and she is, understandably, in great demand as a Catholic godmother. She has three hundred godchildren, and more coming, and therefore spends a lot of her time in church at baptisms and confirmations and weddings and occasionally funerals. Her house and her yard are filled with statues and shrines and magic plants devoted to five particularly dread spirits, and it is clear that the neighbors are terrified of those spirits, because hers is the only house in the favela without a metal gate or a padlock, or even a dog. On the other hand, the pictures and shrines and statues in her own children's rooms come straight from a Catholic mail-order catalogue—blond Marys and blue-eyed Christs and big posters of John Paul II with his hand raised in blessing. That, according to Frei David, is the heart of the problem.

Frei David admits that there are black Brazilians who can "mess up

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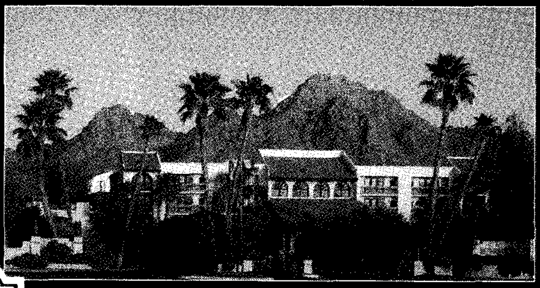

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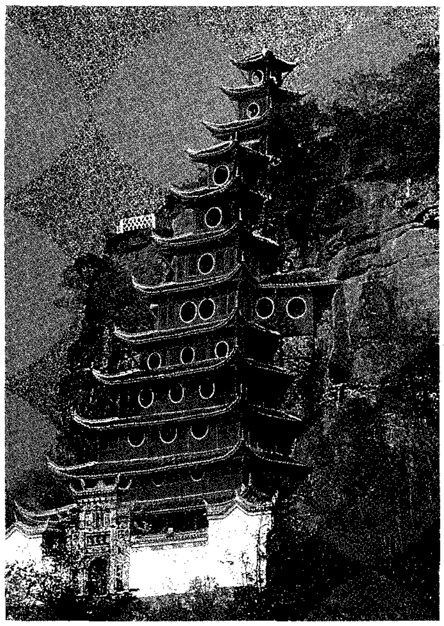

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black consciousness as much as any white man," but he is troubled by the fact that if a powerful Catimbó priestess cannot identify her own blackness *in her idea of God his parishioners* have almost no chance of finding their own. The God they know is white and European, and Frei David says He cannot be anything else to people who understand their history only as the history of white power and black slavery—people who not so long ago worshipped according to their color, with the blackest blacks in the back of the church, behind a rail, the mulattoes in the middle, behind another rail, and their white masters way up front, closest to God. Dom Zumbi has told David that the suffering around him —not just in Campos Elíseos but in fancy Rio suburbs, where the rich step out of their limousines over the bodies of poor people living on plastic sheets on the sidewalks and never break stride, never stop laughing or talking, never really notice that anyone is there —is not a matter of politics or of some abstract economic structure but has to do with this ancient discrimination of whites against blacks. He has told David that discrimination is the cause of poverty, just as it is the cause of a white God sitting in a black man's consciousness, and since then David has been preoccupied, because he knows that the white liberation theologians he admires would disagree. Two years ago, a group of black priests and theologians got together and decided to write a book about the problem, for Latin-American blacks, with liberation theology, and Frei David was put on a team responsible for a chapter called "Black Identity and Theology." After the book came out, he and the other Brazilians on the team brought a copy to Leonardo Boff and told him about their preoccupation, and their uneasiness with the idea that racism was only a function of economic exploitation and would disappear when poverty disappeared. Boff told Frei David that his dream was "to saturate myself" in black history.

One morning last summer, when Frei David was on his retreat in Petrópolis, he listened to Boff talk to a visitor about African religion and about a church that would "rescue the positive aspects of syncretism." "There's Roman Christianity, Orthodox Christianity, Protestant Christianity," Boff said. "So why not, theoretically—why not Afro-Brazilian Christianity? It's a hermeneutical question. We've never really acknowledged the validity of these Afro-Brazilian religions, but there is no reason they can't assimilate the evangelical message. They ask the same questions Rome does—how to account for the creation of a new man who continues to be the old man, how to account for the fact that God redeems our sin but leaves pain behind—but with a different set of images. I went to a Macumba ceremony once, and the trance I saw had a religious function. The serious people tried to domesticate the trance—they tried to prepare their heads to be able to receive and tame evil. A religious leader contributes according to what his clients want. Health, love, money—that's Macumba. Talking to the dead—that's Candomblé. So far, the reality of evil here—unemployment, disease, poverty—has had no social solutions. The evil prevents it, and so religions like Macumba grow out of the people's resistance to evil. They are survivalist religions, born of human helplessness. They are like cries of protest against an evil world. So we have profound respect for these survival cries, because the Christian response *should* have been to take them and make of them a religion to free the people from fear and hunger, a religion to transform their world."

A STUDENT Frei David knows—he lives in the next parish and is writing a thesis on the People's Church—says that when you have ten thousand people in base communities in your parish, as Frei David does, you have a progressive Catholic community but not necessarily one that can transform the lives of the hundred and ninety thousand other people or make them love you. Thousands of Frei David's parishioners follow the Catholic calendar and join in every pilgrimage and every procession, but they never go to Mass (let alone to a CEB meeting), because they spend their Sundays in Umbanda séances, and they are not much interested in Leonardo Boff's "experiential synthesis" of a new Catholicism and their Umbanda practices. Thousands of others go to Mass every now and then, but *they* have no interest in the sort of theology that their bishop—Dom Mauro Morelli—and Frei David and the other Campos Elíseos Franciscans preach. They would be happy to have the Italians back, whatever the phone bill, because the Italians left them alone and didn't try to involve them in thinking or doing the sort of things

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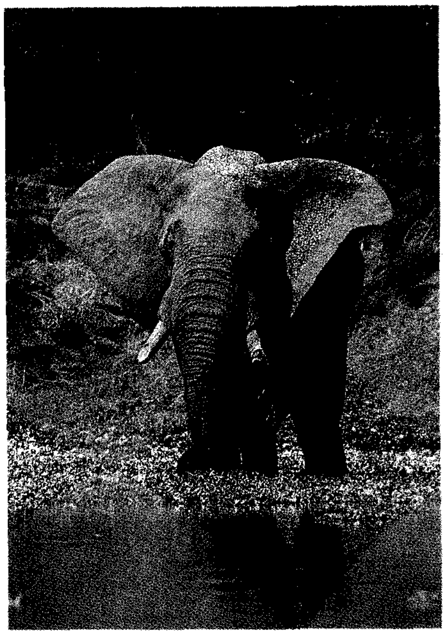

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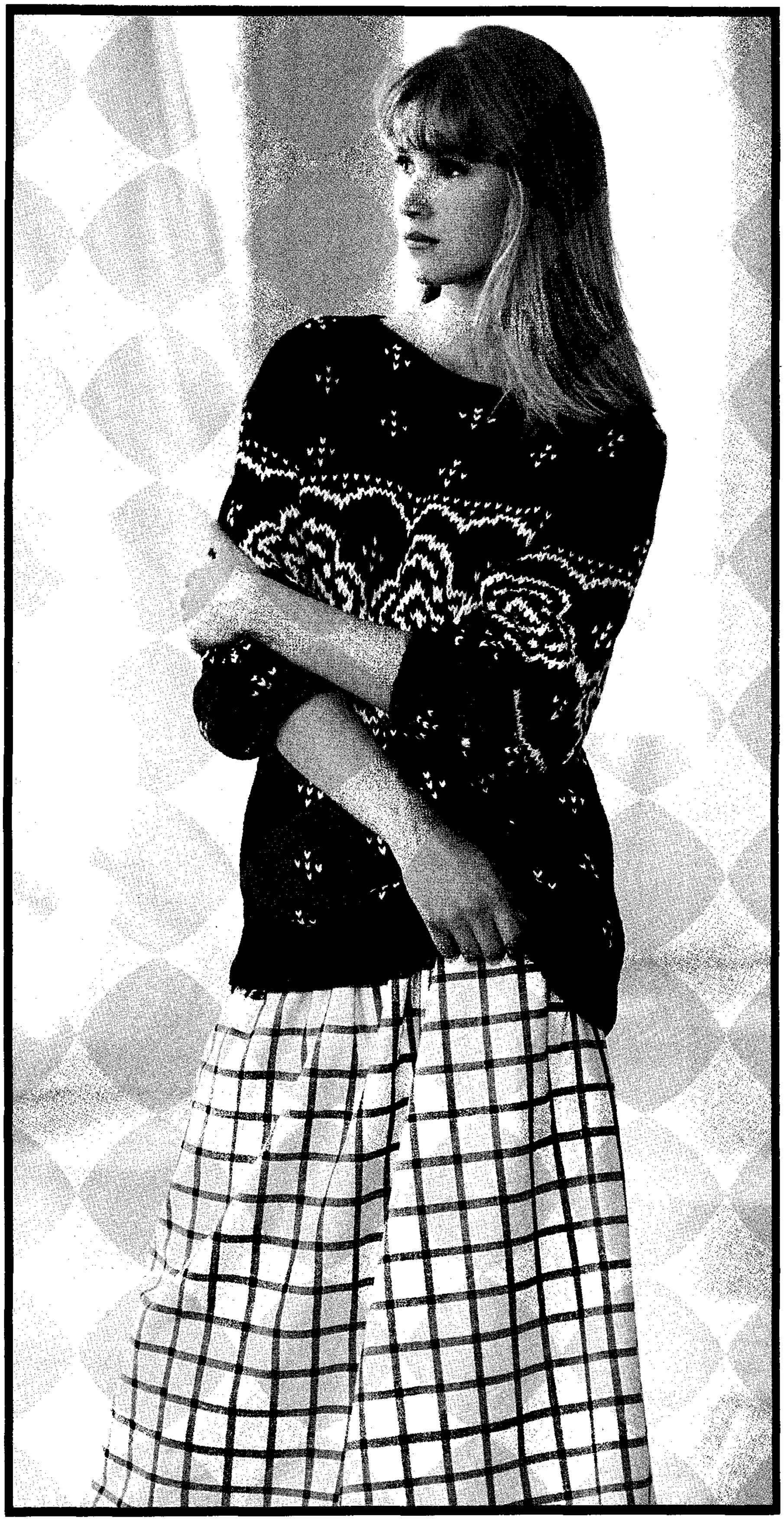

J.G.HOOK

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that would have landed them in prison a couple of years ago, when the police were seizing a lot of Campos Elíseos people as "friends" of a local version of the Red Brigades. They try to ignore their bishop. The bishop they listen to is the Archbishop of Rio, Eugenio Cardinal Sales, who says he is "a photocopy of the Pope," and who was clearly more comfortable under the *ditadura* than he is today, with the left everywhere. Cardinal Sales' word still amounts to canon law in the state of Rio de Janeiro. It was Sales who first complained to the Vatican about the "Protestantism" of Leonardo Boff, and even interrogated Boff himself, in a kind of grass-roots inquisition office in Rio. It was Sales who explained the nature of the crisis in the Brazilian Church that radicals like Boff and Frei David were provoking. (It is policy for a Pope to defend the positions his bishops take when he is visiting in their dioceses, and to address the issues that concern them, and Frei David and his friends figure that the reason John Paul II sounded so retrograde in the sermons he gave in Rio in July of 1980 and then so liberal a day later in São Paulo was that Cardinal Sales had prepared the Pope's Rio dossier and chosen his texts and drafted his sermons, while in São Paulo it was Cardinal Arns who chose the texts and prepared the dossiers, and Arns' staff, including his Presbyterian assistant, Jaime Wright, that did the writing.)

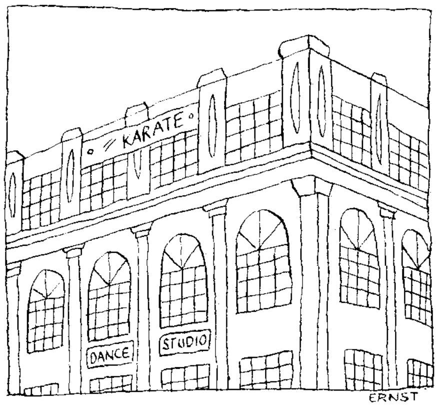
It sometimes seems to Frei David that there is a terrible battle going on for the minds of the people in Campos Elíseos—that everybody who has felt their energy and their joy as they begin their liberation wants to recover that energy, to claim it or kill it or sanitize it or use it up before the people have a chance to use it for themselves. Certainly the Vatican wants to "recuperate"—the official word—the renegade Christian energy in Campos Elíseos and places like it. The politicians want to exploit it. The people who own the factories want to turn it off, like lights, at the end of every shift. The state wants to control it—and has been trying hard ever since a report by Nelson Rockefeller concluded that the Brazilian Catholic Church was becoming the single most important force for radical social change. It is clear that there are too few priests—even by old Brazilian standards—when you compare a diocese like Duque de Caxias, which has one priest for every seventy thousand people, with a European diocese like

Barcelona, which has a priest for every seven hundred. But by the end of the *ditadura*, it was impossible for foreign priests to get a visa to come and work here—especially priests from Western Europe or the United States, who were considered, by definition, radicals. On the other hand, the government welcomed hundreds of right-wing American evangelicals—Bishop Pires says that in one year six hundred "Baptists" got Brazilian visas—who arrived under the auspices of their rich mission societies and their friends in Washington to help Brazilians be born again for the fight against Communism. Everyone in Campos Elíseos knows that those Baptists came on a political as much as an evangelical mission. They had no interest in black consciousness or squatters' rights or workers' strikes or in coming to one of Frei David's ecumenical "reflections," the way the other Protestant preachers do, and talking about the context of oppression, or in signing protests about the hundred and thirty-four peasants who were murdered by vigilantes last year. They are certainly not interested in solidarity with the Sandinistas or in opening a dialogue with Fidel Castro. Frei David is comforted, he says, that when Catholics in Campos Elíseos turn Protestant they tend to avoid the Baptists, except as a last resort. Some join old Protestant mission churches, like the Methodists and the Presbyterians, but most of them choose Pentecostal missions, like the Assemblies of God, where they can sing and shriek and talk in tongues and testify and have a part. They are Frei David's competition, and he is always ready to learn from the competition. "People like *participating*," Frei David says.

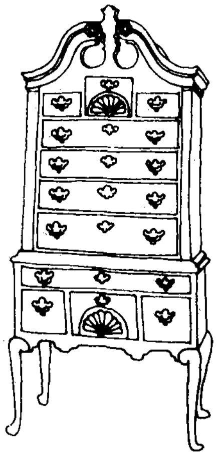
ONE Sunday afternoon a couple of weeks after he recovered from dengue, Frei David took the parish bus and drove over to Parque João Pessoa to celebrate Mass. Frei David was still weak and a little gray from the fever. The parish clinic was closed for the weekend, but it had been crowded all week, because of the dengue, and Frei David had been helping out whenever he had a chance. He said there is nothing you can really do about dengue except hand out aspirins for the pain and try to convince people that it will all be over in a few days, but the work of convincing them was getting to him, and he was nervous and distracted. His smile, which is normally such a calming, cheerful smile, was strained.

Frei David says four or five Masses every Sunday. He had already been to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and to two of the small favela churches, and he was due at Our Lady of the Rosary after the Mass at Parque João Pessoa. He was having trouble, he said, saving his energy. It was not so much that the business of liberation was exhausting—although it certainly was exhausting—but that the rhythm of parish rounds was a particular rhythm, full of sprints and exertions and recoveries, like the rhythm of a bicycle racer or a racehorse, and you needed to keep in a kind of emotional training. Frei David had stopped back at the parish house at noon, tasted the cakes that had been left on the kitchen table, made himself a cup of sweet tea, inspected the cabbages in the garden, fed the hens, checked the socks and underwear on the clothesline, and changed into a clean white T-shirt and a fresh sports shirt. He seems, sometimes, to be obsessed with cleanliness. He never goes out in a dirty shirt or muddy running shoes, and his clothes are always ironed, even if he has to iron them himself. It is Frei David's belief—most liberation priests have it—that a priest and his church and his house should shine, that they should challenge the squalor and indifference around them with bars of soap and buckets of water, with the solace and dignity and refreshment of clean things. Cleanliness is part of the methodology of the People's Church. It is a kind of spiritual hygiene, and Frei David has applied it, with varying success, to everything from his own scrubbed person to the old Volkswagen bus he used that Sunday to drive to Parque João Pessoa.

The roads in Campos Elíseos are dirt tracks following the open sewers. They are so rutted that only a jeep or a bus like Frei David's, with its high wheelbase and no suspension left anyway, can really use them, and even so three women whom Frei David picked up on the road, who were on their way to a catechism class at Our Lady of the Rosary, moaned and swore and finally asked to walk. Frei David drove for an hour. He stopped at the community center, where one of his *agentes*—a woman named Paulina who started school at the age of sixty-one and is now in the fifth grade, learning English and times tables—was cleaning up for a reading of Mary legends, at three, and a meeting of the local chapter of Neurotics Anonymous, at four. Then he stopped in front of the Clube Social Rosário "Absyntho" to see a man he called "the leader of the group to make the train run better" and, a little farther on, in front of an empty shack where some teen-age boys were supposed to be having a meeting about jobs. Finally, he pulled up at an old coffee-drying shed where a group of people were sitting around listening to a portly Xavante Indian with tribal bangs and a pin-striped suit give a speech on the meat shortage in Brazil. At the time, the Indian was a deputy in the Brazilian parliament, and Frei David said he was a famous man. He was known in parliament as Dr. Juruna, but he told Frei David that he had nothing in common with the other politicians there—the white politicians—because he was poor and never drove or took a plane or "any machine." Whenever he had to go somewhere—to Brasília, or back home to the Mato Grosso—he would get up and start walking, the way Indians are supposed to do. He said that, being an Indian, he liked "to walk silently and surprise people"—which is what he was doing now. He was dropping in on the people of Campos Elíseos to tell them that a couple of thousand ranchers and politicians who wanted to raise beef prices were holding back the meat that could be feeding the country.



It was after four by the time Frei David pulled up at the abandoned cement-pipe factory in Parque João Pessoa, but it was still hot, and the sewers near the factory reeked. Thirty or forty people were in the yard, walking around or gossiping or just staring up at the almond trees waiting for the mosquitoes to appear. They were dressed up—the children a little awkward and excited in their Sunday clothes, because this was only the second Mass they had ever had in their corner of the favela. Not many of the people in Parque João Pessoa can read and write, but they all carried copies of



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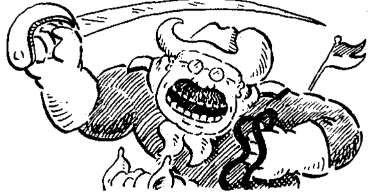

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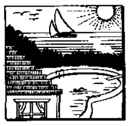
a weekly broadsheet called *A Folha* that is edited by Bishop Hipólito in Nova Iguaçu, printed by the Boffs in Petrópolis, and delivered to Catholic base communities across the country in time for Sunday Mass. *A Folha* is the newsletter of the People's Church. It covers the Bible—with stories about what happened to Christ when He was left on earth with the oppressed, and what the various prophets had to say about power or sex or worldliness. It covers the CEBs, and their "people's assemblies." It has a feature called "Pastoral Lines" and another called "Images," which are really little parables of favela life, and sometimes there is a short history of an important word, like "amen," or of some dreadful, unchristian event, like Nero's setting fire to Rome. Mainly, people like *A Folha* because every week it carries the text, liturgy, and lessons of a different People's Mass for them to follow.

Frei David—who tends to talk about "opening Parque João Pessoa to the Church" as if it were a lost tribe in the middle of Amazonia—consulted with some of his mission team inside the factory while the rest of the team prepared the Mass. Two men set up a card table opposite the benches and covered it with a piece of white oilcloth, and then they laid a strip of clean white lace on the oilcloth, to make an altar, and another strip of lace on a millstone at the edge of the yard, to put the amplifier on. One woman brought candles to the altar—dusty yellow candles that had been sitting in the factory since the week before—and one woman brought bowls of flower petals and a vase with three white plastic lilies. A boy from the team unpacked the bus—the Eucharist wafers were in a clear-plastic cookie jar with a red cover, and the chalice was wrapped in a white napkin from the parish-house kitchen. Three old men from the favela were playing hymns on electric guitars. They kept on playing for half an hour while the yard filled. When Frei David had counted ninety-five people in the yard, he came out and slipped his Parque João Pessoa vestments over his paisley shirt—they were a simple white robe with a red cross embroidered on the heart—and invited the congregation to "talk."

The Mass began with everybody singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in Portuguese, and Frei David describing what a base community was—"welcoming, like Abra-



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ham's tent"—and how no one in a community like that would ever be rejected by his neighbors.

"Now I will tell you the story of Martha," Frei David said after the first two lessons of the day were read and two of the songs that everybody had voted on singing, at a meeting the week before, were sung. "Martha is receiving in her house, and who should arrive but Jesus. Martha comes in from the kitchen to say hello, and there are Mary and Jesus sitting around talking. Now, remember, Martha has been working very hard in the kitchen. She is sweating. Her hands smell of garlic. She looks at Mary sitting there, and she says, 'Oh, Jesus, tell Mary to come and help me!' " Frei David was warming to his job. He was smiling and relaxed, and the tension of the morning was gone. He was at home with the poor—the way he liked it.

"Now, what do you think Jesus said?" Frei David asked the people in the yard.

Two girls raised their hands.

"That Martha should have stopped work," one of the girls answered.

"That Martha should have listened," the other girl put in.

"Good," Frei David said. "Now, here is the explanation. We have to learn to divide up things and to listen to the Word of God, because if we work all the time and never have a moment for the Word of God, then maybe we'll do bad things."

Everybody nodded.

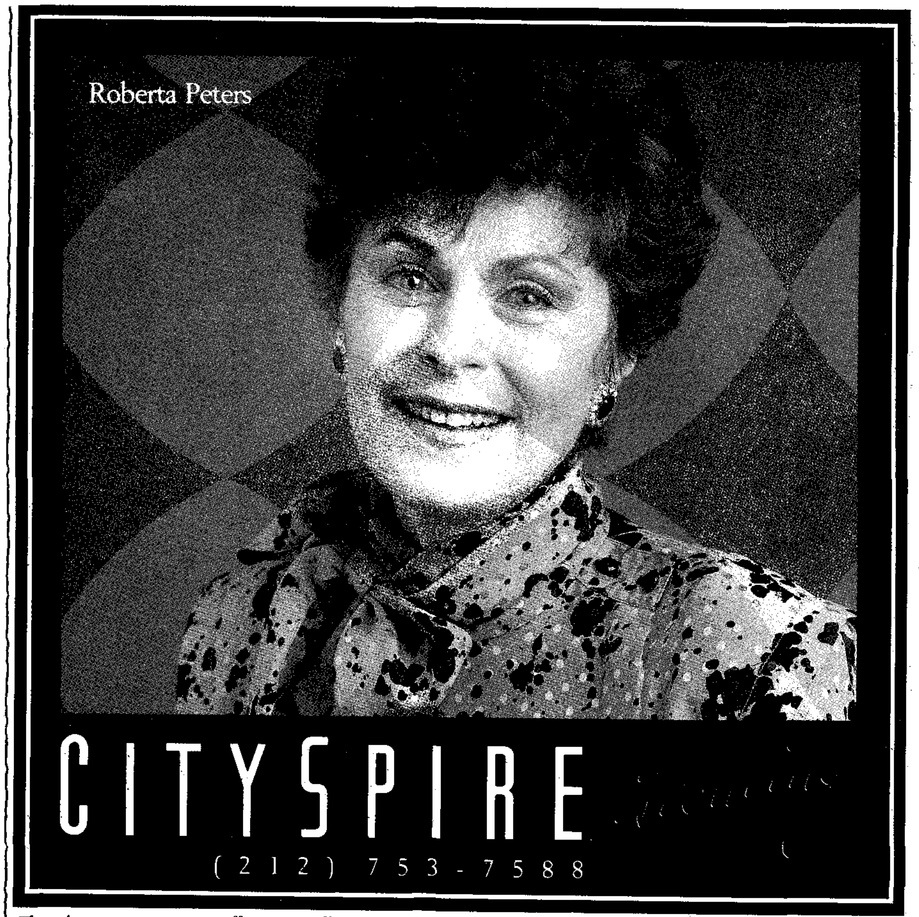
"But Jesus was also pulling Mary's leg," Frei David went on. "Because in this life we also have to roll up our sleeves and work. It's Word *and* action that Jesus wants."

Frei David waited for a minute while everybody reflected on the story of Mary and Martha. Then he asked for a woman to come up to the altar and talk about the women's group that had met on Thursday night, and about what the women in Parque João Pessoa were doing. Nobody wanted to come. The women were shy, and it took a lot of coaxing and telling jokes for Frei David to persuade them. Finally, two women agreed to talk, on the condition that they come to the altar together.

"Tell me," Frei David said, grinning. "I've heard that you women only get together to gossip . . ."

"Nooo," one of the women said, and everybody laughed.

"We did a lot of practical things," her friend said. "We talked about



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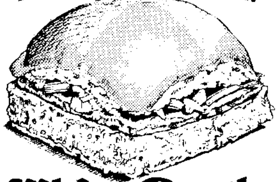

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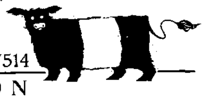

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Jesus. We talked about the children."

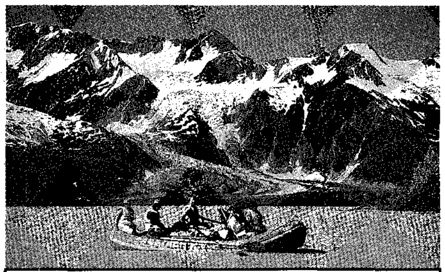
"Then Friday was the men's group," Frei David said. He beckoned to one man, then another. "Is it true what I hear—that you men only get together to drink sugarcane liquor?"

"Nooo," the first man said. "On Friday, one guy read the Bible to the rest of us. We decided that any man who doesn't have the Word of Jesus is on the wrong path."

"You didn't sit around and scratch your stomachs and not do anything?" Frei David said. "It's nice to sit around like that, scratching."

"You bet!" the second man said.

"You bet!" all the other men repeated, and then it was time for the children to talk, because the children had met on Saturday. Frei David wanted to know if they had talked about God or had spent the time climbing trees, but the children he called on giggled and blushed and ran into the factory to hide, and Frei David gave up and announced that it was time for the offering. While the baskets were passed, the people sang. The song they had chosen for the offering was one of the songs from the Quilombo Mass, and it was a beautiful song. It told the story of the Palmares slaves, of their courage and their struggle and their brief, sweet victory—their moment as free men. The refrain went "*Ô, Ô, Ô, Ô, recebe, Senhor*"—"Oh, oh, oh, oh, receive, Our Lord"—and that was something everyone could sing, even people who couldn't read the verses on the mimeographed song sheets that Frei David's mission team had left for them on the benches. When they sang, they were laughing and crying at the same time. They sang through the offering, and they sang through the Eucharist. They sang while Frei David raised his silver chalice and prayed, and while they lined up and moved toward the makeshift altar to receive Communion. It was a long Mass, awkward and full of interruptions and explanations, and once it was over and the people were eating cake in the factory Frei David would have to sit in the yard with the leaders of his new CEB and try to decide with them what those people wanted—whether they truly wanted a church of their own in Parque João Pessoa or whether it was just the excitement of something new, like the Mass today, that made them think so. The only time that any of them had talked about having a church before was in 1966, when a couple of men signed a petition and sent it to the



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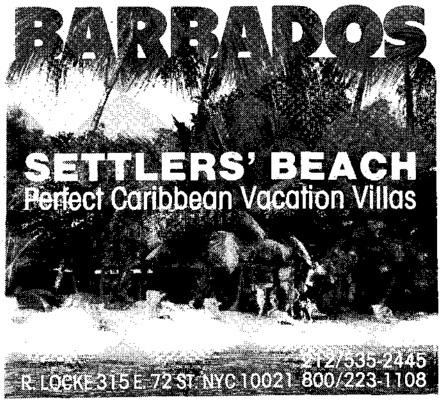
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bishop, and if they wanted a church now they would have to work hard. The women would have to bake a lot of cakes to sell, and the men would have to find materials and start building, and today Frei David would have to make them understand why a People's Church was not something that he could produce alone, like a miracle. He would have to spend a couple of hours persuading them to volunteer for cleanup teams and teams for choosing songs and catechism teams for the children and teams to look at all the problems in Parque João Pessoa and begin to figure out how to solve them as a community. It would take that long because the women were embarrassed about being ignorant and the men were reluctant.

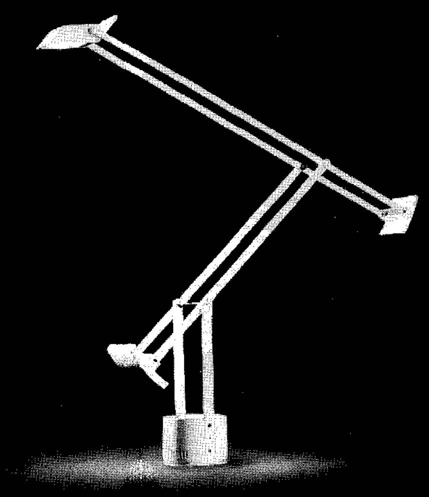
For most people, there is something immensely tedious about the idea of spending a couple of hours in a hot, dark, smelly yard swatting at mosquitoes and waiting for *o povo de Deus* to decide for themselves. For most people, it is easier to say, "*This* is what we are going to do"—especially after ten or fifteen minutes of blank stares and almost total silence. But not for Frei David. Frei David is an evangelist. He says that when the Mass ended at Parque João Pessoa—all the people who had birthdays that week went up to the altar and blew out the altar candles together while the congregation sang "Happy Birthday"—he was already thinking about the next neighborhood that could be "opened" by one of his Campos Elíseos mission teams. On the way home that night, after the Mass at Our Lady of the Rosary, he passed a group of people gathered in an empty lot. He backed up the bus, and stopped and watched for a while, peering into the darkness, trying to figure out who those people were and what they were doing. "It's O.K.," he said, finally. "They're ours."

—JANE KRAMER

•

"A lot of people here are more knowledgeable than I but I do appreciate opera greatly now," she says. A "bad experience" when she was young had kept her away from opera productions for some time until she and husband Rick were attending the tennis matches in Dallas. "We had nothing to do one evening and I was tired of just going out to dinner," she tells the story. "We got tickets to 'El Trombatore.' It was great!" she remembers fondly.—*The Front Gallery, published in Shreveport, La.*

Really? Sounds like another bad experience.



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THE THEATRE

Merry Chaos

“The Maderati,” Richard Greenberg’s satiric comedy at Playwrights Horizons, deserves a salute of some kind. Its subject is the garish behavior of the literary and artistic set in this city right now, and its style is appropriately absurdist. The action begins in the bedroom (stage left) of a couple named Chuck and Rena, hosts of a party the previous evening, who have just received the news that a fat guest of theirs named Charlotte, having flunked some psychological examination, has been locked up as a lunatic. Before setting out to rescue her, Rena telephones a couple named Ritt and Dewy, who are in *their* bedroom (stage right), to inform them of Charlotte’s plight. Half listening through their own hangover haze, the adjoining couple get the idea that Charlotte is dead, and while Chuck and Rena are calling up the other guests and informing them of Charlotte’s mishap the other couple are informing the same crowd of her death. Further synopsis will lead us nowhere.

The play itself takes a while to get launched (or else my resistance to it took a while to collapse, since I have small patience generally for absurdist comedy), but it gets better and better as one scene follows another. Most of the characters have at least a toe in the arts. Poor Charlotte has written a book (at the party, we are told, she was sat on by the publisher who rejected it, who then complained about the springs in the sofa); Chuck has been working on a novel; Dewy is a photographer; her husband, Ritt, is a stockbroker, afflicted with sudden epiphanies, which are ignored by all; there is a poet, in love with Charlotte, whose muse abruptly switches off when he badly needs her, and who tends to fall suddenly asleep. There is an actor, the embodiment of Method mannerisms, who is an object of desire among several of the ladies and an object of highhearted ridicule by the dramatist. We first see him asleep on a bed, with his current girlfriend, one Cuddles Molotov, poised above him knife in hand. As portrayed by Anna Levine, she is the sexpot of many a Saul Steinberg drawing, and no prettier or funnier sexpot ever existed.

“May I say, sir, the staff and I just knew you’d see through that Beaujolais.”

“The Maderati” is young and sharp and frisky, and though little construction is allowed to interfere with the flow of jokes and ideas from Mr. Greenberg’s teeming brain I didn’t miss it. Michael Engler, the director, can be considered the dramatist’s collaborator; under his agile hand, every point is made, and all moves briskly. The casting is uniformly good; all the actors do well. Besides Miss Levine’s performance, I particularly admired that of Paul Collins as the publisher, shy and withdrawn, and almost literally concealing his homosexuality in a large closet, and Philip Coccioletti’s comical but always legitimate all-purpose Method actor. The setting, by Philipp Jung, and the costumes, by Candice Donnelly, are as witty as every other element in the show.

The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed in “Stardust,” at the Biltmore, make an only so-so show, which, however, I quite enjoyed, principally because of a marvellous singer named Michele Bautier, but also because of the agreeable work of her five colleagues. They are Maureen Brennan, Kim Criswell, André De Shields, Jason Graae, and Jim Walton. The evening opens with a recording of “Star Dust” by Nat Cole; nothing that follows is quite a match for it, although Miss Bautier’s gorgeous “Sophisticated Lady” comes close. Staging is at a minimum, but there is an amusing takeoff on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, here called Your Cavalcade of Hits, and some entertaining dancing, especially by Mr. De Shields. All in all, rather skimpy fare for the theatre, yet there is something to be said for an entertainment that requires nothing of its audience except to sit back and listen to some of the best popular songs of the last sixty-five years or so by the best popular composers—Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, Peter DeRose, Leroy Anderson, among many others—with nimble, appropriate words by Mr. Parish.

—Edith Oliver

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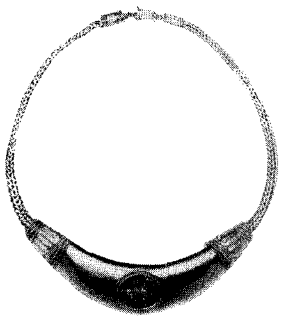

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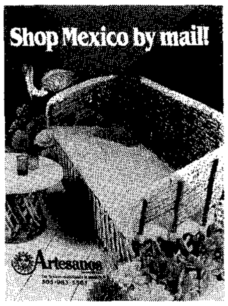

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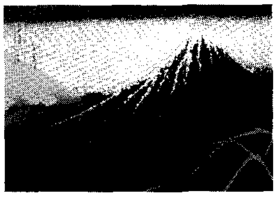

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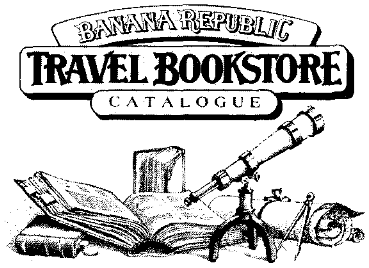

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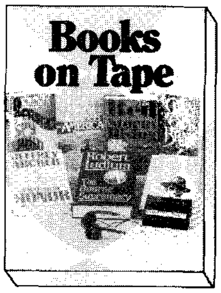

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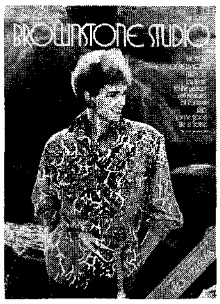

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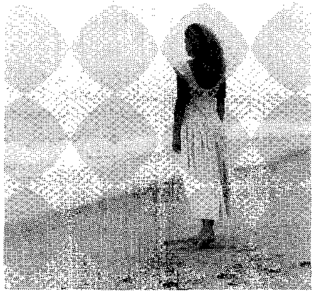

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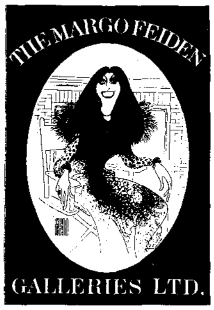

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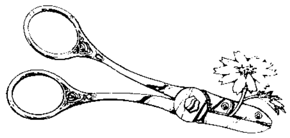

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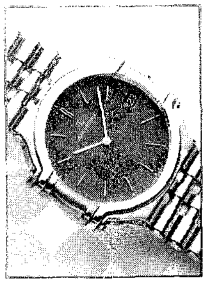

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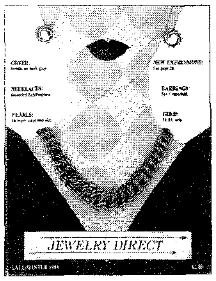

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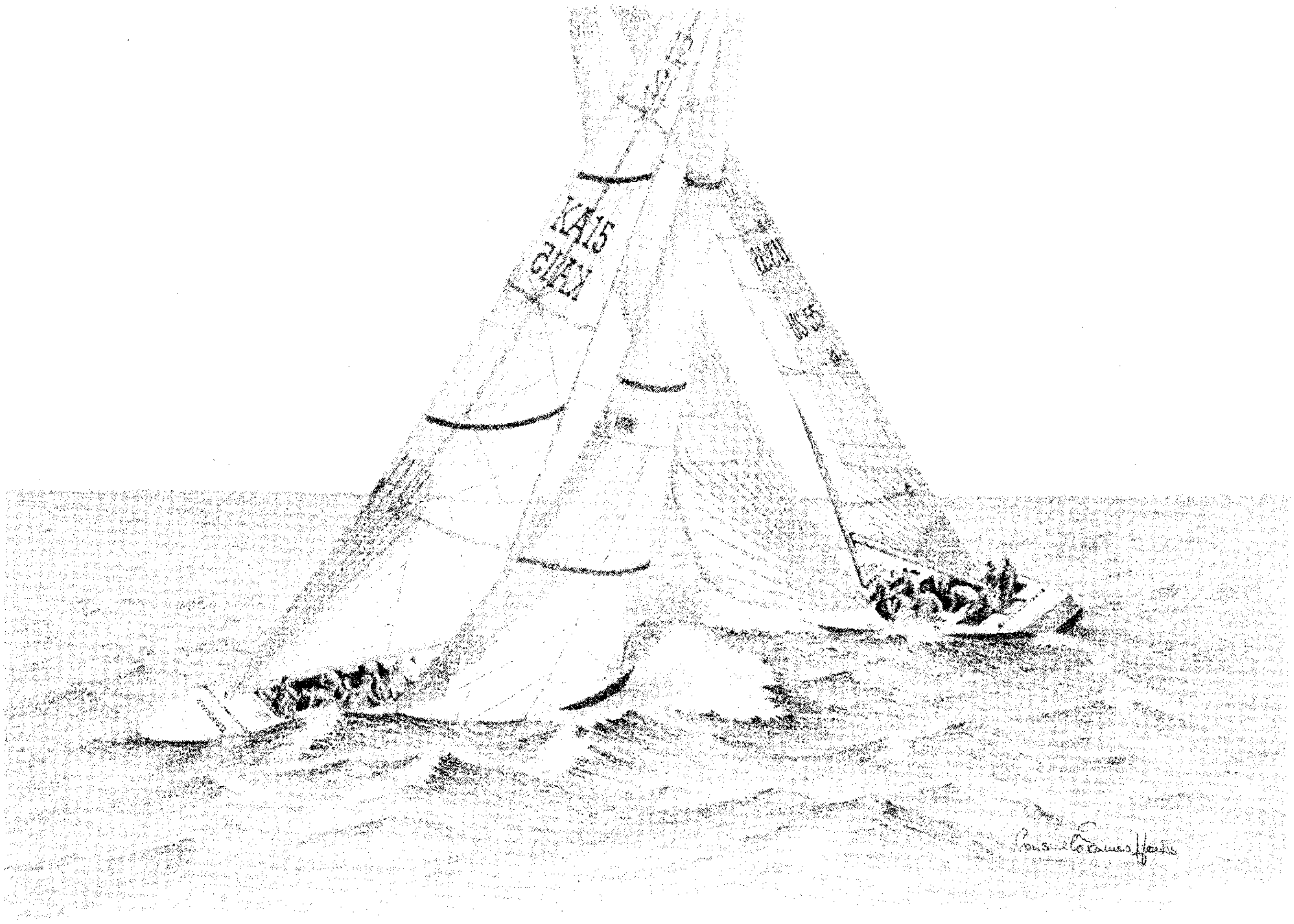


BY nine-fifteen Wednesday morning, February 4th, the entrance breakwaters of Fishing Boat Harbour, at Fremantle, Western Australia, were lined with spectators three or four deep, a few of them sitting on the boulders that form the breakwaters, but most just standing quietly in the already hot sunlight, waiting. Inside the harbor—which was the centerpiece of a three-basin complex that accommodated the seventeen Twelve-Metre syndicates battling for the America's Cup—the defending Kookaburra III, skippered by Iain Murray, and the challenging Stars & Stripes, skippered by Dennis Conner, were berthed a few hundred yards apart, in heavily guarded waterfront compounds. On the three previous race mornings, promptly at ten, the competing Twelves had been towed—alongside their trial horses, Kookaburra II and Stars & Stripes '85—out of the constricted harbor and into the open, windswept waters of Gage Roads, where they would engage in warmup runs and drills until shortly before the warning signal for each race, at one o'clock.

Each of the three previous races had ended in an Australian defeat, and one more defeat would mean the loss, in a devastating walkover, of the trophy that the Australians had wrested from the Americans—and from this same American skipper—in 1983, off Newport, Rhode Island. Four days earlier, Aussie fans had been able to rationalize the first defeat as bad luck. Although the breezes that day—a mere ten knots at the start—had been supposed to favor the smaller, more maneuverable Kookaburra, wildly changing wind direction had given unpredictable positioning advantages to the American boat, or so commentators said. The victory margin, a solid minute and forty-one seconds, made that theory sound a little shaky, but even Conner endorsed it, so the faithful could continue to hope.

The second race was in winds of up to twenty-six knots, creating seas as much as four feet high, and since these conditions were known to be just what Stars & Stripes enjoyed, her victory, by a minute and ten seconds, was unsurprising, if depressing, to the Aussies. (The cognoscenti were, however, shaking their heads over Kookaburra's inability to break through on the downwind legs, where she was expected to excel in all wind strengths.) One could still, if one were Australian and an optimist, take heart: in 1983, Australia II had been down to Liberty by the same 2–0 margin before the series began to turn her way.

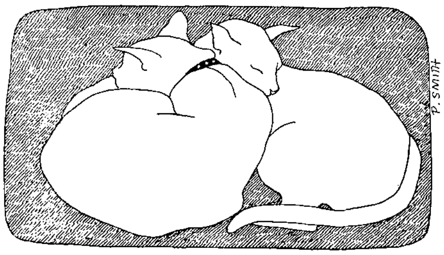
Race No. 3 had been a dose of chill reality. The day began as a beautifully average morning for the waters off Western Australia—early southeasterlies of twelve knots, barely enough to fleck the blue sea with white. The afternoon before, Iain Murray had been deciding whether to ask the Race Committee for his team's one allotted lay (non-racing) day, but his forecasters had predicted that the wind would stay light and east of south, presumably maximizing the chances of the Kookas (as the Aussie crew members were known throughout their country). A few minutes before the start, though, observers saw the committee boat, which marks one end of the start line, up anchor and shift position, setting a new line, at right angles to a southwesterly that was just arriving. By the third leg of the eight-leg course, the wind had strengthened to eighteen knots; this was the cool, beneficent sea breeze known locally as the Fremantle Doctor, for its effects on heat-prostrated human beings ashore. All season long, in the seemingly endless trials to select the defending Twelve-Metre, Kookaburra had done well in winds of this strength, but that day, after narrowly losing the first, windward leg, she was wiped out on the ensuing run, going around the leeward mark fifty-seven seconds behind her adversary. In match racing, a margin of this size means that the two boats might almost be sailing in different oceans. Murray had no chance for any kind of tactical stroke against Stars & Stripes; the race had become a contest of boat speed, and the Aussies had learned what that meant. Entering the last leg a minute and forty-one seconds behind, the Kookas were dispiritedly working their yacht to windward when their own chase boat, apparently in flagrant violation of the racing rules, roared alongside and hailed Murray. "You've got a bomb on board!" was the message. "What do you want to do?"

Murray, a large young man with a stolid manner that conceals a considerable wit, called back "Well, what's the *bad* news?" and decided to continue to the finish. There was, of course, no bomb; but it was quite in character for the Aussies to press on anyway. Later, at the post-race press conference, Murray explained, deadpan, "We thought, Maybe this is our chance to find out what life's all about after Twelve-Metre racing. . . . We didn't think that if the bomb went off it was going to affect the result of the race."

How could his compatriots not stand behind a man like that? By a quarter of ten Wednesday morning, the crowd covered the breakwaters and was six deep along the piers, while thick clusters of supporters speckled the roofs of waterfront restaurants and souvenir shops, for a total that Australian television later estimated at between fifty and sixty thousand. As a rule, Aussie crowds are cheerfully rowdy, but this one was not. There were a few noisy drunks—bars open early in Australia, and beer is the national drink—but most of the people, young and old, just stood quietly, waiting. Boats circled the waters of the harbor, drawing an occasional cheer from shore at the display of a particularly striking flag or hand-painted pennant, but overt attempts to rouse the crowd fell flat. One news launch with a TV camera and a boom-mounted microphone swung past, its crew motioning to the onlookers to cheer or wave, but few responded. Even a big powerboat, appropriately named Miss Konduct, with a raucous band and five leggy women prancing on the top deck, drew only tepid applause.

A couple of minutes before ten, the big American tender, Betsy, towing Stars & Stripes and her stablemate, both blue-hulled, eased out of the channel, escorted by patrol craft. From huge speakers aboard Betsy music from the movie "Top Gun" boomed out, rebounding off the buildings. The Americans on the shore—there were quite a lot of them—cheered, and some Australians applauded politely, but this was not what they had come for.

The sun got hotter. Someone remarked that it had already reached the day's predicted high of 38 degrees Celsius, and a listening American had to resort to pencil and paper (multiply by nine, divide by five, add thirty-two) to discover that he was standing in a hundred degrees of moist heat. The minutes passed, and a few small children showed signs of cracking up, but most of the crowd just waited until, at ten twenty-three, a wave of applause began to rise from the inner harbor. The two Kookaburras, low and sleek, metallic yellow, emerged at the ends of long towlines. Instead of the syndicate emblems—the famous boxing kangaroo and the kookaburra bird—huge blue Australian ensigns streamed from their forestays. The usual cheers were cheered as the boats swept past, followed by a tight, confused fleet of supporting yachts and police launches, but even the least informed among the spectators knew what was almost certain to happen in the next few hours. Stars & Stripes had trounced her two previous opponents by 4–0 and 4–1, and the catchword "superboat" was beginning to attach itself to her, as it had done to Australia II, the winner four years before. The people on the piers, on the breakwaters, on the rooftops obviously didn't care about that. They had come to offer their collective presence to eleven young men who represented them, and, having done so, they melted quietly away.



WHEN the Australians came home to Perth in 1983 with the America's Cup in their baggage, they not only were famous victors but also were riding the crest of a new wave in Twelve-Metre-yacht design. Their breakthrough yacht, Australia II, was a daring gamble in an arena where most gambles fail utterly. (The last successful revolutionary Twelve had been Intrepid, back in 1967.) And because Australia II's notorious winged keel had been—in the headlines, anyway—the deciding factor in her victory over the American yacht, Liberty, Twelve-Metre architects now had to decide how best to incorporate or consolidate this development, which some of them were dubious about and none of them fully understood. But there was clearly no avoiding it. After all the publicity the keel had received, what financial backer would touch a boat that lacked such a trendy appendage?

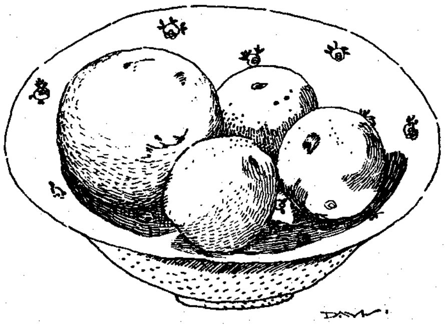
The keel, however, was only one design aspect to be considered. There was also the larger question of the demands that would be made by the Cup's new venue, the rough and windswept waters off Western Australia. Every reasonably competitive extant Twelve had been designed and built for optimum performance in the normally undramatic conditions that prevail off Newport in late summer. No one, including the defending Aussies, had ever designed a Twelve to punch into Indian Ocean rollers or to face the Fremantle Doctor, which can build to thirty knots inside an hour. In one respect, the instant obsolescence of the entire Twelve-Metre fleet provided a gold mine for marine architects, but it was a gold mine with some very treacherous shafts indeed. And there was the additional problem, a new one for East Coast-based American syndicates, of mounting an extended challenge in a small town half the world away. High-tech yacht facilities in Perth's nautical suburb of Fremantle were still to be built, shipping matériel from the United States by sea could take months, and air freight was fantastically expensive. (When, for example, the America II syndicate decided that its yacht required a new keel to be flown from home, the freight charges alone came to a hundred thousand dollars.) A number of seasoned Cup-watchers wondered aloud just how many syndicates would be prepared to face the costly, arduous trek to Western Australia.

The answer was not long in coming. When the new custodians of the America's Cup, the Royal Perth Yacht Club, opened the lists early in 1984, no fewer than twenty-three challengers posted an ante of twelve thousand dollars each just to get into the game. The reason for this lemminglike behavior had partly to do with the glamour surrounding the oldest continuous trophy competition in sports—there had been twenty-six regattas, starting in 1851, all but the last won by the Americans—but it also reflected a suspicion on the part of many challengers that the time to shake the Cup loose from its new holder's grasp was immediately, before the Aussies could develop the mastery of local conditions that had made the Americans unbeatable for well over a century.

By the beginning of 1985, half the prospective field had evaporated, but it was still the largest ever, and included such obvious heavies as the New York and San Diego Yacht Clubs (the latter the provenance of Dennis Conner), England's Royal Thames Yacht Club, and the Yacht Club Costa Smeralda, the Sardinian base for the surprisingly effective 1983 Italian campaign. As always, dark horses turned up, and there were more of them than ever before. Among those in the United States were the Chicago Yacht Club, which had to go to court to demonstrate that it met the Cup's entry requirement of holding a regular regatta on "an arm of the sea" (happily, the New York State Supreme Court was able to convince itself that Lake Michigan met the definition); the St. Francis Yacht Club, in San Francisco, home base of Dennis Conner's most vocal rival, Tom Blackaller; the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, the third California challenger; and the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club, an undergraduate organization serving as the cover for a combative millionaire named Leonard Greene, who was devoted to proving that he could make the ancient Courageous, the first aluminum Twelve, as potent as she had been when she successfully defended the Cup in 1974 and 1977. Canada initially fielded two syndicates, based on opposite coasts—the Secret Cove Yacht Club, from British Columbia, and the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron—which eventually coalesced as the Canada Challenge for the America's Cup, backing Secret Cove's 1983 Twelve, Canada 1, now equipped with the obligatory winged keel and, accordingly, renumbered II.

From Europe came three more challengers—a second Italian syndicate, flying the burgee of the old-line Yacht Club Italiano, and two French groups. The French were not regarded very seriously at first. Although French sailors lead the world in shorthanded racing over long distances, their America's Cup reputation was tainted by four faintly comic-opera campaigns between 1970 and 1980, sponsored by Baron Marcel Bich, the ballpoint-pen-and-disposable-razor magnate, and by a lacklustre 1983 effort, which had been backed by a producer of soft-core porn films. This time, their primary effort, under the eminently respectable burgee of the Société des Régates Rochelaises, carried the bizarre appellation French Kiss, which served as both a Gallic stab at pompous Anglo-Saxon boat names and a pointed allusion to the syndicate's source of money, KIS (for Key Instant Services)—a French-based international corporation. French Kiss's skipper, Marc Pajot, was a onetime Olympic silver medallist in very small boats, who had achieved national fame and a considerable fortune by breaking ocean-crossing records in the huge catamaran Elf Aquitaine. The second French syndicate had a more traditional name—Challenge France—for its boat, a mediocre Twelve skippered by Marc Pajot's brother Yves.

And, finally, there were the New Zealanders. With a total population of about three and a quarter million—slightly less than that of the city of Sydney—New Zealand seemed at first glance to have popped up in the wrong league. Experienced sailors, however, knew better. In the last Olympics, two of the seven gold medals for sailing went to Kiwis, and New Zealand sailors are as nearly ubiquitous in the world's ocean-racing fleets as Scottish officers were in eighteenth-century European armies. New Zealand's yacht designers, who are as good as any in the world, specialize in sophisticated fibre-glass ocean racers—boats that are exceptionally strong for their very light weight. And although New Zealand is about three thousand miles from Perth, Australian waters are like home for many Kiwi yachtsmen.



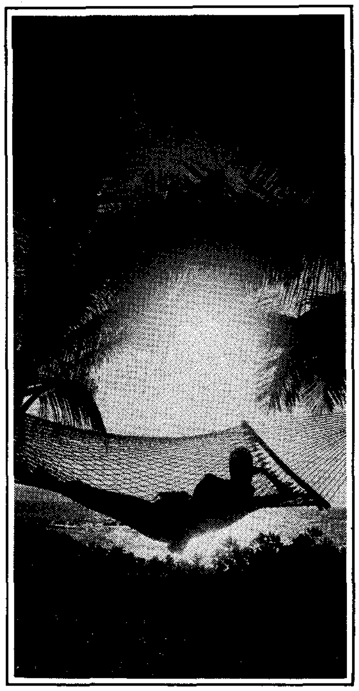
THE foreign Twelve-Metre fleet that began to assemble in Fishing Boat Harbour eventually numbered thirteen official challengers. Many of the syndicates had more than one boat to draw upon—Conner's Stars & Stripes group had no fewer than five—but each could enter only a single vessel at a time in the extended sail-off series that would select the ultimate challenger, and to switch boats during the sail-offs carried scoring penalties that increased as the series went on. The sail-offs, like the Cup regatta itself, would take place in the partly sheltered waters off Fremantle, and would employ a course format that the Royal Perth Yacht Club had decided on. The 1987 course totalled a bit over twenty-four nautical miles in straight-line distance, and was a variation of the Olympic Games course layout that had been used in previous America's Cups. It now consisted of eight legs: from the starting line, a beat of three and a quarter nautical miles up to the windward mark; back down the course the same distance, on a spinnaker run; then around the starting buoy and back up. This time, after a boat rounded the windward mark she would bear off to port at about forty-five degrees from the base course, on the first of a pair of two-and-a-third-mile-long crosswind, or reaching, legs, the second of which would bring her back down to the starting mark. Rounding that mark, the boat would head up on a third windward leg, then directly downwind on a second spinnaker run, to finish with a final windward leg. This course added an extra windward leg and an extra leeward leg to the standard Olympic course, but left the total course length about two-tenths of a nautical mile shorter than it had been. The effect was to decrease slightly the importance of the reaching legs, which had often been a mere parade anyway, and to increase the importance of maneuverability, by adding two extra mark-roundings—points where the lead in a closely fought race is most likely to change hands.

The challengers' elimination series envisioned three subseries of round-robin races, at the end of which each yacht would have sailed three times against each other yacht, and winning yachts would have accumulated one, five, and twelve points for each victory in the first, second, and third round-robins, respectively. The four boats with the highest point totals would then enter best-of-seven-race semifinals—highest scorer against fourth-highest, and second-highest against third-highest. The winners of the semifinals would race each other, best four of seven, for selection as the challenger. It was a cumbersome arrangement, worked out with the ponderous detail of international diplomacy, but it gave all the yachts equal importance (and all the commercial sponsors a chance at equal exposure). What the system could not do was make the boats themselves equally fast. Even before the first race, the challenging fleet began to sort itself out into favorites, losers, and possibles. Among the early favorites were, unsurprisingly, the syndicates that combined the biggest budgets—between fifteen million and twenty million dollars each—and the best organization: Stars & Stripes, the New York Yacht Club's America II, and New Zealand (sailing the only fibreglass boat in an otherwise all-aluminum fleet). The hopeless losers were also apparent early: Courageous, bravely bearing a "IV" on her stern to indicate the number of face-lifts she had endured, yet clearly a boat from another era; Yacht Club Costa Smeralda's Azzurra, with plenty of money but nothing to show for it; Challenge France, a feeble effort that seemed always on the verge of self-extinction but tottered along to serve as a trial horse for its compatriot; Newport Harbor Yacht Club's Eagle, which was already showing the effects of acute financial anemia; and Heart of America, the Chicago Yacht Club's Twelve, whose fifty-seven-year-old helmsman, Buddy Melges, considered by many the nation's best racing skipper outside the Twelve-Metre field, was learning some painful lessons about these tricky, demanding craft.

The possibles were a varied lot. They consisted of Britain's White Crusader, a very experimental Twelve, whose skipper, an Irishman named Harold Cudmore, quickly revealed a tendency to protest on every possible occasion; Italia, whose early record was bolstered cosmetically by one successful protest and one opponent's withdrawal; Canada II, a spoiler more than a winner; French Kiss, with surprising speed off the wind; and Tom Blackaller's USA, the most desperately revolutionary yacht in the series, its underbody featuring rudders at both ends of the boat and a great pod of lead ballast (which became known as the Geek) hanging from a strut amidships. It was a shape that made USA excessively difficult to control, but one that seemed to offer flashing bursts of speed.

At the end of the first round-robin, which involved only moderate winds, each of the three top boats—New Zealand, America II, and Stars & Stripes—had an 11–1 record, and each had posted its only loss to one of the two others. Observers remarked, however, that New Zealand seemed unbeatable in nearly any conditions, Conner's boat was at her best in winds over twenty-five knots, and America II looked like a solid second with the potential for working up to first. The next two boats, White Crusader and USA, both had 8–4 records, and the rest of the fleet seemed nowhere. The picture seemed to clear after the second round-robin—sailed, like the first, in lighter-than-expected winds (which is to say, under conditions that would be considered fairly stiff off Newport). New Zealand was behaving more and more like a superboat, with twenty-two victories against a single defeat. America II, still looking good despite losses to Stars & Stripes and the Kiwis, was 20–3. Stars & Stripes was barely hanging on to third, with three losses in light-air races, and with French Kiss only one point astern. USA, which revelled in light air, was tied for fifth with White Crusader, two points behind French Kiss.

At the beginning of December, the third and final round-robin, with victories worth twelve points each, and the long-awaited heavy winds began together. Although New Zealand continued her impeccable ways, breezes of well over twenty knots caused havoc in the rest of the fleet, reducing the number of serious contenders to six. Perhaps the most startling development was that America II, which had



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seemed so solid a second, began to come unglued. She lost her first race to the previously hapless Heart of America, and then, in winds of over thirty knots, she was already well behind Stars & Stripes, when she clinched her own defeat by having two men washed off the foredeck by a heavy sea. They were recovered within minutes, but by then America II was a dead duck. After defeating the poverty-crippled Eagle, America II dropped yet another race, this one to French Kiss, by seven seconds. It was becoming inescapably obvious that the N.Y.Y.C.'s boat, the third of three new Twelves designed for it by the distinguished firm of Sparkman & Stephens, simply was not very fast. Her early wins might fairly be credited to good crew work and excellent logistics—the New Yorkers had been the first challengers to establish a full-fledged base in Fremantle, and had been sailing their Twelves off Western Australia since early 1984. Now that forerunner's advantage was being blunted, as other yachts began to approach their potential. No one was much surprised that Stars & Stripes' performance improved—as everyone said, these were the winds that she had been waiting for—but French Kiss's winning streak was less easy to explain. Perhaps it was that her crew seemed to be making very few mistakes, and in yacht racing it is often possible to win merely by avoiding gross errors. Of the two remaining contenders, the pugnacious Cudmore was just managing to keep White Crusader in among the top six, and after a long, nearly disastrous run of losses Tom Blackaller seemed at last to be getting a handle on his erratic USA.

The standings among the half-dozen top-ranking boats changed almost daily, but after a final scuffle at the end of the third round-robin the four surviving Twelves turned out to be New Zealand, Stars & Stripes, USA, and French Kiss, in that order. America II, which had been clinging desperately to fourth place, lost first to USA and then to New Zealand, and, almost before Cup-watchers had a chance to appreciate what was happening, she vanished from the scene, leaving behind the anomaly of an America's Cup without the New York Yacht Club; that, given the club's role over the years, was like "The Wizard of Oz" without the Wicked Witch of the West. Although the principals concerned—sailors, designers, and club officials—resolutely maintained stiff upper lips in public, off-the-record muttering suggested that America II's problems derived largely from muted but deep dissension at the syndicate's upper levels, between the oligarchy of the N.Y.Y.C. and a Texas plutocracy that was behind the skipper, a sailmaker from Houston named John Kolius. This dissension reportedly crippled efforts to set up any serious alternative to Kolius and also distracted attention from the inadequacies of the three successive Twelves turned out by Sparkman & Stephens.

The semifinals, pitting New Zealand against French Kiss, and Stars & Stripes against USA, figured to be anticlimactic. No one gave the French much chance against the Kiwis, and the French themselves seemed to agree with that view, by objecting vigorously, if ineffectively, to the New Zealanders' fibre-glass hull. It was the renewal of an objection that had surfaced earlier, informally, at a post-race press conference, when both Conner and Blackaller said, in not quite so many words, that the New Zealanders could not possibly have built so good a Twelve out of fibre glass without cheating in its construction—presumably by adding material at certain stress points in a manner forbidden by Lloyd's construction rules, the governing regulations for the Cup. The representatives of Lloyd's, which certifies construction of most of the world's commercial shipping and many of its larger pleasure craft, were indignant at the implied slur on their supervision. That indignation, expressed with the best high British disdain, temporarily suppressed objection, but the international committee supervising the challenge thought it best to have all four semifinalists resurveyed by Lloyd's. New Zealand again passed the test, whereupon the skippers of both American yachts accepted the results gracefully; the French, however, continued to protest, on the ground that the electronic measuring device used by Lloyd's looked like a toy. Needless to say, their protests were ignored, and New Zealand proceeded to blow French Kiss out of the water, four races to none.

On the California side of the semifinals, USA and Stars & Stripes sailed a very close first race, with Conner winning by a bare ten seconds. Even more dramatic than the finish margin, though, was the fact that USA, though notoriously fast off the wind, could not build a lead on the leeward legs. Since November, Stars & Stripes appeared to have improved her performance on every heading—especially in medium winds, where she had previously been barely adequate. In the second race, Conner crossed the start line early—a rare mistake for him—and had to restart, but then he played the wind shifts perfectly, on a day when they were what provided the victory. And Stars & Stripes had continued to gain on USA over the downwind legs. In the third race, in the moderately strong winds that Stars & Stripes savored, she ran away from her San Francisco opponent, as was to be expected. And in the clincher Conner sailed a better technical race, although his boat was handicapped by having too light a mainsail for the rising wind. His 4–0 series victory did not catch Blackaller at a loss for words—nothing could do that—but it did reduce him to something approaching rueful admiration. Conner had managed to increase his boat's speed over the course by two-tenths of a knot, Blackaller claimed, and the claim seemed justified, but there was no single, obvious factor—no magic keel or sawed-off transom or bendy mast—to account for it. Informed observers suggested that, for one thing, the generally stronger winds of the later season suited Stars & Stripes, and, for another, Conner and his crew had put together a chain of small improvements that amounted collectively to a really significant gain in all-around performance. Certainly Stars & Stripes' crew work, which had not been up to the Conner standard early in the summer, was much smoother. Also, the boat had a new rudder, a little extra ballast, and less weight in the rig, and she had also had some minor changes made to her winged keel. Small items but, taken together, potentially important ones. Clearly, Stars & Stripes was a much improved boat, but now she had to face the all-conquering Kiwis.

By the time of the challengers' finals, the New Zealanders' skipper had been referred to so often as "young, brash Chris Dickson" that someone unfamiliar with the Cup might have been pardoned for thinking that the adjectives were part of his

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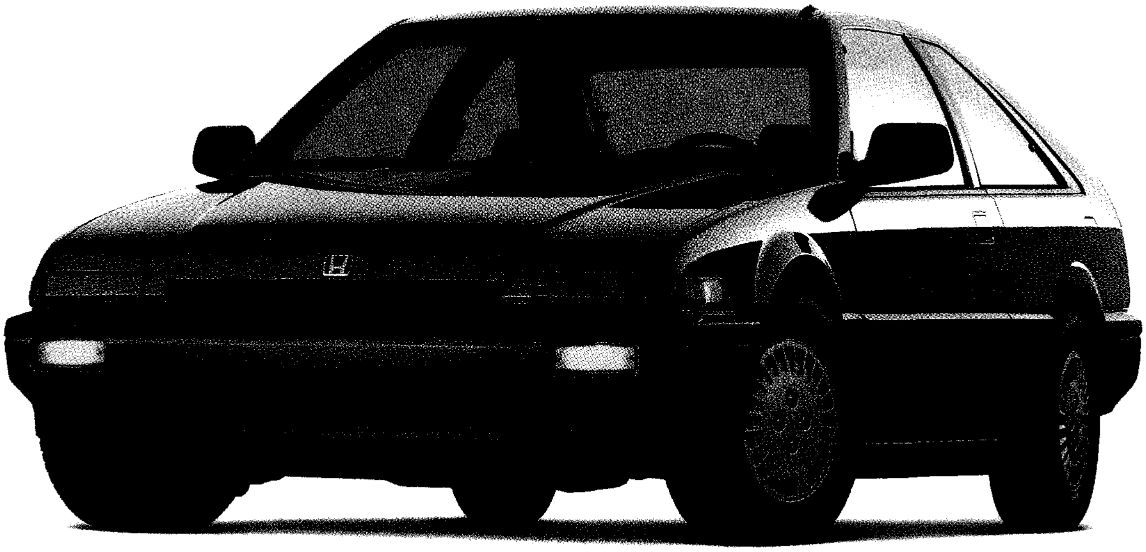

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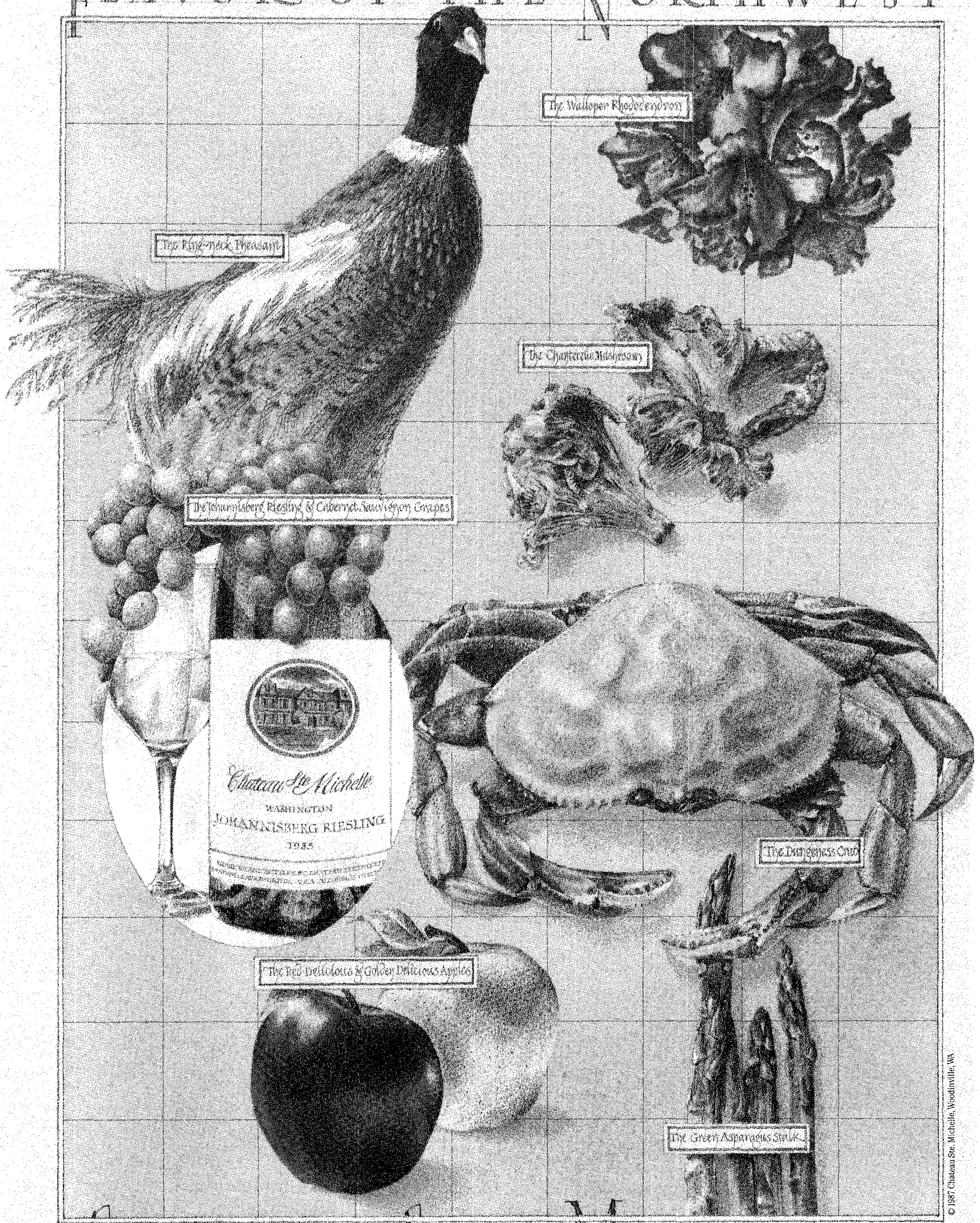
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name. Young he certainly was—two decades younger than his forty-four-year-old opponent. But brash is in the eye of the beholder, and this beholder would prefer words like "confident," "intense," and "articulate." New Zealand's record of twenty-eight straight victories made her look unbeatable, but observers familiar with Conner's abilities when the chips were down, and with his boat's wipeout of USA, were looking for him to pull out all the stops. As it happened, Dickson scored the first shot—pure propaganda, but the effect was nettling. Conner had been prepared to announce, at a pre-race press conference, the development of a new plastic hull film, ribbed like a cetacean's skin, that was supposed to increase his boat's speed in light winds (or maybe, given the nature of Cup hoopla, just unnerve the Kiwis). To Conner's visible chagrin, Dickson beat him to the announcement, and, demonstrating the completeness of his battle intelligence, revealed details of the film's specifications.

But that was almost the last Kiwi triumph. The next day, in heavy seas, with winds that built from twenty knots to twenty-six, Conner proceeded to give his young rival a sailing lesson. Confident that his boat was faster than the Kiwis' in straight-line speed, if probably less maneuverable than her smaller, lighter opponent, Conner avoided the kind of tight sparring that characterizes most match-racing starts. Instead, he opted for a classic timed approach: at the gun announcing ten minutes to the start, he headed away from the line; he turned back at the five-minute signal; and he crossed the line exactly on the starting gun, ahead of New Zealand. The two yachts sailed mostly apart on the first windward leg; at the mark, Conner was fifteen seconds ahead. He gained two more seconds on the next leg, dead downwind, and thirteen seconds on the third leg, back into the wind, with the result that Stars & Stripes was thirty seconds ahead going into the first of the two reaching legs. As had been expected, she lost on the reaches, where New Zealand was notably fast, but still she was ahead by eighteen seconds when she rounded the mark for the third upwind leg. And Conner's lead simply built on each ensuing leg, upwind or down, until Stars & Stripes finished a minute and twenty seconds ahead, a convincing win.

The second race made it clear that the first had not been a fluke. In winds of between eighteen and twenty-two knots—supposedly perfect for the Kiwi boat—Conner demonstrated that he had the better of his opponent, crossing her bow by three lengths halfway up the first leg, which he finished thirty-eight seconds ahead. From the controlling position, which enabled him to block the Kiwis' tactical thrusts, he dominated the race, losing scarcely any time even on the two reaching legs and crossing the finish line ahead by more than a minute and a half. Dickson, to whom the handwriting on the wall must have been brutally distinct, let his feelings show in the post-race conference. "We certainly hope we do beat them," he insisted, but then added, "We still have a few more races left before we have to lie down."

And the New Zealanders did manage to win the next one, but only because Stars & Stripes, which had rounded the first mark twenty-one seconds ahead, suddenly dropped her spinnaker over the side, when a halyard shackle broke. By the time Conner's crew had sorted out the mess, his boat was six seconds astern, and it was the Kiwis who were in charge. Despite ferocious tacking duels on the last three windward legs—duels that called for more than a hundred and thirty wrenching tacks by each crew—Dickson kept Stars & Stripes from breaking through, and held on to win by thirty-eight seconds. It proved, if any proof had been needed, that the Kiwis were not turkeys, and that the Americans could not give them an advantage without paying for it.

Bad luck afloat (as opposed to poor seamanship) has a habit of evening up. In the fourth race, Stars & Stripes' broken shackle was matched by a broken backstay aboard New Zealand, and was capped, late in the race, by a rip in the Kiwis' mainsail—the one sail for which Twelves carry no spare. The New Zealanders fell too far behind to make a race of it, and lost heavily, by more than three and a half minutes. In the final race, a far closer contest than its minute-and-a-half final margin suggests, Stars & Stripes led by forty-two seconds at the first mark, then blew her genoa and all but fourteen seconds of her lead on the second windward leg. The Kiwis picked up six seconds more on the first reach, lost eight seconds on the next, and twenty more seconds on the windward leg, to put them thirty-six seconds behind at the beginning of the final run. Using his trailing boat's position to block off Stars & Stripes' wind, Dickson managed to cut her lead to a minuscule nine seconds (less than two boat lengths) approaching the final turning buoy before the beat back up to the finish. He knew that it would almost certainly be fatal to let Conner round the mark in the lead, but, making his play to cut in ahead, he rammed the mark and thus, according to the rules, had to reround it—effectively giving Conner the race and the official spot as challenger.

The apparent one-sidedness of the challengers' finals stunned nearly everyone, even many who had expected Conner to win. As always happens sooner or later in Cup competition, rumors began to surface that Conner had been holding Stars & Stripes back during the round-robins, but Sail America, Conner's syndicate, was in a three-million-dollar funding hole, and any America's Cup fundraiser knows that consistent wins are what bring contributors out of the woodwork. Stars & Stripes was nearing the top of an ascending curve—of hull detailing, of refinement in sail design, of sharpness in crew skills—while New Zealand, though she had been brilliantly organized from the start, had been sailing flat out and was simply unable to improve or, at the end, to maintain her level of performance. On the face of it, the final challengers' series was closer than the score alone indicated; after all, New Zealand very nearly won the last race, and that would have kept her alive, with the score 3–2. But from remarks that Conner made later, in the heat of his Cup triumph, it seems almost certain that Stars & Stripes was not exerting herself to the fullest against the New Zealanders—was, in Conner's words, keeping "a little tiger in the tank," for the final regatta. The impression that remains, however, is one of dominance by Conner, both on the course and, after the second race, in Dickson's head. The question that now arose was whether the Master could achieve the same kind of psychological advantage over the big, tough, taciturn twenty-eight-year-old, Iain Murray, who had emerged on top from the bruising infighting of the Australian defender selections.

WHAT were the Australians up to, anyway? The cynic's answer is that the Aussies thought they had brought home the Holy Grail, but found (as many Americans had found before them) that it was really the Apple of Discord. To an observer halfway around the world, the contest among six Twelve-Metres that represented four Aussie syndicates often sounded more like a war than like a regatta. Why, one might have asked, hadn't Australia closed ranks behind Alan Bond, proprietor of the syndicate that had captured the Cup? And even those observers who already considered yachtsmen (especially Australian millionaire yachtsmen) among the most contentious representatives of mankind wondered why Bond's team, with his brilliant designer, Ben Lexcen, his belligerently able manager, Warren Jones, and other members of the old Australia II firm, hadn't simply preempted the defender's role. (John Bertrand, the victorious skipper-helmsman of 1983, had—like Gene Tunney of old—been smart enough to retire from competition at the zenith of success.) True, two of the Australian syndicates were instant also-rans. The Southern Australian Challenge had been invented at least partly as a P.R. scheme to publicize the hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, in 1986, of South Australia's capital, Adelaide. Its single Twelve, South Australia, had been designed by Ben Lexcen, who was on loan from Alan Bond for the project. It is a truism that in the rough-and-tumble of a Cup campaign no designer can focus on more than one assignment at a time. Lexcen's primary allegiance was to Bond, and South Australia suffered a stepchild's fate, as had Lexcen's second 1983 design, Challenge Twelve. The other less than equal syndicate was fuelled by an old Bond enemy (he has a few) named Syd Fischer, and represented Australia's principal metropolis, Sydney. Her official sponsor, the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, had been stunned to discover one day that Fischer, in an antic mood, had named his boat Steak 'n Kidney—which happens to be Cockney rhyming slang for the city's name. In terms of anti-pomposity, Fischer was at least level with French Kiss, but in any other terms his boat was not.

The critical—and eventually fatal—challenge to Bond was by another Western Australian millionaire, Kevin Parry. Money aside, the two men are very different. Bond is a born actor, a maestro of manipulation—Edward I. Koch and Peter Pan rolled into one. Parry is a more orthodox character—methodical, dignified, rather humorless. He had apparently conceived his Taskforce 1987 syndicate, which operated under the Royal Perth Yacht Club burgee, like the Bond group, as support for the 1983 victors. For reasons that are unclear but probably have to do with inevitable personality clashes, Parry's support syndicate wound up as a passionate, dedicated opponent of Bond's group. Parry provided the money—between fifteen and twenty million dollars—but the real head of the venture was young Iain Murray, a legendary sailing hero in Australia who was largely unknown outside it.

Murray, who has the beefy frame of a football player slightly out of trim, was a six-time champion in Sydney Harbour 18-Footers, sailing's version of auto racing's top fuel dragsters. Although he is not a naval architect, he also designed most of the boats—small ones, to be sure—that he has sailed. In 1984, he was World Champion of the small but extremely select Etchells 22 class, and he had participated honorably in the 1983 America's Cup, as skipper of the unhappy Advance—an earlier Syd Fischer debacle—and then as helmsman of Challenge Twelve when she served as Australia II's trial horse during the Cup series. Murray became project director (syndicate manager, in this context), helmsman, and co-designer (with the architect John Swarbrick) of three successive Kookaburras that Taskforce 1987 built. (Three is the magic number for today's well-heeled Cup syndicates; the first boat is an experimental throwaway, the second is a trial horse, and the third—if all goes well—is the contender.) The remarkable nature of this achievement may be more comprehensible when one considers that the 1983 equivalents of Murray's three functions were held by Warren Jones, John Bertrand, and Ben Lexcen.

That said, one also has to admit that as sailors the Kookas were shor of big-boat experience in general and of Twelve-Metre experience in particular. Murray's tactician (his chief adviser in the cockpit) was an Englishman, Derek Clark, who had occupied that post aboard Victory '83, the British Twelve, at Newport. Of twenty-three other men who made up the crews, plus substitutes, of the two active Kookaburras, only six had previously crewed in Twelves, though most were talented small-boat sailors. Four of Kookaburra's winch-grinders had never even sailed competitively before this campaign, although there is some reason to believe that winch-grinding has nothing to do with sailing, and that strength, large-muscle coördination, and extreme masochism are the only requirements. (To digress, compare the Kookas' background with that of the first-string Stars & Stripes crew. Conner: three previous Cup campaigns, two as skipper; the tactician, Tom Whidden: two campaigns; the bowman, Scott Vogel: two campaigns; the trimmer, Bill Trenkle: two campaigns; the mainsheet trimmer, Jon Wright: four campaigns; and every one of the starting eleven had had extensive big-boat racing experience.)

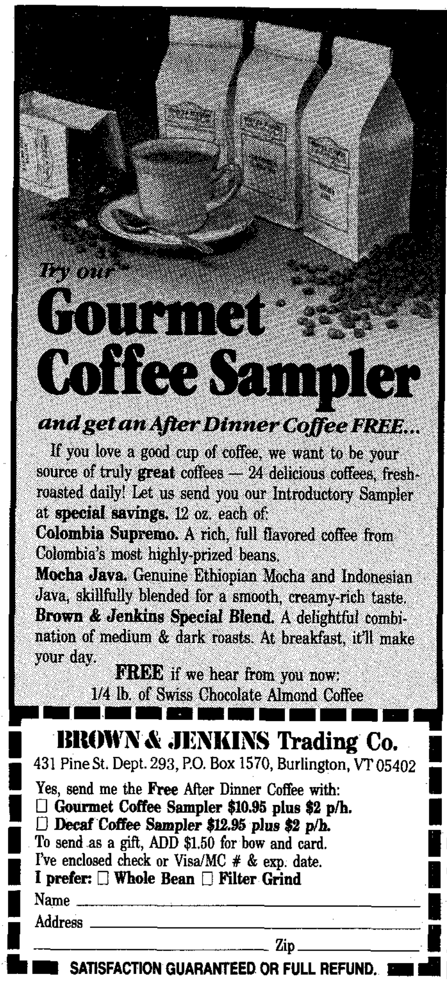
The Aussies' defender-selection process was essentially similar to the challengers' combination of round-robins followed by four-boat semifinals and two-boat finals, but with one important difference. Because only four Australian syndicates had materialized, the Royal Perth Yacht Club decided that each group could enter two boats, but that points awarded in the round-robins would accrue to the individual boat, not to its syndicate. This ruling meant that when the first round-robin got under way, in mid-October, six Twelves were nominally in competition: Steak 'n Kidney, South Australia, Kookaburra II, Kookaburra III, Australia III, and Australia IV. An interesting situation—one that may not have been foreseen by the leaders of the R.P.Y.C.—developed. Because the first two yachts were so hopeless, any match between either of them and any of the four other Twelves meant an almost certain victory for a Kooka or an Australia. When either Kooka raced either Australia, it was unmistakably war to the knife, but it soon became apparent that Australia III was unable to hold her own against either Kookaburra. What was even more painful for the Bond syndicate was the growing realization that Kooka III was normally a shade faster than Australia IV, and that Kooka II, with Peter Gilmour, a skilled small-boat sailor, at the helm, was just about level with Australia IV and, in fact, might beat her. Australia IV's helmsman, Colin Beashel, had been John Bertrand's mainsheet trimmer in 1983 and a vital member of the Cup-winning crew, but he was no Bertrand at the helm—and maybe not a Murray or a Gilmour. Also, time and effort spent on Australia III had to come, to a certain extent, out of what was available for Australia IV, and it seemed to some observers that Alan Bond himself, who had been omnipresent during the '83 assault, was less dedicated this time around, being involved in constructing a communications empire to match that of his compatriot Rupert Murdoch.

The unpleasant but necessary solution was to scrap Australia III and concentrate on improving her faster sister, and in mid-November the step was taken. At about the same time, South Australia dropped by the wayside, leaving a manageable four boats to schedule for the remaining round-robin heats. This was an ideal setup for the Kookaburras: both boats could continue to beat up on Steak 'n Kidney; and Kooka III, with an accumulated points total of fifty, should be able to stay comfortably ahead of Australia IV, with thirty-eight, and even tilt the odd race to her stablemate, which had thirty-one points—the aim being to achieve an all-Kookaburra defender final. That made perfect sense to the Kookaburra camp, not just in terms of insuring that one or the other of its boats would become the defender but also, and more creditably, because Murray and Swarbrick were not at this point sure which Kooka could ultimately be faster. Aluminum Twelves are so easy to alter that small design improvements can be made from day to day (or, more often, between race series), even in the midst of a campaign; this was what was being done with Stars & Stripes, and the Kookaburras felt they had not yet got the best from Kooka II.

But, of course, incremental design progress is possible for losers, too, and the Kookaburra master plan got a severe jolt when Steak 'n Kidney, by adding a pair of oversized wings to her keel, suddenly began to fly, albeit only in a straight line to windward, and in heavy winds. In quick succession, she beat Kookaburra II and scared the daylights out of Kooka III and Australia IV with a pair of near-wins. Meanwhile, Kooka II's exceptionally aggressive helmsman, Peter Gilmour, who looks deceptively like a choirboy, began winning a dangerous number of races against his stablemate, thus throwing the defender selections into a nearly complete state of confusion, in which the points totals of the top three boats were close enough to keep all of them in competition, while Syd Fischer and the Bond syndicate joined forces to agitate for a rules change that would keep the revitalized Steak 'n Kidney from being eliminated by the mere operation of mathematics. (The continued presence of Steak 'n Kidney would, the Bond syndicate felt, keep the Kookas from ganging up on Australia IV.) The rapidly shifting standings were further blurred for American observers by the increasing number of protested races, which meant that the victory announced in one's morning paper might easily be reversed later in the day (and never mind that across the International Date Line it was a different day anyway). In yacht racing, a successful protest against one boat by the captain of another usually means the first vessel's disqualification. Because situations involving possible rules violations are almost always seen from very different perspectives aboard the two boats involved, it often follows that a single incident may result in each boat's protesting the other; and sometimes such counterprotests result in both boats' being disqualified, so the race itself is tossed out. In the increasingly combative atmosphere of the Aussie defender trials, a skipper whose boat received a protest during, say, the starting maneuvers might very well attempt to set up his own protest situation later in the same race, as a safety factor: even if the protest against him succeeded, he still had the chance of having the entire race declared moot.

By the time the Australian defender trials were complete, a total of fifty protests had been filed, and post-race protest hearings were routinely running four and six hours—well into the early morning. (Only twenty-two protests were filed in the course of the challengers' trials, though the challengers were sailing thirteen boats in contrast to the defenders' six, and in almost three times as many races as the defenders.) Some observers felt that the profligate Aussie protests, besides wasting time and energy, were bad strategy, forcing skippers and tacticians to concentrate on skirmishing instead of on the vital matter of boat speed. As it became more and more likely that the Aussies were going to have to face Stars & Stripes, their cannibalistic infighting had less and less to recommend it, because Conner and Whidden were far more experienced in Cup racing than any Aussies, and because Stars & Stripes generally eschewed tactical scrimmaging in favor of classical speed racing. The soon to be defeated Chris Dickson, of New Zealand, suggested another drawback to the Australian strategy when he was quoted in the newsletter *America's Cup Report/1987* as saying, "The way the defenders are going I don't even know if there's going to be a defender there [to race]. I think they'll have torn each other's throats out by the time they get to the America's Cup."

Dickson's remark, delivered during the challengers' finals, seemed only too accurate as the defenders' semifinals ground to an acrimonious and unsettled conclusion. Although the announced results made it appear that Kookaburra III ought to be facing Australia IV in the final, a volley of protests and counterprotests and—something new—requests for reconsideration of protests previously disallowed or withdrawn put the whole matter in doubt. The ostensible issue was the use by Australia IV, in the semifinals, of a balloon jib, also known as a gennaker—a sort of asymmetrical spinnaker, which might or might not provide a small amount of extra speed on the two reaching legs. Such sails have been around for a long time, and are routinely used on cruising yachts, but their employment in races has been so hedged about with rules governing their size and how they may be set that they have become rare. In the Kookaburra III–Australia IV semifinal that was in question, the protest by the Kookas had little to do with the legality of the sail but said a good deal about the bitter, mutually destructive contentiousness of the two syndicates. When it appeared that the Kookas might win their protest on a technicality, and push the Bond group out of the Cup, Bond reacted in his own unmistakable fashion by orchestrating virtually overnight—not without help from his own newspapers and national TV station—a barrage of public protest over the exclusion of the sailors who, after all, had brought the Cup to



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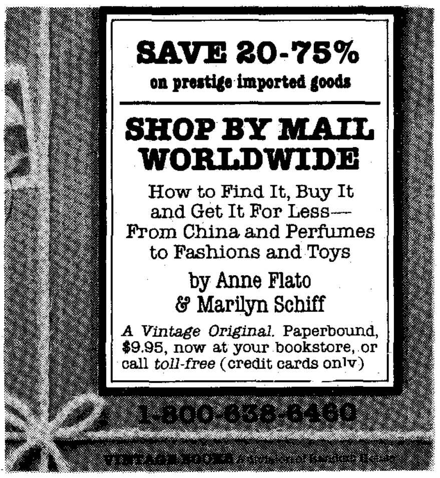

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Australia in the first place. A conference between the two syndicate owners, Bond and Parry, resulted in a compromise: Australia IV and Kookaburra III would indeed race against each other in the final, but the winning boat would then sail a series of speed trials against Kooka II, and if Kooka II proved faster the winning syndicate would have the option of naming her the defender. Metternich might have gasped with admiration at the Kookaburra camp's grasp of realpolitik, but the question was whether the exercise had accomplished anything. As it turned out, the defenders' final—best five out of nine—was even more anticlimactic than the challengers': after both boats were disqualified in the first attempt at a race, the two skippers managed to stay away from each other, and Kookaburra III demolished Australia IV, 5–0. The disparity in scores between the semifinals and the final was laid to a last-minute change made to Australia—yet another new keel. According to her designer, Ben Lexcen, what had been added was a keel-like device called a canard, a separate fin forward of the existing keel. Instead of making her a match for Kookaburra III, the appendage actually slowed her significantly, and there was not time during the series to refine the new underbody, or even change back to the old one. The final elimination of the Bond syndicate was a sobering reminder of what usually happens with desperate design gambles.

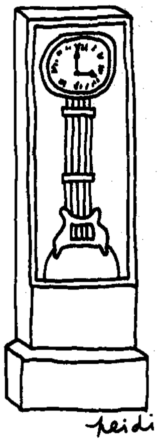
In the interval between the finals and the America's Cup itself—the goal that everyone was presumably after, though sometimes it had been hard to be sure—Kooka II also underwent a final series of changes, but they, too, were unsuccessful, and she remained incapable of beating her stablemate. She did donate the pugnacious Gilmour from her regular roster to serve as Murray's mainsheet trimmer and starting helmsman. Both Kookaburra III and Stars & Stripes also received the customary tribute of sails from their fallen opponents. Most sails used in Twelve-Metre competition last only a matter of hours, and each team's staff sailmakers are insatiably curious about the sails used against them. Stars & Stripes received several useful spinnakers from America II and at least one mainsail from USA. The New Zealanders, however, declined to assist the Yanks in preparing for the Cup regatta, and actually sailed a few speed trials with the Aussies. Their help was intended as a minimal symbol of Anzac solidarity—something that was obviously important to both nations. An observer attempting to pin down the Kiwis' attitude toward their larger—much larger—neighbor soon runs head on into an ambivalence that is almost schizophrenic. To oversimplify, New Zealanders dearly love to cut the Aussies down to size, but they will be damned if they let anyone else do it. The Australians, on their side, feel entitled to patronize the Kiwis but expect automatic support from them in any critical situation. It is ironic that when the Aussies used New Zealand as a speed yardstick against Stars & Stripes they were probably misled by Conner's having reined his boat in during the challengers' finals, so that the controversial Anzac axis produced no help for the Australians at all.

PEOPLE who follow America's Cup campaigns acquire, after a while, an ear for the sound of no hands clapping—the faint whisper of reality under the often deafening blare of self-serving press releases and self-deceiving newspaper articles. Even before the first gun in the actual America's Cup regatta, most knowledgeable observers considered the American Twelve-Metre the definite favorite; even partisan Aussie boating writers betrayed—to someone reading between the lines—the gravest doubts about Kookaburra's chances. What nobody expected, thanks partly to wishful thinking and partly to the victors' superbly restrained disinformation campaigns, was just *how one-sided* the contest would be. Going into the Cup regatta, the records of the two boats were superficially quite similar: Stars & Stripes, in the course of the elimination series that selected her as the challenger, had put together a record of thirty-five victories and eight losses, as against the 37–8 record of Kookaburra III in the defenders' elimination series. Moreover, casually informed opinion held that the boats had complementary performance assets and liabilities: Stars & Stripes was marked as being weak in light airs and powerful in heavy winds, especially when she was beating to windward. (In the Western Australian setting, "heavy winds" for a Twelve-Metre begin at about twenty-five knots, or twenty-nine miles per hour—a strength at which a Cup race committee off Newport, Rhode Island, would begin thinking of postponement.) Kookaburra, in contrast, was expected to shine in lighter breezes and when heading downwind.

Where Kooka's and Stars' expected capabilities overlapped—in wind speeds around twenty knots—was the supposedly debatable area, and both skippers strongly implied that in these average conditions the winning yacht would be the boat that was ahead at the first leeward mark, a little more than a quarter of the way around the twenty-four-mile course. It was logical to assume that to achieve that position a boat would need to be at least equal to her rival in three critical situations—the close-quarters maneuvering before the start, the first windward leg and the probable tacking duel it would involve, and the tactical infighting when rounding the windward mark—and superior in a fourth, the initial downwind leg, where she would have to fight off the following boat or break past the leader, depending on her relative position. In the event, the decisive point in each race was apparent (especially with twenty-twenty hindsight) a lot earlier than the first leeward mark, and depended mostly on the single but complex factor of boat speed. The game plan devised by Dennis Conner and Tom Whidden was straightforward. In each race, Stars, after staying clear of Kookaburra at the start, to avoid a potentially disqualifying protest situation, went for open water on whichever side of the line looked favorable (her crew's reading of the wind patterns was definitely more perceptive than the Aussie crew's), then buckled down and beat to windward as fast as she could go until, partway up the first leg, sheer boat speed allowed her either to control the other boat or to simply sail away from her. After that, it was only a matter of staying ahead but not totally out of touch, in case a huge wind shift should do to Conner's Stars & Stripes what a 1983 shift had done to Conner's Liberty—leave her stranded in limbo while the trailing boat sailed past to victory.

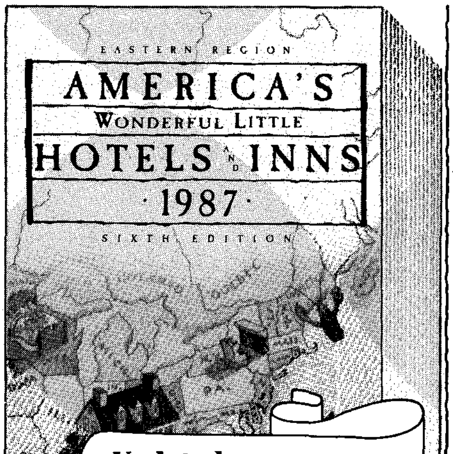
In the first race, there *was* a huge wind shift, but it happened right at the start, and favored Stars & Stripes. The course to the first mark was set at two hundred and twenty-five degrees, but in the pre-start maneuvering Tom Whidden saw, about five minutes before the gun, that the wind was beginning to swing left, so the left end of the line was the place to be. Both boats started on starboard tack—Stars & Stripes, unopposed, at the left end, and Kookaburra in free air at the right. Within a minute and a half, the wind had completed a twenty-two-degree shift, and Stars was nicely up to windward of her opponent. About four minutes after the start, she tacked toward Kookaburra. When two yachts approach each other for the first time on opposite tacks, the manner of their meeting can tell the whole story, even to a spectator who is some distance away. In this case, as Stars neared Kooka the Aussie boat quickly tacked away: that told spectators that if she had held her right-of-way, starboard-tack course Conner would himself have tacked, to put his boat just ahead and under Kookaburra's lee, a position from which he could dominate his opponent by feeding her turbulent air from his boat's sails. Without any further interference from the Aussies, Stars sailed both faster and closer to the wind, and by the first mark she had built a lead of one minute and fifteen seconds. In spite of continuing large wind shifts—the wind direction varied between one hundred and sixty-five and two hundred and twenty-five degrees during the race—she maintained a substantial lead, gaining distance on six of the eight legs.

Race No. 2, uncomplicated by wind shifts, saw the Australian starting helmsman, Peter Gilmour, attempt to put his boat in a commanding position right at the start or, failing that, cause Stars & Stripes to foul out. Gilmour, who is twenty-eight, is a good, scrappy sailor, but Conner, with something like ten thousand hours behind the wheel of a Twelve, is a complete master. He managed to elude Gilmour's aggressive rush and start clear, at the cost of crossing to leeward and about three seconds behind. The two boats set off up the windward leg on a long, long starboard beat, which perfectly demonstrated Stars' and Conner's superiority. As Murray, who had taken Kookaburra's wheel right after the start, steered an arrow-straight course, Conner worked his boat to windward, riding the puffs and picking his way through the seas. After almost a quarter of an hour, he had edged Stars & Stripes up into the attacker's position, under the Aussies' bow; Kookaburra was once again forced to tack away, and the two Twelves separated. When both boats tacked again and crossed, superior speed through the water had given Stars a lead of two boat lengths, and she rounded the windward mark twelve seconds ahead. Although the margin was hardly enough to look decisive, Stars' new and surprising downwind speed let her widen her lead to twenty-nine seconds at the end of the first run. With both winds and seas increasing, the Americans opened up the gap to a safe minute and a quarter at the second windward mark, and there it pretty much stayed for the rest of a very wet afternoon.



At the start of the third race, as previously, the two boats were at opposite ends of the rather short start line—Stars & Stripes on starboard tack at the left, and Kookaburra on port tack at the right. This time, when the Twelves made their first tack and came nose to nose, Kookaburra was a boat length in the lead and was able to tack on top of Stars, forcing her back to the left side of the course. Twice more the Twelves converged and tacked away from each other, but on these occasions with no clear advantage. On the fourth approach, Conner chose to suddenly dip Stars under his opponent's stern instead of tacking off. His move must have caught the Kookas by surprise; Murray swung his boat around to tack on top of Conner, but even a nimble Twelve like Kookaburra requires time to pick up speed after coming through the eye of the wind, and Stars already had speed. As a result, she powered through Kooka's bad air into the clear, and into a fifteen-second lead at the windward mark. Murray still had a chance to reclaim the race. His boat was close enough behind Stars to have blanketed her effectively, but then Conner headed off at an angle to the direct downwind course, and Murray did not cover him, instead holding straight for the leeward mark. The American crew, however, had read the wind better: even though Stars was sailing a slightly longer distance, she was in a strengthening breeze, and Kooka seemed to have run into a hole. As the Aussies' spinnaker alternately filled and collapsed, the Americans sailed away to a lead of nearly a minute at the leeward mark, never to look back.

After a lay day called, surprisingly, by the Americans, the two yachts met for what everyone must have realized would be the last time—barring, of course, an accident like the one that had cost Stars her single loss against the Kiwis, or a protest successfully



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engineered by the Aussies. Given the total absence of gear failure aboard Stars so far, the latter possibility was more realistic. It may well be one of yacht racing's larger weaknesses that races can be won in this negative fashion, but it is a fact that skippers live with, and one that even the most sportsmanlike will use to advantage. The spectators all expected Gilmour to come out at the ten-minute signal looking for blood, and they were not disappointed. In the pre-start maneuvers of match racing, the objective is to get on the other boat's stern just before the starting gun and force her over the line early, so that she has to go back and cross again, well behind her adversary. Gilmour succeeded in getting Kookaburra within what looked like arm's reach of Stars & Stripes, but then Conner led him into the spectator fleet and swung in a tight circle around a huge power yacht flying the Japanese flag (and representing, as it happened, a Japanese syndicate that was paying Alan Bond eight million dollars for Australias III and IV and their accompanying technology). Moments later, Kooka and Stars arrived near the right end of the start line and stalled, head to wind, their huge brown-and-white sails luffing in a sixteen-knot southwesterly. About half a minute before the starting signal, the two yachts fell away from the wind and reached down the line, and it looked as though Gilmour might succeed in pushing Conner across early. But Conner's timing and sense of distance were masterly, and Stars had just enough room between Kookaburra and the red-and-white America's Cup buoy to squeeze through, her sail missing the marker by a yard or so, while Gilmour, having gambled and lost, had to put Kookaburra across five seconds behind. The Australians tacked off to the right, then tacked back, and the Twelves converged a minute and a quarter after the start. To absolutely no one's surprise, Stars & Stripes was ahead, by about two boat lengths. From that point on, the race followed the now customary script, with the Americans sailing a cautious, faultless race and winning by one second short of two minutes.

If the harborside crowds had been six deep when the boats left, they were twice as heavy when Kookaburra came home. An observer who remembered the stunned American fans of 1983 was struck by the Aussies' cheerful acceptance of defeat. Their boys had been walloped, all right—but by superior technology, and who could blame the Kookas for that? They greeted Iain Murray and his crew with a roar of warmth that was purely Australian, and that extended, only slightly subdued, to Dennis Conner and his crew, who sailed into the packed basin under spinnaker and mainsail, in what may have been the week's riskiest moment. Although the defeated Murray remained his country's favorite son, Conner became a genuine Australian hero. His low-key performances in TV interviews and his sedulous expressions of respect for his opponents were climaxed, during the final post-race press conference, when he won a roar of applause by announcing that his personal (and, obviously, non-binding) choice of site for the 1990 Cup series was Fremantle. Conner, one Australian yachtsman earnestly explained to me, had won everyone's respect because he had "nous" (a popular slang term, pronounced like "house," that is roughly equivalent to savvy or smarts). But, my newfound friend insisted, Aussies had come to love Conner because he was a great sportsman. It was an assertion that came from the heart, although it was propelled by half a dozen Swan Lagers, and I was not about to suggest the possibility that Conner's meticulous public performance was at least partly just that—a performance; part of a consistent, successful campaign to lull the opposition out of the spirit of vindictive belligerence that the Aussies had instilled in themselves, to such good effect, in 1983.

Through the victory night, Australians and Americans gambolled in the streets, sluicing down champagne and beer with a mutual good will that made it impossible to tell who had won and who had lost. By 10 P.M., thanks to an Aussie habit of dropping each beer can the instant it was empty, many of Fremantle's streets were virtually paved with aluminum. But at eight the next morning—a cloudless day in paradise—the streets had been hosed and swept, and Fremantle's elegant Victorian buildings, all two-tone pastel, gleamed in the sun.

The post mortems tended to give the prize to technology, and certainly American technology was a major factor in the victory. But it was only one factor. In the opinion of several observers, Conner and his crew were just better sailors than their op-

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ponents. Their sail handling had become virtually perfect, while the Aussies' was definitely not; at least three times, for example, Kookaburra had rounded a windward mark, made a good spinnaker set, but left the dropped genoa trailing over the bow for fifteen seconds or longer. The Americans, who had trained off Hawaii, also seemed much more at home with the winds and seas of Gage Roads than did the Kookas (most of whom were from Sydney). And Dennis Conner, striking a blow for overweight middle-aged men everywhere, proved that he was not only the outstanding Twelve-Metre helmsman of his day but also a first-class field commander; the team of designers, sailors, and support people that he created and held together contained many brilliant talents, not all of them previously noted for teamwork.

Stars & Stripes did prove to be a superboat—whatever that means—but not until she had been reballasted, had acquired a new rudder, and had been given a computer-generated keel with narrow wings and a Roman profile. (The crew privately referred to it as Jimmy Durante.) In the end, the timing of Stars' development over the last year and a half, with the continuous application of evolving technology through step after step, was the hallmark of its campaign—a campaign that is already being studied by Australians, New Zealanders, Japanese, Germans, and, it is safe to say, a dozen other would-be challengers who can look a potential fifty-million-dollar budget in the eye without gulping. Perhaps the most terrifying factor that challengers aiming at 1990 will have to face is Dennis Conner, still in the grip of his long obsession, and with an uncompromising attitude that should send chills through his prospective opponents. "This is the first time we've ever designed a boat using some of the real assets of technology," he said at the final press conference. "It's been basically an art before, and now we're just starting to scratch it into a science. I'm sure there's an awful lot more to go, and if it's expensive we're just going to have to pay the price to be competitive."

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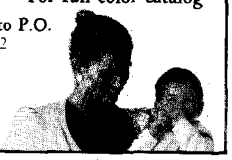

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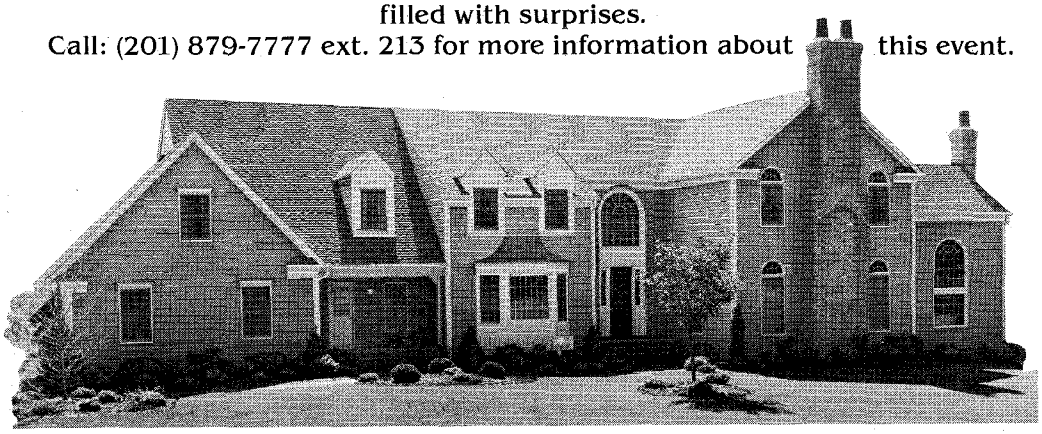

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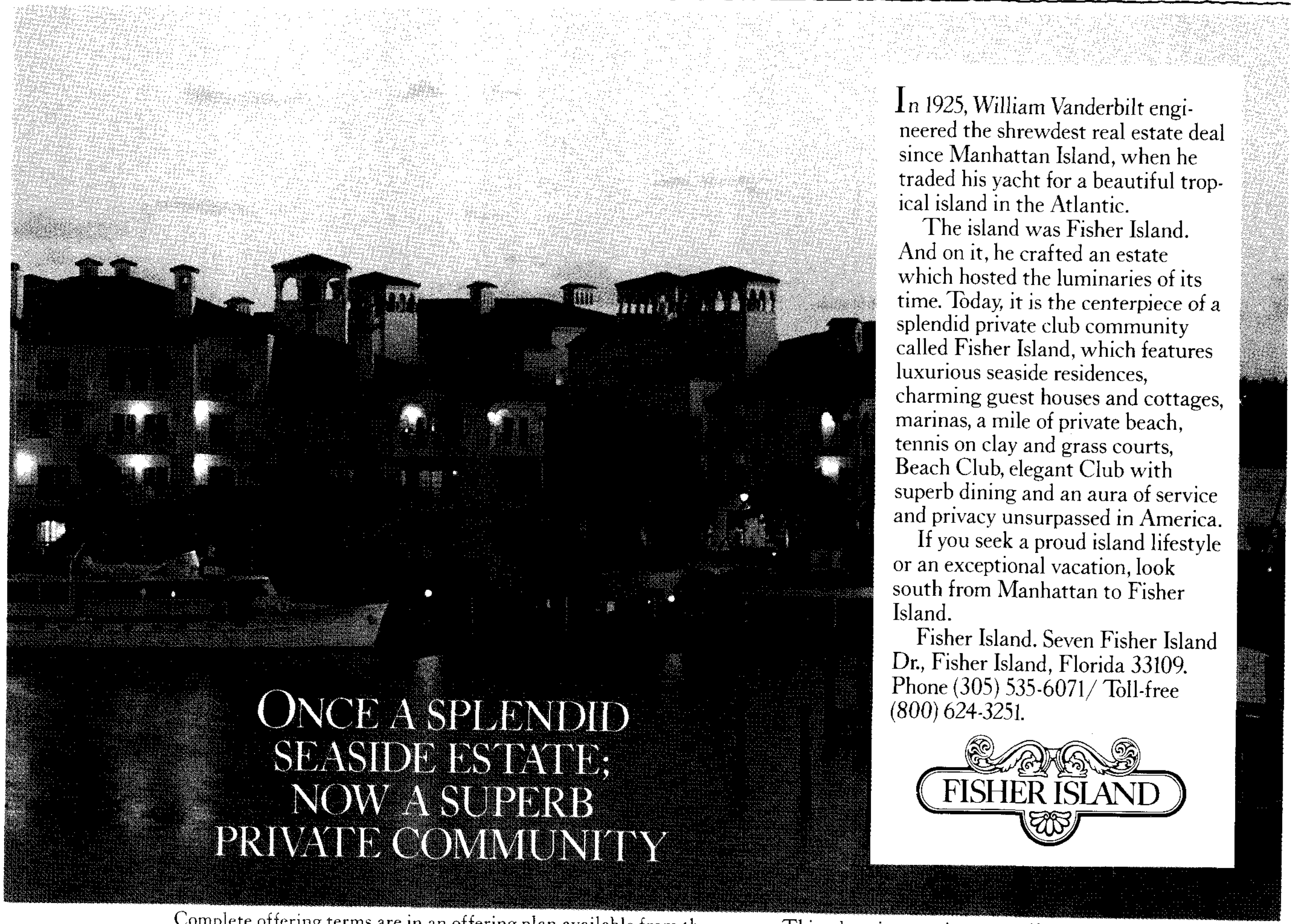
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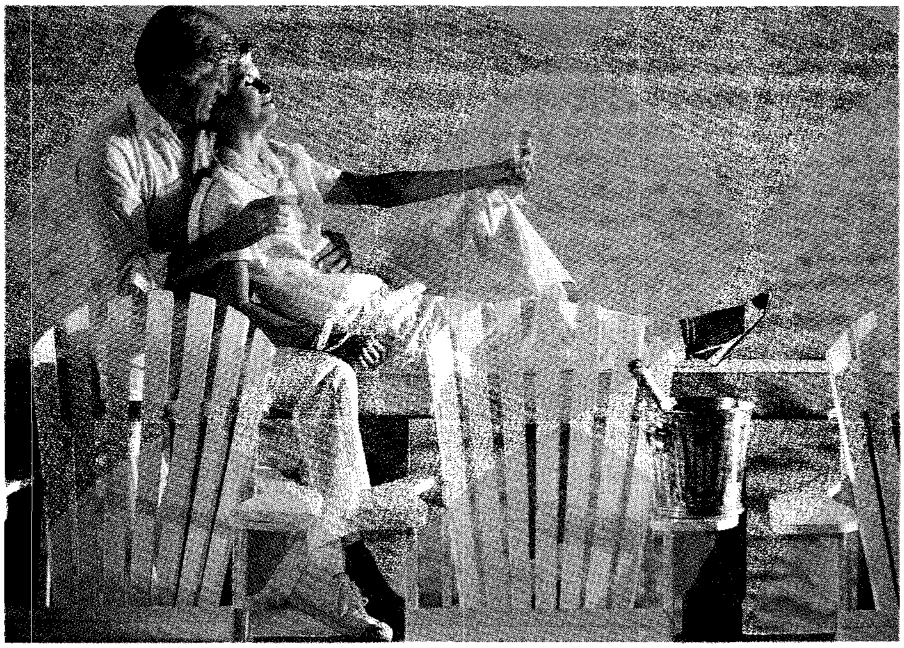

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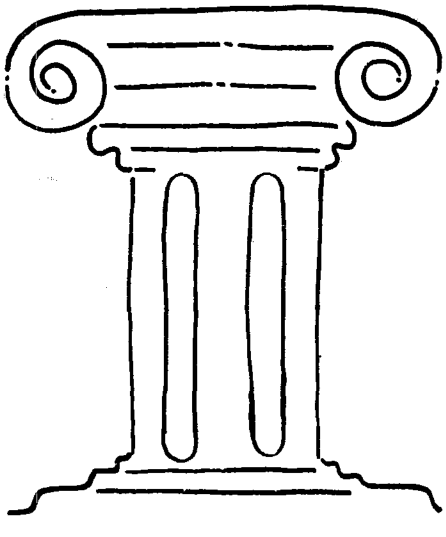

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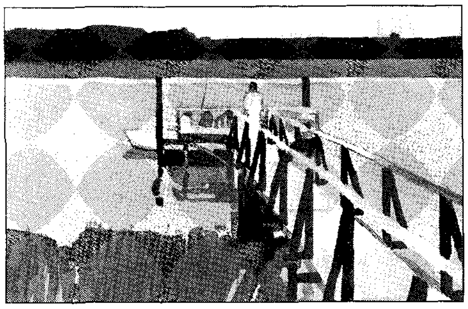

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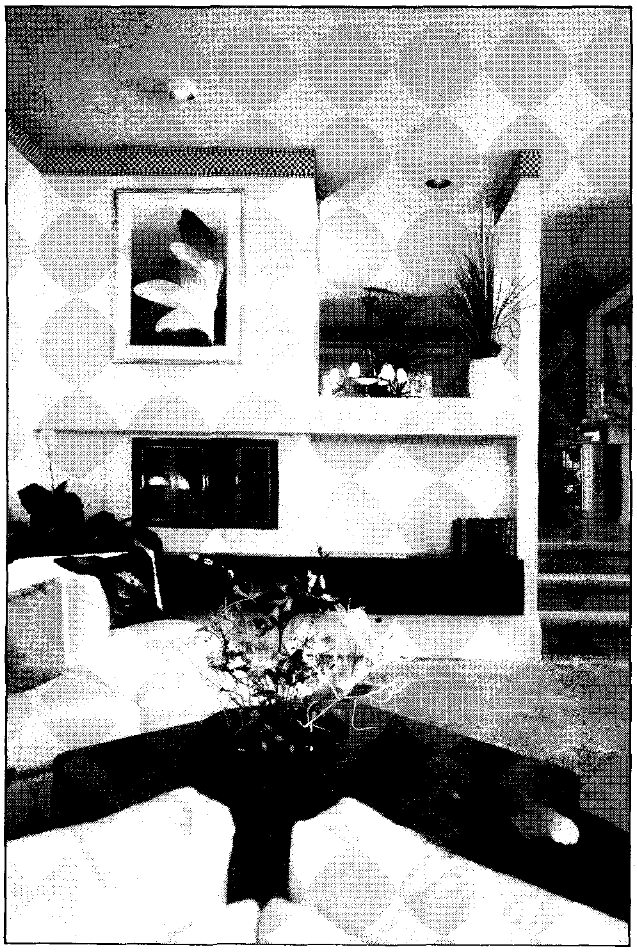

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mocking Manon

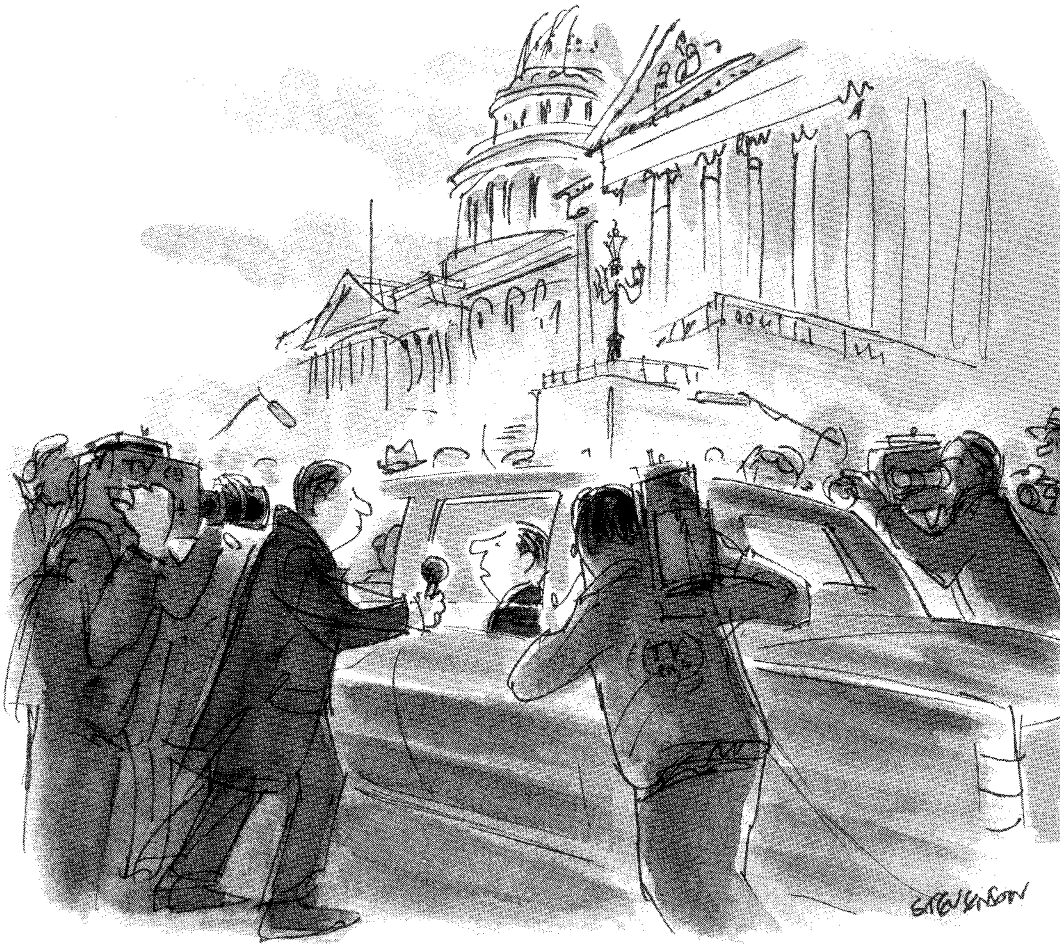
WHILE other big opera companies seek to rediscover dramatic values in familiar works of the past—sometimes stylishly, sometimes with reckless innovation—the Metropolitan Opera prefers elaborate, extravagant spectacle. After "La Bohème," "Tosca," and "Die Fledermaus," there arrived, last month, an elephantine "Manon"—the first presentation in the new house of Massenet's opera. It is an American edition of Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's "Manon" production for Vienna and Munich. The sets are basically monochrome, in his familiar manner. The inn courtyard has many cutout animals—rabbits, chickens, geese, cats, a dog, a pig—as well as a busy crowd. The garret in the Rue Vivienne is enormous—it could hold flocks of bohemians—and comes with room service. (There are *two* little tables: a pleasant tease for the audience while it wonders to which of them Manon will address "Adieu, notre petite table.") The Cours-la-Reine fête is a very big production number. A tightrope walker gets a hand from the audience when his traverse of the stage is complete. Manon appears at the top of a tall flight of steps, like some Broadway heroine about to break into the big number. But her "Je marche sur tous les chemins" is then done in rivalry with an eye-catchingly elegant Afghan hound downstage; on the first night, the dog, with apparently quizzical reactions to each burst of coloratura from the soprano, won the competition for attention. The gaming room of Act IV has become four thronged gaming rooms, stacked up in two stories, with in front of them a thirty-foot table at the opposite ends of which Des Grieux and Guillot play; all but the principals are dressed in white, with whitened faces; Manon wears an immense black crinoline. The last act plays in a garbage dump below the road to Le Havre, reached by a steep rustic staircase.

Opera critics are being chided for simply describing what they see, and not trying to discern a director's deeper purpose. Let me try. Mr. Ponnelle's aim, it seems, must be to deride and destroy the reputation of "Manon" as an opera of accomplishment, charm, and grace. (Even so severe and scornful a critic of Massenet as Martin Cooper owns, in his "French Music," that "Manon" is "something very near a masterpiece.") To this end, he employs caricature (Poussette, Javotte, and Rosette, Manon's three friends, are played as shrill fishwives), freezes, and slow-motion sequences. He dresses Manon so unbecomingly that the donnée of the plot—all men who see her desire her—is ridiculed. Massenet's lighthearted touches are rendered gross: the voluble little chorus of Des Grieux's admirers in Saint-Sulpice—usually an amusing episode—is sung by a swarm of gesticulating harpies. Later in the scene, Manon, on her knees in a great red crinoline, clings to Des Grieux's hand and is dragged across the stage, like a collapsed bell tent, while she sings "N'est-ce plus ma main." (The audience laughed. The director had made his point.) The most famous image of "Manon" is that of Des Grieux in despair over his beloved's body. In Mr. Ponnelle's version, the hero scrambles up the rickety stairs and scampers off into the wings while the curtain falls on Manon lying there as the latest addition to the garbage dump.

That "Manon" is trash is something that might be argued in a trenchant article. But it is curious of the Met to have lavished talent, time, and public money on a four-hour demonstration of the thesis. There is perhaps just this, from the Met's point of view, to be said for the show: since the music and the libretto are treated with contempt, since the main points are made visually, it matters hardly at all how the opera is cast. The company cultivates an audience that doesn't really listen to a score, that is eager to drown the music with its applause for scenic effects and for the entries of well-publicized artists. On the first night, the most effective performer (for anyone who knew the opera) was the tenor, Denés Gulyás. He was singing the role for the first time and had had no stage or orchestral rehearsal. (He stepped in for an indisposed Neil Shicoff.) He gave an honest, straightforward, traditional performance—except for the antics at the end, where he enacted Mr. Ponnelle's quirk instead of following natural instincts and Massenet's clear instruction "Des Grieux gives a heart-rending cry and falls on Manon's body." His voice was often unpleasant to listen to, but there were passages of sweet, unpressured mezza voce ("Nous vivrons à Paris" was one) and passages of rounded, virile climax which suggested that if he were to study with great Des Grieux of the past who made records—Edmond Clément, Giuseppe Anselmi, Tito Schipa—he might become a good contemporary interpreter of the role. Catherine Malfitano, a seasoned Manon and an able performer, sacrificed charm, variety, and piquancy to dutiful acquiescence in Mr. Ponnelle's view of the character. The others—Michel Sénéchal's lively Guillot excepted—varied from passable to poor. Manuel Rosenthal's conducting was unsupple and sometimes noisy.

Miss Malfitano sang the gavotte, not the fabliau, and the Cours-la-Reine scene ended with the alternative version provided "for theatres that have no ballet troupe." Good textual decisions both. A third was questionable. Although "Manon" is termed an opéra comique, it has (unlike "Carmen") no spoken scenes. But it is famous for a deft use of *mélodrame:* at some moments of light conversational exchange or extreme emotional tension, a few lines are spoken over music, not sung. There have always been people who dislike the spoken word on the lyric stage (not unreasonably when the size of the theatre or the actors' inability to speak well may make speech ineffective). So far as I know, no one has yet musicked the spoken climax of "Die Frau ohne Schatten," but Jan Kuchař composed recitatives for "Il Flauto Magico" (in 1794), Michael Costa composed recitatives for "Fidelio," Berlioz composed recitatives for "Le Freischütz," and Ernest Guiraud composed recitatives for "Carmen." In performances of "Manon" outside France, the spoken lines have often been sung; appropriate notes can easily be drawn from the accompanying music. In 1984, Massenet's great-granddaughter found a vocal score into which the composer himself had written such recitatives. They were used at a Strasbourg production of "Manon" that year and are used again in the new Met production. Having been tried, they can be dropped again. They add nothing—reduce, rather, the variety of Massenet's expressive device.

THE Met performs "Carmen" with spoken dialogue. In this season's revival, it is spoken ardently by the Spanish Don José, José Carreras, less convincingly by the Greek Carmen, Agnes Baltsa, and the American Escamillo, Samuel Ramey. The production, new last season, was one of the company's more serious endeavors, despite some unsatisfactory features: the bright background against which Bizet set his tragedy is sombred. Still credited to Peter Hall, it now bears little of his stamp. Miss Baltsa, a famous Carmen, was disappointing in her first New York presentation of the role. She played Carmen as a hoyden sometimes boisterous, more often sullen, and never bewitching. She cultivated and carried high an oddly metallic and monotonously loud chest voice. Mr. Carreras still had some fine notes to offer, here and there. His performance had emotional intensity. Mr. Ramey delivered the Toreador Song with some brio. The singing that gave most pleasure was Leona Mitchell's, in a warm, purely projected performance of Micaëla's aria. The orchestra, conducted by James Levine, gave exquisite accounts of the three entr'actes.



"I'm sorry. I never comment on anything George Bush doesn't comment on."

• •

MITSUKO UCHIDA made her name as a Mozart pianist, with performances of rare grace, clarity, and musical insight. (For Philips, she has recorded all the sonatas and has embarked on a series of concertos.) In London this season, she gave a recital with a different repertory: Beethoven's C-Minor Variations, Schubert's C-Major Sonata D. 840, and Chopin's C-Sharp-Minor Nocturne and Third Sonata. Her first New York recital, in Alice Tully Hall last week, began with Mozart's A-Minor Rondo and Schoenberg's Three Piano Pieces, Opus 11, and continued with the Schubert and the Chopin. It was a recital of high distinction, and one that filled its listeners with joy. The Mozart rondo, without any thickening of its fine detail, was charged with emotion. In the Schoenberg, fantasy and poise were combined.

Schubert is dear in any of his favored keys. C major is the key of the "Wanderer" Fantasy, the Grand Duo, the Ninth Symphony, the String Quintet. Also of a piece that had it been nicknamed the "Unfinished" Sonata might have become as popular as the "Unfinished" Symphony. Schubert began it in 1825, the year of the Great C-Major Symphony—with a movement that Tovey called "perhaps the most subtle thing he ever wrote." He followed it with a noble Andante. He almost completed a Minuet and Trio whose tonal adventures pass through five key signatures in two pages. Then, after two hundred and seventy-two (or, if one counts the repeat, five hundred and ten) bars of a sonata-rondo Finale, he broke off, when just into the development section. Both the Minuet and the Finale seem to run aground. Instead of attempting salvage, Schubert embarked on a new voyage, the A-Minor Sonata of 1825; brought it to a successful conclusion; and in the late, great sonatas sailed confidently into—and beyond—the waters where the C-Major had foundered. Several musicians, among them Ernst Krenek and Paul Badura-Skoda, have attempted salvage—have completed the last two movements. Sviatoslav Richter has recorded (on Philips) as much of the music as Schubert wrote. His poetic performance—an uncommonly slow one, admittedly—of the unfinished sonata lasts forty-five minutes: an indication of the scale on which Schubert was working. There are bold strokes in the Minuet and Trio and in the Finale. Music that Schubert abandoned still proves worth hearing. But not even Richter's loving art can conceal awkward episodes when the material crumbles under the pressure of tonal experiment. Miss Uchida played just the completed

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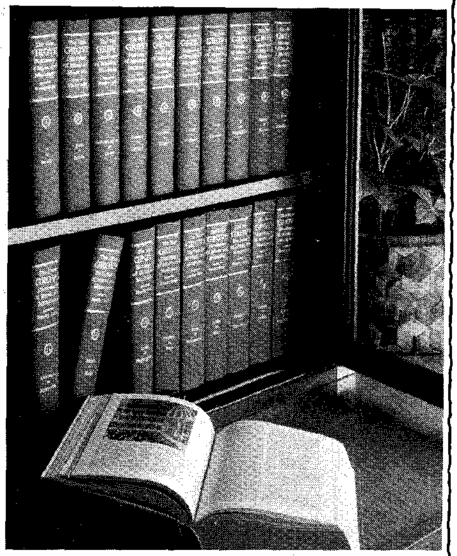

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movements. In her account of the first, there was grandeur of design and delicacy of incident. The Andante was a marvel of rich colors and fine dynamics; the contrasts were strong, the sudden, turbulent swells perfectly judged.

In her account of the Chopin sonata, all Miss Uchida's virtues came together: command of form, beauty of tone, richness of palette, eloquent balance of voices, fleetness and accuracy of articulation, lyrical molding of line. She is a pianist strong but never violent, gentle but never wilting. The Nocturne, limpidly played, was her first encore, and Domenico Scarlatti's D-Minor Sonata, the "Pastorale," scrupulously trim and charming, her second.

ROLF SCHULTE, one of the most distinguished violinists of our day (he was born in 1949), and the pianist Ursula Oppens joined in a remarkable violin-and-piano recital in Weill Hall last month. It began with Ravel's early, one-movement Sonata for Violin and Piano, composed in 1897 but published only in 1975: a work of subtlety and promise, rhythmically fluid, and pointing to the future—particularly to the 1914 Trio. Then Elliott Carter's violin solo "Riconoscenza per Goffredo Petrassi," of which Mr. Schulte was the first American interpreter. "Riconoscenza" is three pages—four minutes—of buoyantly lyrical music that remains fresh however often one may hear it. For Mr. Schulte, it has become something like a signature tune. He plays with energetic litheness, a command of gesture, and a sense of humor that not all interpreters of "Riconoscenza" have matched. If his art were transmuted into dance, he would be a leading Balanchine dancer: the moves are precisely but not mechanically timed; destinations are exactly reached; dynamics of attack and repose are sure; and as he moves one's mind moves with him. His tone is attractively lean, not fat and throbbing. What he does is beautiful.

The first half ended with Mozart's E-Flat Sonata K. 380. It was given an incisive performance. But the pianist needed an instrument of cleaner, more sharply defined tone both here and in Hanns Eisler's "Reisesonate," which began the second half. (Although the program contained much that was unfamiliar, Carnegie provided no program notes: does the title "Travel Sonata" reflect the fact that in 1937, the year of composition, Eisler was in France, Spain—composing songs and organizing concerts for the International Brigade—Denmark, and Czechoslovakia? The following year, his decade in America began.) In East Germany—I learn from Fritz Hennenberg's Eisler monograph published in Leipzig last year—a complete recording of Eisler's music is under way. In the West, we hear little of it now, and what we do hear seems curiously uneven in quality. A performance as gripping as Mr. Schulte and Miss Oppens' of a work as assured and inventive as this sonata suggests that New Grove may be right in saying that when "a proper international assessment" of Eisler's work has been made he may "take his place in the history of 20th-century music as one of its most original talents."

The first performance of Tobias Picker's piano solo "Old and Lost Rivers" followed. It was written last year for Miss Oppens. It is five minutes, in D-flat major, of gently wandering melodic streams above soft repetitions of the piano's lowest D-flat. The dynamic range is from *pp* to *pppp*. The right hand starts on the piano's highest G-flat, in regions so high above the D-flat fundamental that every note there seems to touch on one of its harmonics. There is a hint of Debussy's "Cathédrale Engloutie," but not the contrasts, harmonic adventure, or grandeur of that piece. The effect is rather like Minimalism gone soft, slow, and dreamy—dissolved in a drift of meandering lines, with cross-accents and passing-note oppositions cunningly placed in the metrically fluid scheme. The piece is to be published by European American, and amateur pianists may enjoy moving their fingers through it, once they have pencilled in some pitches not easily readable: the printed score (unlike that of "La Cathédrale Engloutie") abjures octave-transposition signs and calls for the decipherment of notes on up to eight ledger lines. Miss Oppens' performance was poetic.

"Old and Lost Rivers" was a pleasant episode of nostalgic repose in an evening otherwise bracing. Busoni's alert First Violin Sonata followed. Youthful scores by composers who never ceased questing formed the burden of the recital. Carter, now seventy-eight, is ever young. The Ravel, Mozart, and Busoni pieces were by composers in their early twenties, and the encore was a brave Andante by the twenty-one-year-old Bartók.

—ANDREW PORTER

BOOKS

Wrestling to Be Born

PHILIP ROTH's new novel, "The Counterlife" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $18.95), takes many turns and treats of many topics, including, for some especially fine pages, that of impassioned dentistry; but it is mostly about Israel, erections, and writing fiction. In this it resembles much of the author's post-"Portnoy" fiction—and one of Portnoy's complaints, you may remember, was that he became impotent in the state of Israel. Impotence is the starting point of the present novel of surging self-explanation, -exploration, -excoriation, and -justification, this time voiced by Nathan Zuckerman, whom we have met before. The Zuckerman trilogy-plus—"The Ghost Writer" (1979), "Zuckerman Unbound" (1981), "The Anatomy Lesson" (1983), plus "Epilogue: The Prague Orgy" (1985)—was preceded by the appearance of Zuckerman in the first third of "My Life as a Man" (1974), as the hero of two "Useful Fictions" written by the novel's real (whatever that means) hero, Peter Tarnopol. In the first of these stories, "Salad Days," the twice-fictional Zuckerman has an older brother, Sherman—a pianist who runs a high-school band, goes off to the Navy in 1945, and returns to marry "some skinny Jewish girl from Bala-Cynwyd who talked in baby talk and worked as a dental technician somewhere" and to become an orthodontist. In the second useful fiction, "Courting Disaster," and in "The Ghost Writer," the brother disappears, but in "Zuckerman Unbound" he reappears as a *younger* brother, named Henry, a dentist with a wife, Carol, and three children in New Jersey—"the good son," flawed only by a weak heart and an occasional extramarital affair. He is "the tallest, darkest, and handsomest by far of all the Zuckerman men, a swarthy, virile, desert Zuckerman whose genes, uniquely for their clan, seemed to have traveled straight from Judea to New Jersey without the Diaspora detour." Nathan looks at Henry over their father's deathbed and thinks:

> Softest, gentlest, kindest. Responsibility. Generosity. Devotion. That's how everybody spoke of Henry. I suppose if I were Henry with his heart I wouldn't jeopardize it, either. It probably feels very good being so good. Except when it doesn't. And that probably feels good in the end too. Self-sacrifice.

At the climax of "Zuckerman Unbound," however, this softer and gentler Zuckerman turns on Nathan and furiously tells him that his writing is what has killed their father and that the old man's last utterance was to call his older son a bastard. These accusations rankle throughout "The Anatomy Lesson," but Henry and his family remain estranged from Nathan and scarcely appear in the book.

Now, in "The Counterlife," Henry returns, as co-hero. It is he who, as a side effect of a beta-blocking medication taken to relieve his coronary disease and hypertension, is rendered impotent; it is he who, caught up in torrid liaisons with a Swiss-German patient called Maria and then with a dental assistant called Wendy, suffers the pangs of Portnoy's Complaint, clinically defined in the book of the same name as "a disorder in which strongly-felt ethical and altruistic impulses are perpetually warring with extreme sexual longings, often of a perverse nature." The disorder, displaced onto Henry's conventional, dutiful, family-bound existence, regains intensity and interest. Explosion requires constraint. The trouble with the other Zuckerman as an agonist was that he had become too free: a rich writer, thrice married but usually a bachelor when we see him in Roth's fictions, Nathan is able to fly where he wants, have whom he wants, analyze and clown away whatever he doesn't like, and concentrate entirely upon his own psyche and anatomy. If he is less than heroic, it is because the task he keeps setting himself and keeps being unable to perform—to break out of self-obsession enough to establish a family and become a father—is, for most any heterosexual male, ridiculously easy. In fact, biology and inertia usually do it for you. But for Zuckerman the writer nothing comes, or goes, easy; he has been stewing over the mixed critical reception of his best-selling "Carnovsky" (1969) for nearly ten years ("The Counterlife" occurs in 1978) and rehashing his boyhood ever since it happened. "Tell me something," his exasperated brother Henry asks him, "is it at all possible . . . for you to have a frame of reference slightly larger than the kitchen table in Newark?" For Zuckerman the dentist, father, and husband—"a young man still largely propelled by feelings of decorum that he had imbibed and internalized and never seriously questioned"—lust is still an unhackneyed, majestic disruption subject to no mitigating literary uses and deformations. The first section of this five-part novel, "Basel," describing Henry's affairs and his decision to undergo a life-threatening coronary-bypass operation that will restore his potency, has the vital freshness, the vivid minor characters and implied communal pressure, of "Goodbye, Columbus" (1959), Roth's first bracing dip into the bottomless waters

"Castle."

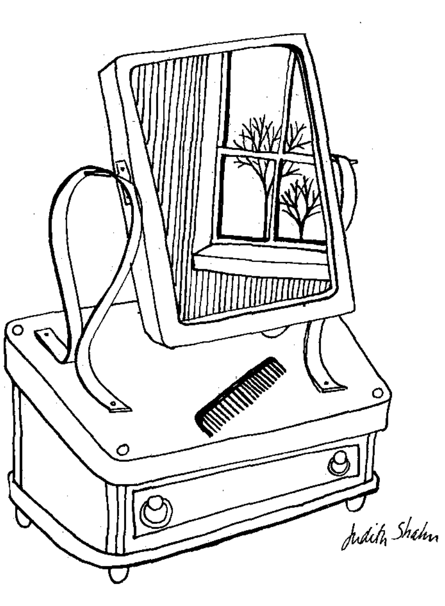
of Newark Jewishness and sexuality.

The four remaining chapters give back, I think, some of the life borrowed from this shift of interest onto the brother. Unlike James Joyce and Thomas Mann, to whom the theme of competitive fraternity was objectively, oppressively present, Roth conceives brotherhood as another exercise in egoism. Nathan says of brothers, "How they know each other, in my experience, is as a kind of deformation of themselves." Indeed, almost all the characters in "The Counterlife," including the women, exist as deformations of the hero, or as curved mirrors giving back an exaggerated aspect of him. As if to proclaim imaginative distortion as the heart and soul of fiction (and to plead Not Guilty to charges of indecent exposure and invaded privacy), the novel incorporates discontinuous variations of its central situation. The plot bifurcates, revises itself, cross-examines itself, tries things several ways. In the first chapter, Henry dies during the heart operation; in the second, "Judea," he has survived and has fled his family and practice by going (as if in fulfillment of that "desert" quality casually ascribed in the earlier novel) to Israel and taking up with a Zionist zealot. In the fourth chapter, it is Nathan who has the heart problem, the impotence, and the mistress called Maria. In pursuing these variations, the virtuoso imaginer rarely falters; satisfying details of place and costume, beautifully heard and knitted dialogues, astonishing diatribes unfold in chapters impeccably shaped, packed, and smoothed. No other writer combines such a surface of colloquial relaxation and even dishevelment with such a dense load of meditating intelligence. Nathan, pondering the Hebraized, suntanned Henry, reflects "about this swift and simple conversion of a kind that isn't readily allowed to writers unless they wish to commit the professional blunder of being uninquiring." Inquiring the writing certainly is; the way in which yet one more insight, one more psychological wrinkle, is visited upon an already thoroughly explicated situation (Henry's resentment of Nathan, Nathan's condescension to Henry) is as thrilling as, in another sort of novel, another body discovered in the library. The narrator is always striving to *get on top of* his feelings, pains, animosities, rages; the narrative suggests two fast-moving, slippery wrestlers constantly breaking each other's holds, the wrestlers matched with an interminable equality because they are really one wrestler.

Israel means "he who wrestles with God." From Genesis 32:

> And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel.

Even the interchangeability of "he"s in this epochal passage seems pertinent to "The Counterlife." Nathan's Maria, who also writes fiction, in a genteel/Gentile fashion, says to him, "You didn't seem to realize that writing for me isn't everything about my existence wrestling to be born." In the modern absence of Jacob's ghostly opponent, Jews wrestle now with such ghosts as the id and the superego, and with the question "What is a Jew?" "What is a Jew in the first place?" Nathan asks. The question has taken on fresh dimensions in Israel—"a whole *country* imagining itself, asking itself, 'What the hell is this business of being a Jew?' " Here, where every cloud and tree and acre can be said to be Jewish, the pacific and pushed-around Jew of the Diaspora, at the mercy of his Christian or Islamic overlords, is superseded. Here Jews can live "a life free of Jewish cringing, deference, diplomacy, apprehension, alienation, self-pity, self-satire, self-mistrust, depression, clowning, bitterness, nervousness, inwardness, hypercriticalness, hypertouchiness, social anxiety, social assimilation—a way of life absolved, in short, of all the Jewish 'abnormalities,' those peculiarities of self-division whose traces remained imprinted in just about every engaging Jew I knew." Thus thinks Nathan, having gone to rescue Henry from his frontier settlement in Judea, among the West Bank Arabs. In his three-day visit, he talks with disillusioned, almost anti-Israeli Jews, with rabid expansionist Jews, with doggedly religious Jews, with Jews as crazy as those he meets in New York. He is less than enchanted; the pervasive social challengingness, the gun his brother totes, and even the terrain disturb him: "Judea . . . could have passed for a piece of the moon to which the Jews had been sadistically exiled by their worst enemies rather than the place they passionately maintained was theirs and no one else's from time immemorial." Aggressive, unapologetic Israel represents the timorous and massacred Diaspora Jew's "construction of a counterlife." At first, most of the non-Arab world cheered: "All over the world people were rooting for the Jews to go ahead and un-Jew themselves in their own little homeland." Now, with the little nation convincingly tough in its Begin-led militance, anti-Zionism has crept into respectable intellectual circles, as Nathan discovers in his adopted land of England. As he is forcefully told on the plane back: "You think it's the Jewish superego [the goyim] hate? *They hate the Jewish id!* What right do these Jews have to *have* an id? The Holocaust should have taught them never to have an id *again.*"



The Israel sections are interesting but perhaps in too journalistic a way; the variety of possible opinions is paraded past almost as brutally as standpoints on Communist Czechoslovakia, from anti through antic and anarchic to stolidly pro, were marshalled in "The Prague Orgy." The conversations deteriorate into blocks of *talk*, one excited essay after another. As the novel goes on, the topic of Jewishness overrides plausibility: airplane security thugs talk of T. S. Eliot's cigar-toting Bleistein, and sisters-in-law in church crypts give quick seminars in the anti-Semitism of John Buchan. In England, with its distinctly Christian heritage, Nathan encounters anti-Semitism as if for the first time, and becomes an American patriot. "To say Jew and goy about America simply is to miss the point, because America simply is not that." Affronted repeatedly, he tells Maria, "I didn't run into this stuff there—never." (He has evidently forgotten how, as is related in "Salad Days," his superior in the Army, Captain Clark, would aim cotton golf balls at his most

Hebraic feature, saying, when on target, "Ah, they we go, Zuckuhmun, rat on the nose.") Zuckerman, who loves to hear his shiksas screech, finally succeeds in goading his English wife into admitting that even she sometimes asks herself "Why do Jews make such a bloody fuss about being Jewish?" and into delivering a three-page tirade that ends by advising him, "Go back to America, please, where everybody loves Jews—you think!" Tirades, philippics, self-expositions: reading a Roth novel becomes like riding in an overheated club car, jostled this way and that by the clamorous, importunate crowd of talkers while glimpses of the outside world tantalizingly whip past the steamed-up windows. The train slackens momentum and clanks to a halt, and we press our forehead to the glass only to see that we already *were* in this station, an hour or two ago.

Roth's inquiringness, the fervid delicacy of his subdividing investigations of mental and moral and emotional states, produces novels of sentiment as lacy, in their way, as a Victorian romancer's. In this novel, the decisive events take place on operating tables and the actors are surgeons we never meet. Otherwise, all is thought, feeling, second thoughts, and speech. And like a Victorian the author takes us into his confidence with a flattering concern for our good opinion. Roth has never written more scrupulously or, in spots, more lovingly. The portrait of the English Maria is a gorgeous, long-limbed, indolent Gainsborough, complete with horses and towpaths and gray stone walls in the background. The English in-laws are as perfectly "done" as bit parts on "Masterpiece Theatre." Henry's final revenge on his brother stirs up a stunning anthropological metaphor: "Henry, like a cannibal who out of respect for his victim, to gain whatever history and power is there, eats the brain and learns that raw it tastes like poison." Henry not only eats Nathan's brain but has his number; he is the writer's sharpest critic—the writer as social animal and devious psyche—and an entire anthology of scathing and penetrating remarks about writing and writers could be extracted from their fraternal byplay. The novel as a whole is a performance to cap performances, a defiant roundup and topping-up of the hangups and obsessions that wearisome critics like the undersigned have been gently suggesting Roth has perhaps sufficiently exploited. Nathan himself claims, "As a writer I'd mined my past to its limits, exhausted my private culture and personal memories, and could no longer even warm to squabbling over my work." But, going to the same old well with a vengeance (and with some new geography), Roth shows that more can be still more; this is Zuckerman's most rousing outing since "The Ghost Writer," and one in which the inspirational value of personal resentment seems blessedly reduced. Do we dare hope it will be Zuckerman's last ride? As Henry might ask, Who *cares* what it's like to be a writer? Having now pushed confessional fiction into meta-fiction, Roth might trust himself as a simple realist, a witness of what is; the fringe characters—landladies and taxi-drivers miles removed from the intricate travail of a writer's fevered impersonations—have a blunt humorous actuality that patiently waits for Prospero's undivided attention.

I wish I had liked the ending better. It seemed inflated and coyly Pirandellian. And Zuckerman's concluding vow to have his son, if any, circumcised moved me as much as would a richly nuanced argument, in a novel by a Kikuyu, in favor of tribal scars and clitoridectomy, or an old Chinese poem hymning the symbolic beauty and power of bound feet. That a narrator so scornful of church and synagogue ends by praising ritual mutilation is a strange twist, in a tale of strange twists. Perhaps the author, who has faithfully managed to offend Jewish sensibilities, set out in his last chapter, "Christendom," to give Gentiles a taste of his abrasive satire. British anti-Semitism certainly exists—British anti-everything-un-British exists—but here it appears too bald and savage; it primarily testifies, as Maria observes (the characters get to read the book and complain about it), to Zuckerman's own "great verbal violence" and "aggression." At one point in his stream of self-awareness, he expresses dread and revulsion during an Anglican service of Christmas carols. Christmas carols! Christianity at its absolute sweetest! No, that Nathan Zuckerman is definitely not a nice boy.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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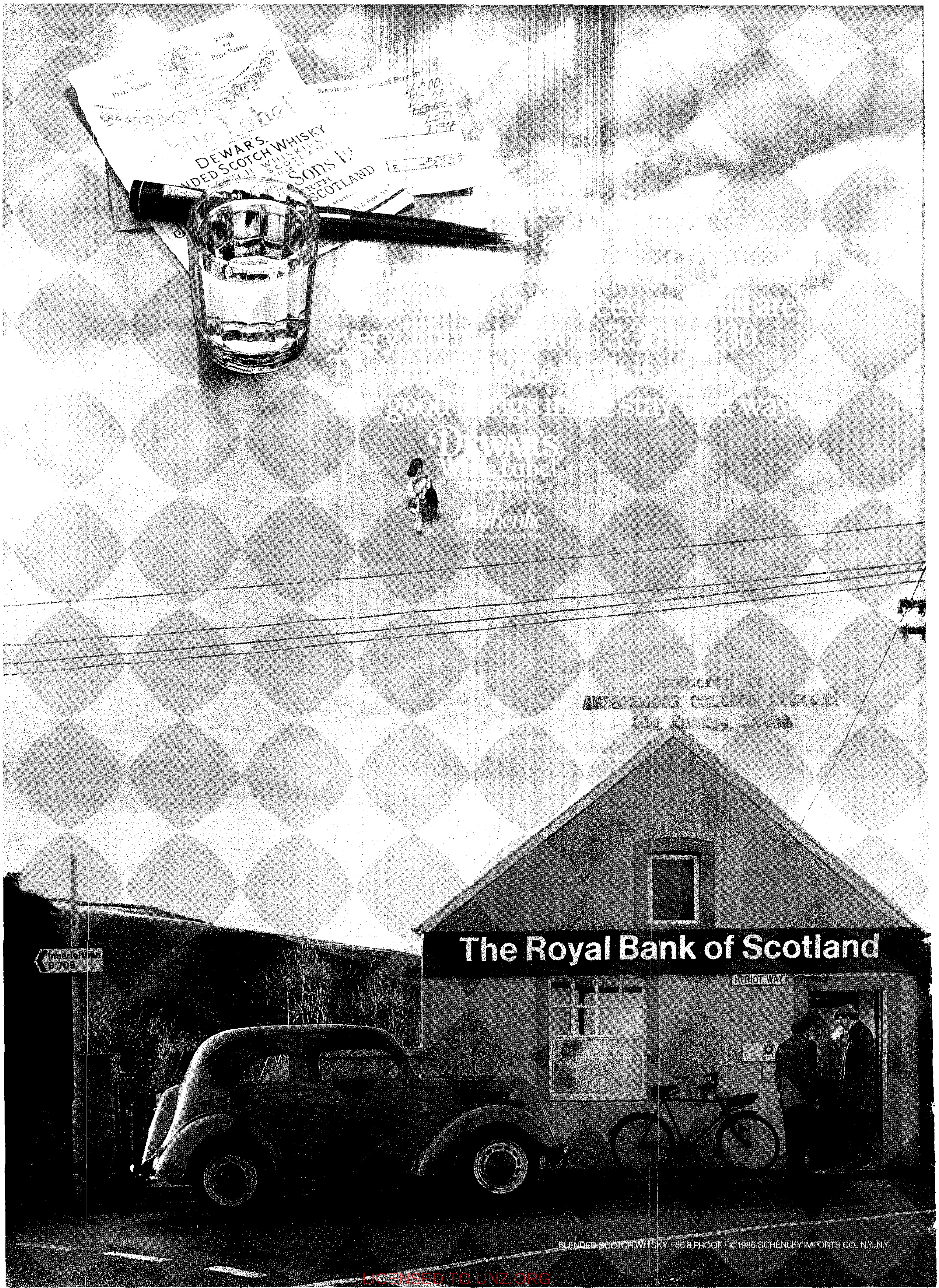
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